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CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS

The English Writings of Abraham Cowley

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Born 1618
Died 1667

ABRAHAM COWLEY

POEMS

MISCELLANIES, THE MISTRESS,
PINDARIQUE ODES, DAVIDEIS,
VERSES WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.

CAMBRIDGE:
at the University Press
1905

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NOTE.

THE text of this volume is that of the first collected edition of Cowley's works, a folio volume (11½ ins. × 7 ins.) published in 1668, the year after his death.

This folio contains 'An Account of the Life and Writings of Mr *ABRAHAM COWLEY*. Written to Mr *M. CLIFFORD*,' by Thomas Sprat (later, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester), following W. Faithorne's engraved portrait of Cowley and the title page (see p. vii), and preceding the Dedicatory Elegy and Cowley's Preface (see pp. 1, 4). The 'Account' states that 'Mr. *Cowley* in his Will recommended to my care the revising of all his Works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of those Papers which he had design'd for the Press. And he did it with this particular Obligation, *That I should be sure to let nothing pass, that might seem the least offence to Religion or good Manners*....According to his desire and his own intention, I have now set forth his Latin and English Writings, each in a Volume apart; and to that which was before extant in both Languages, I have added all that I could find in his Closet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection.'

The present volume contains the 'four parts' which had constituted the earlier folio of 1656, referred to in Cowley's Preface (p. 9). It also contains the 'Verses written on several occasions,' published by Cowley in 1663, after an unauthorised edition had been printed in Dublin. A few verse translations,

which had appeared in the 1663 volume, were incorporated in the 1668 folio in 'Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose' and will be included in the companion volume mentioned below.

At the end of this book will be found the variations noted in a collation of the 1668 text with the folio of 1656, the volume of 1663, and the edition of 'The Mistress' which had appeared in 1647.

The course adopted in the case of misprints is the same as that followed in the other texts in this series; square brackets in the poems indicate where errors have been noticed, and these are explained in the Notes: but a conservative attitude has been deliberately adopted in deciding what are, and what are not, misprints, both in spelling and in punctuation. A few accents only, italic for roman signs, etc., have been silently altered.

A companion volume to the present is in the press. It will contain the miscellaneous prose contents of the 1668 folio, including the 'Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose,' Cowley's juvenile writings, not collected by him, and his English plays. The two volumes will thus contain the whole of Cowley's English writings: it is not intended to reprint his Latin works in this edition.

A. R. WALLER.

CAMBRIDGE,
1 *June*, 1905.

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr Abraham Cowley.

Consisting of

Those which were formerly Printed:

AND

Those which he Design'd for the Press,

Now Published out of the Authors

ORIGINAL COPIES.

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LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1668.

ELEGIA

DEDICATORIA, ad ILLUSTRISSIMAM Academiam *CANTABRIGIENSEM.*

HOc tibi de *Nato ditissima Mater egeno*
Exiguum immensi pignus *Amoris* habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Túne tui poteris *vocem* hìc agnoscere *Nati*
Tam malè formatam, dissimilemq; *tuæ?*
Túne hìc *materni* vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu *Speculum* poteris hìc reperire tuum?
Post longum, dices, *Coulei*, sic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi speranti, *perfide*, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, *Sagæ Lemurêsq*; *Dèæq*; *nocentes*,
Hunc mihi in *Infantis* supposuêre loco?
At *Tu*, sancta *Parens*, *crudelis tu quoque*, *Nati*
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid *Fato Genetrix* accedis iniquo?
Sit *Sors*, sed non sis *Ipsa Noverca* mihi.
Si mihi natali *Musarum* adolescere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuisset pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,
Non ego degeneri *dubitabilis* ore redirem,
Nec legeres *Nomen* fusa rubore meum.
Scis benè, scis quæ me *Tempestas publica Mundi*
Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,

Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poscentem querulo murmure *Lactis* opem.
Sic quondam aërium *Vento* bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum *Autumnum* sæva flagellat *Hyems.*
Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma
Et vi victa cadunt; *Arbor* & ipsa gemit.
Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,
Nondum *Sol* roseo redditur ore *Pater.*
O mihi jucundum *Grantæ* super omnia *Nomen*!
O penitùs toto corde receptus *Amor*!
O pulchræ *sine Luxu Ædes*, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuúsq; decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine *Regum*
Digna *Domus*! *Trini* nomine digna *Dei*!
O nimium *Cereris* cumulati munere Campi,
Posthabitis *Ennæ* quos colit illa jugis!
O sacri *Fontes*! & sacræ *Vatibus Umbræ*,
Quas recreant *Avium Pieridúmq*; chori!
O *Camus*! *Phœbo* nullus quo gratior amnis!
Amnibus *auriferis* invidiosus *inops*!
Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
Detq; Deus doctâ posse quiete frui!
Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
Vidisti in ripâ, *Came* serene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu;
Ille quidèm immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâq;
Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitisq; simul mea vita diebus,
Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cænosæ luces, atq; obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi *Sequanâ* opus, *Tamesisve* aut *Thybridis unda?*
Tu potis es nostram tollere, *Came*, sitim.
Fœlix qui nunquam plus *uno* viderit *amne!*
Quiq; eadem *Salicis* littora more colit!
Fœlix cui *non tentatus* sordescere *Mundus*,
Et cui *Pauperies nota* nitere potest!
Tempore cui nullo misera *experientia* constat,
Ut res humanas sentiat esse *Nihil*!

ELEGIA

At nos exemplis *Fortuna* instruxit opimis,
Et documentorum satq; supérq; dedit.
Cum *Capite* avulsum *Diadema*, infractáq; *sceptra*,
Contusásq; *Hominum Sorte* minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & *non tractabile Fatum*,
Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim
Infami scopulis naufragiisq; *Mari*?
Tu quoque in hoc *Terræ* tremuisti, *Academia*, *Motu*,
(Nec frustrà) atq; ædes contremuêre tuæ.
Contremuêre ipsæ *pacatæ Palladis* arces;
Et timuit *Fulmen Laurea* sancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere *Numen*,
Nec saltem *Bellis ista* licere, velit!
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!
In nos jus habeat: Jus habet omne malum.
Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi *Mors* ipsa *superstes* erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formosas mittes *ad mare Mortis* aquas.
Sic *Venus* humanâ quondam, *Dea* saucia dextrâ,
(Namq; solent ipsis *Bella* nocere *Deis*)
Imploravit opem superûm, questúsq; cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne *breves* secura dolores;
Nam tibi ferre *Necem vulnera* nulla valent.

THE PREFACE

OF THE AUTHOR.

AT my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any Copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and published under *my name*, during the time of my absence. I wondred very much how one who could be so *foolish* to write so ill Verses, should yet be so *Wise* to set them forth as another *Mans* rather then his *own*; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Bastard* upon such a person, whose stock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Off-spring* of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the *Author* to put forth some of my Writings under his *own name*, rather then his own under *mine*: He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done less wrong by *Robbery*, then he does by such a *Bounty*; for no body can be *justified* by the *Imputation* even of anothers *Merit*; and our own course *Cloathes* are like to become us better, then those of another mans, though never so *rich:* but these, to say the truth, were so *beggarly*, that I my self was ashamed to *wear* them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus *Executed in Effigie*; and impossible it is for any good *Name* to be in safety, if the malice of *Witches* have the power to consume and destroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so *unlike*, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I esteem my self less prejudiced by it, then by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kinde, which is the publication of some

things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them. Of which sort, was a *Comedy* called *The Guardian*, printed in the year 1650. but made and acted before the *Prince*, in his passage through *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the beginning of the late unhappy War; or rather neither *made* nor *acted*, but *rough-drawn* onely, and *repeated*; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be *revised* or *perfected* by the *Author*, nor *learned without-Book* by the *Actors*, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the *Officers* of the *College*. After the *Representation* (which, I confess, was somewhat of the *latest*) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Souldier*; but I have lost the *Copy*, and dare not think it deserves the pains to writ it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in humane conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty *first-sitting* of a *Picture*, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has hapned to my self, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we finde stuffed out, either with *counterfeit pieces*, like *false Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it adde nothing to the *sum*; or with such, which though of their own *Coyn*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the *Allay*: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast *heap* of Stones or Rubbish a better *Monument*, then a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may encrease the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more *profit*. This has been the case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old withered *Branches*; for *a great Wit* is no more tyed to live in a *Vast Volume*, then in a *Gigantick*

Body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates. And as *Statius* says of little *Tydeus*,

> .....*Totos infusa per artus*
> *Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus**.

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose my self to some Raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publish here, more then in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppresst and cast away more then I *publish*; and for the ease of my self and others, have *lost*, I believe too, more then *both*. And upon these considerations I have been perswaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own *modesty*, and to produce these *Poems* to the light and view of the World; not as a thing that I approved of in it self, but as a less evil, which I chose rather then to stay till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the *Reader* shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at least a *Dying Person*, and upon my *Muse* in this action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charls the Fifth*, and *assisting* at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my self absolutely dead in a *Poetical* capacity, my resolution at present, is never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the *Poet* dyes before the *Man*; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not use to court it as a *Mistress*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worse, as an *Inseparable Companion* of our whole life. But as the *Mariages* of *Infants* do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to *Poesie*; to which I had contracted my self so much under *Age*, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the *richer Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Estate* (if it be any, for men are not oftner deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, then in their opinion of, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are *Living* to enjoy it, but is a *fantastical kind of Reversion to our own selves:*

* *Stat.* 1 *l. Theb.*

neither ought any man to envy *Poets* this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applyed to them, which S. *Paul* speaks of the first *Christians*, *If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.*

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? if *Wit* be such a *Plant*, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the *Summer* of our cold *Clymate*, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp *winter*? a warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to my self, which was spoken by *Tully* to a much better person, upon occasion of the *Civil Wars* and Revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes quasi quadrigis vehentem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublicæ*.*

Neither is the present constitution of my *Mind* more proper then that of the *Times* for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and chearfulness of *Spirit*; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of *Life*, or overcast with the *Clouds of Melancholy* and *Sorrow*, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious *Fortune*; it must like the *Halcyon*, have *fair weather* to breed in. The *Soul* must be filled with bright and delightful *Idæa's*, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of *Poesie*. One may see through the stile of *Ovid de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that *Genius*,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The *cold* of the Countrey had strucken through all his faculties, and benummed the very *feet* of his *Verses*. He is himself, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his *own Metamorphosis*; and though there remain some weak *resemblances* of *Ovid* at *Rome*, It is but as he says of *Niobe*,

In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mœstis
Stant immota genis; nihil est in Imagine vivum,
Flet tamen.....†

* *Cic. de Clar. Orator.* † *Ovid. Metam. l. 6.*

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humor; neither is *Wit* less eclipsed with the unquietness of *Mind*, then *Beauty* with the *Indisposition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almost as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in despight of *Fortune*, as it is in despight of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my obligations to the *Muses*, nor expectations from them are so great, as that I should suffer my self on no considerations to be *divorced*; or that I should say like *Horace*,

*Quisquis erit vitæ, Scribam, color**.

I shall rather use his words in another place,

Vixi Camænis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloriâ,
Nunc arma defunctumq; bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit†.

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire my self to some of our *American Plantations*, not to seek for *Gold*, or inrich my self with the traffick of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of *these Indies* it is truer then it was of the former,

Improbus extremos currit Mercator ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens...)

But to forsake this world for ever, with all the *vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my self there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of *Letters* and *Philosophy*)

Oblitusq; meorum, obliviscendus & illis.

As my former *Author* speaks too, who has inticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donnes Sun Dyal in a grave* is not more useless and ridiculous then *Poetry* would be in that *retirement*. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of *Death* to the *Muses*, and a real *literal quitting* of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted priviledge of *Deceased Poets*, which is to be read with more *favor*, then the *Living*;

Tanti est ut placeam tibi, Perire‡.

* *Hor. Sat.* 1. *l.* 2. *ser.* † *L.* 3. *Car. Ode* 26. *Vixi puellis, &c.* ‡ Mart.

THE PREFACE

Having been forced for my own necessary *justificatio*[*n*] to trouble the *Reader* with this long Discourse of the *Reasons* why I trouble him also with all the rest of the *Book*; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several Parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: As first, all those which I wrote at *School* from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some *traces* of me in the little *footsteps* of a *child*; which though they were then looked upon as *commendable extravagances* in a *Boy* (men setting a value upon *any kind* of *fruit* before the usual *season* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my self*; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from *others*. Besides, they have already past through several *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* then uses to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *terms*. They had the good fortune then to find the world so *indulgent* (for considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be *severe*?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for *them*, as for not having made *advances* afterwards proportionable to the speed of my *setting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by Discretion to conceal and suppress them, as *Promises* and *Instruments* under my own hand, whereby I stood *engaged* for more then I have been able to *perform*; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the *honestest* sort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *Unsolvable*, not so much by their own *negligence* and *ill-husbandry*, as by some notorious accidents and publick disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as among others, *three Books of the Civil War it self*, reaching as far as the first *Battel* of *Newbury*, where the succeeding *misfortunes* of the *party* stopt the *work*.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four parts: The first is a *Miscellanie* of several Subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *superfluous* to tell the *Reader*; I know not by what chance I have kept *Copies* of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, then was bestowed

upon their *Brethren*; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the *arrogancy* of the *word*, when I said, *I had lost them.*

The *Second*, is called, *The Mistress*, [or] *Love-Verses*; for so it is, that *Poets* are scarce thought *Free-men* of their *Company*, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to *Love.* Sooner or later they must all pass through that *Tryal*, like some *Mahumetan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at least, in their life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca*,

In furias ignémq; ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.

But we must not always make a judgment of their *manners* from their *writings* of this kind; as the *Romanists* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few lascivious *Sonnets* composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that *Poesie* is said to be a kind of *Painting*; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *things* and *persons* imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a *Philosopher*, nay a *Stoick*, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous *Sappho.*

Feret & rubus asper Amomum.

He professes too much the use of *Fables* (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity, as to be ashamed to be thought really in *Love.* On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious *Readers*; for much *Excess* is to be allowed in *Love*, and even more in *Poetry*; so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are *Obscenity* and *Prophaneness*, of which I am sure, if my *words* be ever guilty, they have ill represented my *thoughts* and *intentions.* And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body; he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing Arguments.

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most *Readers*; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with

the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poesie*. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of *Stile* which *Dion. Halicarnasseus* calls, Μεγαλοφυὲς καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος, and which he attributes to *Alcæus*: The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all *Lyriques*, and of *Pindar* above all men living. The *Figures* are unusual and *bold*, even to *Temeritie*, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*: The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadencies be not observed in the *Pronunciation*. So that almost all their *Sweetness* and *Numerosity* (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly described the nature of these Verses, in the *Ode* entituled, *The Resurrection*: And though the *Liberty* of them may incline a man to believe them easie to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

...Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, multum sudet frustráq, laboret
Ausus idem....

I come now to the last Part, which is *Davideis*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles of David*; which I designed into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes* sake, but after the *Pattern* of our Master *Virgil*; and intended to close all with that most Poetical and excellent *Elegie* of *Davids* on the death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*: For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, because it is the custom of *Heroick Poets* (as we see by the examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their *Story*; but onely so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their Cards, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the *whole Design*, in which there are many noble and fertile Arguments behind; as, The barbarous cruelty of *Saul* to the *Priests* at *Nob*, the several flights and escapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderness*, the *Funeral* of *Samuel*, the love of *Abigal*, the sacking of *Ziglag*, the loss and

recovery of *Davids* wives from the *Amalekites*, the *Witch* of *Endor*, the War with the *Philistines*, and the *Battel* of *Gilboa*; all which I meant to interweave upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious *Stories* of the *Old Testament*, and to embellish with the most remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other Nations before or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leisure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at present to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deserves. For what worthier *subject* could have been chosen among all the *Treasuries* of past times, then the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest *Monarch* that ever sat on the most *famous* Throne of the whole Earth? whom should a *Poet* more justly seek to *honour*, then the highest Person who ever *honoured* his Profession? whom a *Christian Poet*, rather then the *man after Gods own heart*, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the best and mightiest of that Royal Race from whence *Christ* himself, according to the flesh disdained not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and *proffers*, as it were, to *Poesie*, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof, the *Glory* of *God Almighty* might be joyned with the singular utility and noblest delight of *Mankind*; It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhaustible riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beggerly *Flattery* of great persons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Foolish Women*, or the wretched affectation of scurril *Laughter*, or at best on the confused antiquated *Dreams* of senseless *Fables* and *Metamorphoses*. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the *Devil* ever stole [and] alienated from the service of the *Deity*; as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long usurpt, as *Poetry*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrants* hands, and to restore it to the *Kingdom* of *God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become

clean by bathing in the *Water* of *Damascus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Conversion* of *That*, and the *Jews*, for the accomplishment of the *Kingdom of Christ*. And as men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without some carnal reluctancies, apprehend the *bonds* and *fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest *Liberty*: It will fare no otherwise with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined to Heaven*. There is not so great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of men, that *Lying* is *Essential* to good *Poetry*. Were there never so wholesome *Nourishment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diseases*) out of these boasted *Feasts* of *Love* and *Fables*; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet* should make us *Nauseate* it: For it is almost impossieble to serve up any *new Dish* of that kind. They are all but the *Cold-meats* of the *Antients*, new-heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the first *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars?* Besides, though those mad stories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of those times. They were believed by all but a few *Philosophers*, and perhaps some *Atheists*, and served to good purpose among the *vulgar*, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of *Law* with the terrors of *Conscience*, and expectation of certain rewards, and unavoidable punishments. There was no other *Religion*, and therefore *that* was better then *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *folly*, and are wearied with their *impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better arguments for *Verse*, then those of their worthy *Successors*, the *Knights Errant*. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the story of *Deucalion*, then in that of *Noah?* why will not the actions of *Sampson* afford as plentiful matter as the *Labors* of *Hercules?* why is not *Jeptha's Daughter* as *good a woman* as *Iphigenia?* and the friendship of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, then that of *Theseus* and

Perithous? Does not the passage of *Moses* and the *Israelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical variety, then the voyages of *Ulysses* or *Æneas*? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half so stored with great, heroical and supernatural actions (since *Verse* will needs *find* or *make* such) as the wars of *Joshua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods* give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Christ*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apostles*? what do I instance in these few particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already most admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poesie*, or are the best *Materials* in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; None but a good *Artist* will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish *Diamonds* with so little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any man design to compose a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a story of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarles*'s, or some other godly matter, like Mr. *Heywood of Angels*, into *Rhyme*; He is so far from elevating of *Poesie*, that he only *abases Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one better*; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of *Invention*, the same wisdom of *Disposition*; the same *Judgment* in observance of *Decencies*; the same lustre and vigor of *Elocution*; the same modesty and majestie of *Number*; briefly the same kind of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *stuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if *ill drest* in it. I am far from assuming to my self to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: But sure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree answerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it throughly and successfully.

Miscellanies.

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via est, &c.

WHat shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the *Age to come* my own?
I shall like *Beasts* or *Common People* dy,
Unless you write my *Elegy*;
Whilst others *Great*, by being *Born* are grown,
Their *Mothers Labour*, not their own.
In this Scale *Gold*, in th'other *Fame* does ly,
The *weight* of *that*, mounts this so *high*.
These men are *Fortunes Jewels*, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her *vulgar stone* for either look;
Out of *my self* it must be *strook*.
Yet I must on; what sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I *Fames Trumpet* hear.
It sounds like the *last Trumpet*; for it can
Raise up the *bur'ied Man*.
Unpast *Alpes* stop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the *Muses Hannibal*.
Hence all the *flattering vanities* that lay
Nets of *Roses* in the way.
Hence the desire of *Honors*, or *Estate*;
And all, that is not above *Fate*.

Hence *Love* himself, that *Tyrant* of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come my best *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gon.
Welcome, great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
All I was born to know.
Thy *Scholars vict'ries* thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World you*.
Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whose blest *Tongue* and *Wit*
Preserves *Romes greatness yet*.
Thou art the *first* of *Ora'tors*; only he
Who best can *praise Thee*, *next* must be.
Welcome the *Mantu'an Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wise*,
Whose verse *walks highest*, but not flies.
Who brought green *Poesie* to her perfect Age;
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*.
Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what shall I do
To be like one of you.
But you have climb'd the *Mountains* top, there sit
On the calm flour'ishing head of it,
And whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See *Us*, and *Clouds* below.

ODE.

Of Wit.

1.

TEll me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
Thou who *Master* art of it.
For the *First matter* loves *Variety* less;
Less *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dress*.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.
Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like *Spirits* in *a Place*, we know not *How*.

[2.]

London that vents of *false Ware* so much store,
In no *Ware* deceives us more.
For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
Like *Zeuxes Birds* fly to the painted *Grape*;
Some things do through our Judgment pass
As through a *Multiplying Glass*.
And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far,
We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

3.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest *word* of *Fame*
Grows such a common Name.
And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
Just so, as *Tit'lar Bishops* made at *Rome*.
'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jest*
Admir'd with *Laughter* at a feast,
Nor florid *Talk* which can that *Title* gain;
The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever must remain.

4.

'Tis not to force some lifeless *Verses* meet
With their five gowty feet.
All ev'ry where, like *Mans*, must be the *Soul*,
And *Reason* the *Inferior Powers* controul.
Such were the *Numbers* which could call
The *Stones* into the *Theban* wall.
Such *Miracles* are ceast; and now we see
No *Towns* or *Houses* rais'd by *Poetrie*.

5.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;
That shows more *Cost*, then *Art*.
Jewels at *Nose* and *Lips* but ill appear;
Rather then *all things Wit*, let *none* be there.
Several *Lights* will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' skie,
If those be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie*.

6.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise;
Jests for *Dutch Men*, and *English Boys*.
In which who finds out *Wit*, the same may see
In *An'grams* and *Acrostiques Poetrie*.
Much less can that have any place
At which a *Virgin* hides her face,
Such *Dross* the *Fire* must purge away; 'tis just
The *Author blush*, there where the *Reader* must.

7.

'Tis not such *Lines* as almost crack the *Stage*
When *Bajazet* begins to rage.
Nor a tall *Meta'phor* in the *Bombast way*,
Nor the dry chips of short lung'd *Seneca*.
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd *Similitude*.
What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
We only can by *Negatives* define?

8.

In a true piece of *Wit* all things must be,
Yet all things there *agree*.
As in the *Ark*, joyn'd without force or strife,
All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life*.
Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
(If we compare great things with small)
Which without *Discord* or *Confusion* lie,
In that strange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*.

9.

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took *you* for *my self* sure when I thought
That you in any thing were to be *Taught*.
Correct my error with thy Pen;
And if any ask me then,
What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
I'll onely shew your *Lines*, and say, '*Tis This*.

To the Lord Falkland.

For his safe Return from the Northern Expedition *against the* SCOTS.

GReat is thy *Charge*, O *North*; be wise and just,
England commits her *Falkland* to thy trust;
Return him safe: *Learning* would rather choose
Her *Bodley*, or her *Vatican* to loose.
All things that are but *writ* or *printed* there,
In his unbounded Breast *engraven* are.
There all the *Sciences* together meet,
And every *Art* does all her *Kindred* greet,
Yet justle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in some *Common Principle.*
So in an *Army* govern'd right we see
(Though out of several Countrys rais'd it be)
That all their Order and their Place maintain,
The *English*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane.*
So thousand diverse *Species* fill the aire,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there,
Beasts, Houses, Trees, and Men together lye,
Yet enter *undisturb'd* into the Eye.
And this great *Prince* of *Knowledge* is by Fate
Thrust into th' noise and business of a State,
All *Virtues*, and some *Customs* of the *Court*,
Other mens *Labour*, are at least his *Sport.*
Whilst we who can no action undertake,
Whom *Idleness* it self might *Learned* make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the *Scots* in *England* be or no,
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble *Pegasus* fly away.
'Tis *Natures* fault who did thus partial grow,
And her *Estate* of *Wit* on *One* bestow.
Whilst we like *younger Brothers*, get at best
But a *small stock*, and must *work* out the rest.
How could he answer't, should the State think fit
To question a *Monopoly* of *Wit?*

Such is the *Man* whom we require the same
We lent the *North*; untoucht as is his *Fame*.
He is too good for *War*, and ought to be
As far from *Danger*, as from *Fear* he's free.
Those *Men* alone (and those are useful too)
Whose *Valour* is the onely *Art* they know,
Were for sad *War* and bloody *Battels* born;
Let *Them* the *State Defend*, and *He Adorn*.

On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.

WHat shall we say, since *silent* now is *He*
Who when he *Spoke*, all things would *Silent* be?
Who had so many *Languages* in store,
That onely *Fame* shall speak of him in *More*.
Whom *England* now no more return'd must see.
He's gone to *Heav'n* on his *Fourth Embassie*.
On earth he travell'd often; not to say
H'had been abroad, or pass loose *Time* away.
In whatsoever Land he chanc'd to come,
He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home
Their *Wisdom*, *Learning*, and their *Pietie*,
As if he went *to Conquer*, not to *See*.
So well he understood the most and best
Of *Tongues* that *Babel* sent into the *West*,
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only *Liv'd*, but *been Born* every where.
Justly each *Nations* Speech to him was known,
Who for the *World* was made, not *us* alone.
Nor ought the *Language* of that Man be less
Who in his Breast had *all things* to *express*.
We say that *Learning*'s endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing Life a longer date.
He did the utmost *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,
He found them not so large as was his *Mind*.
But, like the brave *Pellæan Youth*, did mone
Because that *Art* had no more *worlds* then *One*.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He *dy'd*, lest he should *Idle* grow at last.

On the Death of Mr. Jordan,

Second Master *at* Westminster *School.*

HEnce, and make room for me, all you who come
Onely to read the *Epitaph* on this *Tombe.*
Here lies the *Master* of my tender years,
The *Guardian* of my *Parents Hope* and *Fears*,
Whose *Government* ne'r stood me in a *Tear*;
All *weeping* was reserv'd to spend it *here.*
Come hither all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with *Me*: He was *your Tutor* too.
Let's joyn our *Sighes*, till they fly far, and shew
His native *Belgia* what she's now to do.
The *League* of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
In payment of all Men we there had lost,
And all the *English Blood* those wars have cost.
Wisely did *Nature* this learn'd *Man* divide;
His *Birth* was *Theirs*, his *Death* the mournful pride
Of *England*; and t'avoid the envious strife
Of other *Lands*, all *Europe* had his *Life*,
But we in chief; our Countrey soon was grown
A *Debter* more to *Him*, then *He* to'his *Own.*
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up *Men* against the future times,
For deeds of *Age* are in their *Causes* then,
And though he *taught* but *Boys*, he *made* the *Men.*
Hence 'twas a *Master* in those ancient dayes
When men sought *Knowledge* first, and by it *Praise*,
Was a thing full of *Reverence*, *Profit*, *Fame*;
Father it self was but a *Second Name.*
He scorn'd the profit; his Instructions all
Were like the *Science*, *Free* and *Liberal.*
He *deserv'd Honors*, but *despis'd* them too
As much as those who have them, others do.
He knew not that which *Complement* they call;
Could *Flatter* none, but *Himself* least of all.
So true, so faithful, and so just as he,
Was nought on earth, but his own *Memorie.*

His *Memory*, where all things written were
As sure and fixt as in *Fates Books* they are.
Thus he in *Arts* so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the *Use* came in, and *Stock* remain'd.
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labor'd with't to enrich others now.
Did thus a new, and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in *Mines* for others gain.
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the *Vein*, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my *Excuse* would be, I must confess,
Much better had his *Diligenc*[*e*] been less.
But if a *Muse* hereafter smile on me,
And say, *Be thou* a *Poet*, men shall see
That none could a more *grateful Scholar* have;
For what I ow'd his *Life*, I'll pay his *Grave*.

On his Majesties Return out of Scotland.

1.

WElcome, great Sir, with all the joy that's due
To the return of *Peace* and *You*.
Two greatest *Blessings* which this age can know;
For *that* to *Thee*, for *Thee* to *Heav'n* we ow.
Others by *War* their *Conquests* gain,
You like a *God* your ends obtain.
Who when rude *Chaos* for his help did call,
Spoke but the *Word*, and sweetly *Order'd* all.

2.

This happy *Concord* in no *Blood* is writ,
None can grudge heav'n *full thanks* for it.
No *Mothers* here lament their *Childrens* fate,
And like the *Peace*, but think it comes *too late*.
No *Widows* hear the jocond *Bells*,
And take them for their *Husbands Knells*.
No Drop of *Blood* is spilt which might be said
To mark our joyful *Holiday* with *Red*.

3.

'Twas only *Heav'n* could work this wondrous thing,
And onely work't by such a *King.*
Again the *Northern Hindes* may sing and plow,
And fear no harm but from the *weather* now.
Again may Tradesmen love their pain
By knowing now for *whom* they gain.
The *Armour* now may be hung up to sight,
And onely in their *Halls* the *Children* fright.

4.

The gain of *Civil Wars* will not allow
Bay to the *Conquerors Brow.*
At such a *Game* what fool would venture in,
Where one must *lose*, yet neither side can *win*?
How justly would our *Neighbours* smile
At these mad quarrels of our Isle
Sweld with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,
Whilst we *Bet all*, and yet for *nothing Play?*

5.

How was the silver *Tine* frighted before,
And durst not kiss the armed shore?
His waters ran more swiftly then they use,
And hasted to the Sea to tell the News.
The *Sea* it self, how rough so ere
Could scarce believe such fury here.
How could the *Scots* and we be *Enemies* grown?
That, and its *Master Charls* had made us *One.*

6.

No *Blood* so loud as that of *Civil War*;
It calls for Dangers from afar.
Let's rather go, and seek out *Them*, and *Fame*;
Thus our *Fore-fathers got*, thus *left* a *Name.*
All their rich blood was spent with gains,
But that which swells their *Childrens Veins.*
Why sit we still, our *Spir'its* wrapt up in *Lead*?
Not like them whilst they *Liv'd*, but now they're *Dd?*

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7.

This noise at home was but *Fates* policie
To raise our Spir'its more high.
So a bold *Lyon* ere he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away.
How would the *German Eagle* fear,
To see a new *Gustavus* there?
How would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do
For *Jove* of old, it now bore *Thunder* too!

8.

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to *Charls* his days.
What will the *Triumphs* of his *Battels* be,
Whose very *Peace* it self is *Victorie?*
When *Heav'n* bestows the best of *Kings*,
It bids us think of mighty things.
His *Valour*, *Wisdom*, *Offspring* speak no less;
And *we* the *Prophets Sons*, write not by *Guess.*

On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,

The famous Painter.

Vandike is *Dead*; but what *Bold Muse* shall dare
(Though *Poets* in that word with *Painters* share)
T'express her sadness? *Po'esie* must become
An *Art*, like *Painting* here, an *Art* that's *Dumb.*
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad *Picture* which he made to weep,
Or those who saw't, for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the same *Passions* which he drew.
His pieces so with their live *Objects* strive,
That both or *Pictures* seem, or both *Alive.*
Nature her self amaz'd, does doubting stand,
Which is *her own*, and which the *Painters Hand*,
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in *Twins* she would express.

His All-resembling *Pencil* did out-pass
The mimick *Imag'ry* of *Looking-glass.*
Nor was his *Life* less perfect then his *Art*,
Nor was his *Hand* less *erring* then his *Heart.*
There was no false, or fading *Colour* there,
The *Figures* sweet and well proportion'd were.
Most other men, set next to him in view,
Appear'd more *shadows* then the Men he *drew.*
Thus still he liv'd till heav'n did for him call,
Where reverent *Luke* salutes him first of all:
Where he beholds new sights, divinely faire;
And could almost wish for his *Pencil* there;
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
Wondrously *painted* in the *Mind Divine*,
Whilst he for ever ravisht with the show
Scorns his own *Art* which we admire below.
Onely his beauteous *Lady* still he loves;
(The love of heav'nly *Objects Heav'n* improves)
He sees bright *Angels* in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left so like them here.
And you, fair *Widow*, who stay here alive,
Since he so much rejoyces, cease to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, blest *Pair*, to *Disagree.*
No wonder *Death* mov'd not his gen'erous mind.
You, and a *new born You*, he left behind.
Even *Fate* exprest his love to his dear *Wife*,
And let him end *your Picture* with his *Life.*

Prometheus ill-painted.

HOw wretched does *Promethe'us* state appear,
Whilst he his *Second Mis'ery* suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great *Joves* less then the *Painters* hands.
It would the *Vulturs* cruelty outgoe,
If once again his *Liver* thus should *grow.*
Pity him *Jove*, and his bold *Theft* allow,
The *Flames* he once *stole* from thee *grant* him now.

ODE.

1.

HEre's to thee *Dick*; this whining *Love* despise;
Pledge me, my *Friend*, and drink till thou be'st *wise*.
It sparkles brighter far then *she*:
'Tis pure, and right without deceit;
And such no *woman* ere will be:
No; they are all *Sophisticate*.

2.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an *ill-favor'd*, and *uncleanly Sin?*
A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
That *Venus Joys* as well as she
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected *Foam* deriv'd.

3.

Whom would that painted toy a *Beauty* move,
Whom would it ere perswade to court and love,
Could he a *womans Heart* have seen,
(But, oh, no *Light* does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her *womb?*

4.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true;
Those idlely blow, these idlely fall,
Nothing like to ours at all.
But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too.

5.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown'd;
Let the *Glass walk*, till all things too *go round*;
Again; till these *Two Lights* be *Four*;
No error here can dangerous prove;
Thy *Passion*, Man, deceiv'd thee more;
None *Double* see like Men in *Love*.

Friendship in Absence.

1.

WHen chance or cruel business parts us two,
What do our *Souls* I wonder do?
Whilst sleep does our dull Bodies tie
Methinks, at home they should not stay,
Content with *Dreams*, but boldly flie
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

2.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix I know not *How*, nor *Where.*
Their friendly Lights together twine,
Though we perceive't not to be so,
Like loving *Stars* which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own *Conjunctions* know.

3.

'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for every friend,
If *Distance* could their *Union* end
But *Love* it self does far advance
Above the power of *Time* and *Space*,
It scorns such outward *Circumstance*,
His *Time's for ever*, *every where his Place.*

4.

I'am there with *Thee*, yet here with *Me thou* art,
Lodg'd in each others heart.
Miracles cease not yet in *Love*,
When he his mighty Power will try
Absence it self does *Bounteous* prove,
And strangely ev'n our *Presence Multiply.*

5.

Pure is the flame of *Friendship*, and divine
Like that which in Heav'ns *Sun* does shine:
He in the upper ayr and sky
Does no effects of Heat bestow,
But as his beams the farther fly
He begets *Warmth*, *Life*, *Beauty* here below.

6.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like *Objects*, if they *touch* the *Eye*.
Less *Meritorious* then is *Love*,
For when we Friends together see
So much, so much *Both One* do prove,
That their *Love* then seems but *Self-love* to be.

7.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make *Hours Canonical*.
By every *Wind* that comes this way,
Send me at least a *sigh* or two,
Such and so many I'll repay
As shall themselves make *Winds* to get to you.

8.

A thousand pretty wayes we'll think upon
To mock our *Separation*.
Alas, ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the *Breast* to get away.

9.

And when no Art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t'appease.
Just as a *Bird* that flies about
And beats it self against the *Cage*,
Finding at last no passage out
It sits, and sings, and so orecomes its rage.

To the Bishop of Lincoln,

Upon his Enlargement out of the Tower.

PArdon, my Lord, that I am come so late
T'express my joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of *Liberty*, at first I could not grieve;
My thoughts a while, like you, *Imprison'd* lay;
Great *Joys* as well as *Sorrows* make a *Stay*;

They hinder one another in the *Crowd*,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
Should every mans officious gladness hast,
And be afraid to shew it self the last;
The throng of Gratulations now would be
Another *Loss* to you of *Libertie*.
When of your freedom men the news did hear
Where it was wisht for, that is every where,
'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,
As soon as it was heard it ravisht all.
So *Eloquence Tully* did from exile come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherisht *Rome*,
Which could no more his *Tongue* and *Counsels* miss;
Rome, the *Worlds head*, was nothing without *His*.
Wrong to those sacred Ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to *Him* but *You*;
You to whom *Art* and *Nature* did dispence
The *Consulship* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all
Because the doom of *Exile* was his fall,
For the whole *World* without a native home
Is nothing but a *Pris'on* of larger roome.
But like a melting *Woman* suffer'd He,
He who before out-did *Humanitie*.
Nor could his *Spi'rit* constant and *stedfast* prove,
Whose Art t'had been, and greatest end to *Move*.
You put *ill Fortune* in so good a dress
That it out-shone other mens *Happiness*,
Had your *Prosper'ity* always clearly gon
As your high *Merits* would have led it on,
You'had *Half* been lost, and an *Example* then
But for the *Happy*, the *least part* of men.
Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some straight *envy'd* your *Affliction* too.
For a clear *Conscience* and *Heroick Mind*
In *Ills* their *Business* and their *Glory* find.
So though less worthy stones are drown'd in *night*,
The faithful *Diamond* keeps his native *Light*,
And is oblig'd to *Darkness* for a ray
That would be more *opprest* then *helpt* by *Day*.

Your *Soul* then most shew'd her unconquer'd power,
Was stronger and more armed then the *Tower*.
Sure unkinde fate will tempt your *Spi'rit* no more,
Sh'has try'd her *Weakness* and your *Strength* before.
To'oppose him still who once has *Conquer'd* so,
Were now to be your *Rebel*, not your *Foe*.
Fortune henceforth will more of *Provi'dence* have,
And rather be your *Friend*, then be your *Slave*.

To a Lady who made Posies *for* Rings.

1.

I Little thought the time would ever bee,
That I should *Wit* in *Dwarfish Posies* see.
As all *Words* in Few *Letters* live,
Thou to few *Words* all *Sense* dost give.
'Twas *Nature* taught you this rare art
In such a *Little Much* to shew,
Who all the good she did impart
To Womankind *Epitomiz'd* in you.

2.

If as the Ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning *Years* be well compar'd to a *Ring*,
We'll write what ere from you we hear,
For that's the *Posie* of the *Year*.
This difference onely will remain,
That *Time* his former face does shew
Winding into himself again,
But your unweari'd *Wit* is always *New*.

3.

'Tis said that *Conju'rers* have an *Art* found out
To carry *Spi'rits* confin'd in *Rings* about.
The wonder now will less appear
When we behold your *Magick* here.
You by your *Rings* do *Pris'ners* take,
And chain them with your mystick Spells,
And the strong *Witchcraft* full to make,
Love, the great *Dev'il*, charm'd to those *Circles* dwells.

4.

They who above do various *Circles* finde,
Say, like a *Ring* th' *Æquator Heav'n* does bind.
When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more *Heav'n* then 'tis will be)
'Tis thou must write the *Posie* there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the *Sun* pass through't twice a year,
The *Sun* who is esteem'd the God of *Wit*.

5.

Happy the Hands which wear thy sacred *Rings*,
They'll teach those Hands to write mysterious things.
Let other *Rings*, with *Jewels* bright,
Cast around their costly light,
Let them want no noble *Stone*
By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
Yet shall thy *Rings* give place to none,
But onely that which must thy *Mariage* bind.

Prologue to the Guardian

Before the Prince.

WHo says the *Times* do *Learning* disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never *Honor'd* so as *Now*.
When you appear, *Great Prince*, our *Night* is done;
You are our *Morning Star*, and shall be our *Sun*.
But our *Scene's London* now; and by the rout
We perish, if the *Round-heads* be about.
For now no ornament the *Head* must wear,
No *Bays*, no *Mitre*, not so much as *Hair*.
How can a *Play* pass safely, when ye know
Cheapside Cross falls for making but a *Show?*
Our onely *Hope* is this, that it may be
A *Play* may pass too, made *Extempore*.
Though other *Arts* poor and neglected grow,
They'l admit *Po'esie* which was *always* so.

But we contemn the fury of these days,
And scorn no less their *Censure* then their *Praise.*
Our *Muse*, blest *Prince*, does onely'on you relie;
Would gladly *Live*, but not refuse to *Dye.*
Accept our *hasty zeal*; a thing that's *play'd*
Ere't is a *Play*, and *Acted* ere'tis *Made.*
Our *Ign'orance*, but our *Duty* too we show;
I would *all Ignorant People* would do so!
At other Times expect our *Wit* or *Art*;
This *Comedy* is *Acted* by the *Heart.*

The Epilogue.

THe *Play*, great Sir, is done; yet needs must fear,
Though you brought all your *Fathers Mercies* here,
It may offend your *Highness*, and we'have now
Three hours done *Treason* here for ought we know.
But power your grace can above *Nature* give,
It can give power to make *Abortives Live.*
In which if our bold wishes should be crost,
'Tis but the *Life* of one poor week t'has lost;
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it *Dye* more quickly then 'twas *Born.*

On the Death of Mr. William Hervey.

Immodicis brevis est ætas, & rara Senectus. Mart.

I.

IT was a dismal, and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th'unwilling Light,
When *Sleep*, *Deaths Image*, left my troubled brest,
By something *liker Death* possest.
My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my Soul hung the dull weight
Of some *Intolerable Fate.*
What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

2.

My sweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peere*,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy *end* for ever, and my *Life* to moan;
O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy *Soul* and *Body* when *Deaths Agonie*
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Then *I*, my dearest *Friend*, do part from *Thee*.

3.

My dearest *Friend*, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this *World* henceforth will tedious bee.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen *Ghosts* stalk speechless by
Where their hid *Treasures* ly;
Alas, my *Treasure's* gone, why do I stay?

4.

He was my *Friend*, the truest *Friend* on earth;
A strong and mighty *Influence* joyn'd our *Birth*.
Nor did we envy the most sounding *Name*
By *Friendship* giv'n of old to *Fame*.
None but his *Brethren* he, and *Sisters* knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to Me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above my self I lov'd them too.

5.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal *Lights*,
How oft unweari'd have we spent the Nights?
Till the *Ledæan Stars* so fam'd for *Love*,
Wondred at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep *Philosophy*,
Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*.

6.

Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The *Love* betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker joyn,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.

7.

Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful *Birds* to'your boughs they bring;
No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned *Youths* to hear,
No whistling *Winds* through the glad branches fly,
But all with sad solemnitie,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does ly.

8.

To him my *Muse* made haste with every strain
Whilst it was new, and *warm* yet from the *Brain.*
He lov'd my worthless *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
Would find out something to *commend.*
Hence now, my *Muse*, thou canst not me delight;
Be this my latest verse
With which I now adorn his *Herse*,
And this my *Grief*, without *thy* help shall write.

9.

Had I a wreath of *Bays* about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honor now,
Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of *Bays*, crown with sad *Cypress* me;
Cypress which *Tombs* does beautifie;
Not *Phœbus* griev'd so much as I
For him, who first was made that mournful *Tree.*

10.

Large was his *Soul*; as large a *Soul* as ere
Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.
High as the Place 'twas shortly'in *Heav'n* to have,
But low, and humble as his *Grave.*
So *high* that all the *Virtues* there did come
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous, and great;
So *low* that for *Me* too it made a room.

11.

He scorn'd this busie world below, and all
That we, *Mistaken Mortals*, Pleasure call;
Was fill'd with inn'ocent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,
Triumphant ore the sins of *Youth.*
He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like *Flame*,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none.

12.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him *Knowledge* had rather *sought.*
Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded lie
In such a short *Mortalitie.*
When ere the skilful *Youth* discourst or writ,
Still did the *Notions* throng
About his eloquent Tongue,
Nor could his *Ink* flow faster then his *Wit.*

13.

So strong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,
As all things but his *Judgement* overcame;
His *Judgement* like the heav'nly *Moon* did show,
Temp'ring that mighty *Sea* below.
Oh had he liv'd in *Learnings World*, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-powering Soul?
We'have lost in him *Arts* that not yet are *found.*

14.

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spirits* of various Wit,
Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget.
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of *Books* he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with *Notions* written ore
As if wise *Nature* had made that her *Book*.

15.

So many *Virtues* joyn'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in *Historie*.
More then old *Writers Practice* ere could reach,
As much as they could ever *teach*.
These did *Religion*, *Queen* of Virtues sway,
And all their sacred *Motions* steare,
Just like the First and *Highest Sphere*
Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'n* one way.

16.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Pietie,
He always *Liv'd*, as other Saints do *Dye*.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all *Debts* out ere he slept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the *Suns* laborious light,
Which still in *Water* sets at Night,
Unsullied with his *Journey* of the *Day*.

17.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made so good,
To be snatcht hence ere better *understood?*
Snatcht before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou Ripe, and yet thy *Life* but *Green!*
Nor could thy Friends take their last sad Farewel,
But Danger and *Infectious Death*
Malitiously seiz'd on that Breath
Where *Life*, *Spirit*, *Pleasure* always us'd to dwell.

18.

But happy Thou, ta'ne from this frantick age,
Where *Igno'rance* and *Hypocrisie* does rage!
A fitter *time* for Heav'n no soul ere chose,
The place now onely free from those.
There 'mong the *Blest* thou dost for ever shine,
And wheresoere thou casts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* then *Thine*.

19.

And if the glorious *Saints* cease not to know
Their wretched Friends who *fight* with *Life* below;
Thy Flame to *Me* does still the same abide,
Onely more pure and rarifi'd.
There whilst immortal Hymns thou dost reherse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly *Poesie*,
Where *Grief* and *Mis'ery* can be join'd with *Verse*.

ODE.

In imitation of Horaces *Ode*.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus, &c. Lib. 1. Od. 5.

1.

TO whom now *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravisht Lover,
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich *Cabinet?*

2.

Ah simple *Youth*, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd *Faith* complain?
And his own *Fortunes* find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so *Cameleon*-like an hew;
That still *their colour* changes with *it* too?

3.

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackness of the Skies?
Trembling to hear the Winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise;
Poor *unexperienc'ed He*
Who ne're, alas, before had been at *Sea!*

4.

He'enjoyes thy calmy *Sun-shine* now,
And no breath stirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No smallest *Cloud* appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the *faithless April* of thy *May*.

5.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy He,
T' whom *Thou untry'ed* dost shine!
But there's no danger now for *Me*,
Since o're *Loretto*'s *Shrine*
In witness of the *Shipwrack* past
My consecrated *Vessel* hangs at last.

In imitation of Martials *Epigram.*

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF, dearest *Friend*, it my good Fate might be
T' enjoy at once a *quiet Life* and *Thee*;
If we for *Happiness* could *leisure* find,
And *wandring Time* into a *Method* bind,

We should not sure the *Great Mens* favour need,
Nor on long *Hopes*, the *Courts thin Diet*, feed.
We should not *Patience* find daily to hear,
The *Calumnies*, and *Flatteries* spoken there.
We should not the *Lords Tables* humbly use,
Or talk in *Ladies* Chambers *Love* and *News*;
But *Books*, and wise *Discourse*, *Gardens* and *Fields*,
And all the joys that *unmixt Nature* yields.
Thick *Summer* shades where *Winter* still does ly,
Bright *Winter* Fires that *Summers* part supply.
Sleep not controll'd by *Cares*, confin'd to *Night*,
Or bound in any rule but *Appetite*.
Free, but not savage or ungracious *Mirth*,
Rich *Wines* to give it quick and easie birth.
A few *Companions*, which our selves should chuse,
A *Gentle Mistress*, and a *Gentler Muse*.
Such, dearest Friend, such without doubt should be
Our *Place*, our *Business*, and our *Companie*.
Now to *Himself*, alas, does neither *Live*,
But sees good *Suns*, of which we are to give
A strict *account*, set and march thick away;
Knows a man how to Live, and does he stay?

The Chronicle.

A Ballad.

1.

MArgarita first possest,
If I remember well, my brest,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my restless Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

2.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous *Catharine*.
Beauteous *Catharine* gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my Heart)
To *Elisa*'s conqu'ering face.

3.

Elisa till this Hour might reign
Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'ne.
Fundamental Laws she broke,
And still new *Favorites* she chose,
Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,
And cast away her yoke.

4.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both [t]o reign at once began.
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And sometimes *Both* I' obey'd.

5.

Another *Mary* then arose
And did rigorous Laws impose.
A mighty *Tyrant* she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

6.

When fair *Rebecca* set me free,
'Twas then a *golden Time* with me.
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious Princess dy'd
In her Youth and Beauties pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her sted.

7.

One Month, three Days, and half an Hour
Judith held the *Soveraign Power*.
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But so weak and small her Wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so *Susanna* took her place.

8.

But when *Isabella* came
Arm'd with a resistless flame
And th' Artillery of her Eye;
Whilst she proudly marcht about
Greater Conquests to find out,
She beat out *Susan* by the By.

9.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd *Besse*, her *Viceroy-Maid*,
To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy*.
Thousand worse *Passions* then possest
The *Interregnum* of my brest.
Bless me from such an *Anarchy*!

10.

Gentle *Henriette* than
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Jone*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*.
And then a pretty *Thomasine*,
And then another *Katharine*,
And then a *long Et cætera*.

11.

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their *state*,
The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
The *Ribbans*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins*:

12.

If I should tell the politick Arts
To take and keep mens hearts,
The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries*!

13.

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All Change of *Weathers* that befell)
Then *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

14.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with Me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present *Emperess* does claim,
Heleonora, *First o'th' Name*;
Whom *God grant long to reign*!

To Sir William Davenant.

Upon his two first Books of Gondibert, *finished before his voyage to* America.

METhinks *Heroick Poesie* till now
Like some fantastick *Fairy Land* did show,
Gods, *Devils*, *Nymphs*, *Witches* and *Gyants race*,
And all but *Man* in *Mans chief work* had place.
Thou like some worthy *Knight* with sacred Arms
Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms*.
Instead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,
The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want.
Yet ev'en thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell,
Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well.
By fatal hands whilst *present Empires* fall,
Thine from the Grave *past Monarchies* recall.
So much more thanks from humane kind does merit
The *Poets Fury*, then the *Zelots Spirit*.
And from the *Grave* thou mak'est this *Empire* rise,
Not like some dreadful *Ghost* t'affright our Eyes,
But with more Luster and triumphant state,
Then when it *crown'd* at proud *Verona* sate.

So will our *God rebuild* mans perisht frame,
And raise him up much *Better*, yet the *same*.
So *God-like Poets* do past things reherse,
Not *change*, but *Heighten* Nature by their Verse.
With shame, methinks, great *Italy* must see
Her *Conqu'erors* rais'ed to *Life* again by *Thee*.
Rais'd by such pow'erful Verse, that ancient *Rome*
May blush no less to see her *Wit o'recome*.
Some men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give.
The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
To the same *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind.
Thou in those beaten pathes disdain'st to tred,
And scorn'st to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
This latter *Age* should see *all New but Wit*.
Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,
And leave bright *Tracks* for following Pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the *Muse*
Did thy desire to seek new *Worlds* infuse,
And ne're did Heav'n so much a *Voyage* bless,
If thou canst *Plant* but *there* with like success.

An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent me to Jersey.

AS to a *Northern People* (whom the Sun
Uses just as the *Romish Church* has done
Her Prophane *Laity*, and does assign
Bread only both to serve for *Bread* and *Wine*)
A rich *Canary Fleet* welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your *Letter* gives,
Fraught with brisk *racy Verses*, in which we
The *Soil* from whence they came, tast, smell, and see:
Such is your *Present* to'us; for you must know,
Sir, that *Verse* does not in this *Island grow*
No more then *Sack*; One lately did not fear
(Without the *Muses* leave) to plant it here.

But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge
Rhymes, as ev'en set the hearers *Ears* on *Edge*.
Written by ———————— *Esquire, the*
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty three.
Brave *Jersey Muse!* and he's for this high stile
Call'd to this day the *Homer* of the *Isle*.
Alas, to men here no *Words less* hard be
To Rhime with, then **Mount Orgueil* is to me.
Mount Orgueil, which in scorn o'th' *Muses* law
With no *yoke-fellow Word* will daign to draw.
Stubborn *Mount Orgueil*! 'tis a work to make it
Come into *Rhime*, more hard then 'twere to *take* it.
Alas, to bring your *Tropes* and *Figures* here,
Strange as to bring *Camels* and *Ele'phants* were.
And *Metaphor* is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the *Preface* of, *God save the King*.
Yet this I'll say for th' honor of the place,
That by Gods extraordinary *Grace*
(Which shows the people'have *judgment*, if not *Wit*)
The land is *undefil'd* with *Clinches* yet.
Which in my poor opinion, I confess,
Is a most sing'ular blessing, and no less
Then *Irelands* wanting *Spiders*. And so far
From th' *Actual Sin* of *Bombast* too they are,
(That other *Crying Sin* o'th' *English Muse*)
That even *Satan* himself can accuse
None here (no not so much as the *Divines*)
For th' *Motus primò primi* to *Strong Lines*.
Well, since the soil then does not natu'rally bear
Verse, who (*a Devil*) should *import* it here?
For that to me would seem as strange a thing
As who did first *Wild Beasts* into *'Islands* bring.
Unless you think that it might taken be
As *Green* did *Gond'ibert*, in a *Prize* at Sea.
But that's a Fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true *Green* was made by it; for they say
The *Parl'ament* did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the *whole Prize*, their *Tenths* and *Fifteens* too.

* The name of one of the Castles in *Jersey*.

The Tree of Knowledge.

That there is no Knowledge.

Against the Dogmatists.

1.

THe sacred *Tree* midst the fair *Orchard* grew;
The *Phœnix Truth* did on it rest,
And built his perfum'd Nest.
That right *Porphyrian Tree* which did true *Logick* shew,
Each *Leaf* did learned *Notions* give,
And th' *Apples* were *Demonstrative.*
So clear their *Colour* and divine,
The very *shade* they cast did other *Lights* out-shine.

2.

Taste not, said *God*; 'tis *mine* and *Angels* meat;
A certain *Death* does sit
Like an ill *Worm* i'th' *Core* of it.
Ye cannot *Know* and *Live*, nor *Live* or *Know* and *Eat.*
Thus spoke *God*, yet *Man* did go
Ignorantly on to *Know*;
Grew so *more blind*, and *she*
Who tempted him to this, grew yet *more Blind* then *He.*

3.

The onely *Science* Man by this did get,
Was but to *know* he nothing *Knew*:
He straight his *Nakedness* did view,
His ign'orant poor estate, and was asham'd of it.
Yet searches *Probabilities*,
And *Rhetorick*, and *Fallacies*,
And seeks by useless pride
With slight and withering *Leaves* that *Nakedness* to hide.

4.

Henceforth, said *God*, the wretched Sons of earth
Shall sweat for Food in vain
That will not long sustain,
And bring with *Labor* forth each fond *Abortive Birth.*
That *Serpent* too, their *Pride*,
Which aims at things deny'd,
That learn'd and eloquent *Lust*
Instead of *Mounting high*, shall creep upon the *Dust.*

Reason.

The use of it in Divine *Matters.*

1.

SOme *blind* themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on *Sands*, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but because there was no *Wind.*
Less hard 'tis, not to *Erre our selves*, then know
If our *Fore-fathers err'd* or no.
When we trust *Men* concerning *God*, we then
Trust not *God* concerning *Men.*

2.

Visions and *Inspirations* some expect
Their course here to direct,
Like senseless *Chymists* their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary Gold t'enjoy.
So *Stars appear* to drop to us from skie,
And gild the passage as they fly:
But when they fall, and meet th'opposing ground,
What but a sordid *Slime* is found?

3.

Sometimes their *Fancies* they 'bove *Reason* set,
And *Fast*, that they may *Dream* of meat.
Sometimes *ill Spi'rits* their sickly souls delude,
And *Bastard-Forms* obtrude.

So *Endors* wretched *Sorceress*, although
She *Saul* through his disguise did know,
Yet when the *Dev'il* comes up *disguis'd*, she cries,
Behold, the *Gods* arise.

4.

In vain, alas, these outward Hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our onely *Guide*.
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still *Walks*, for all
It's old Original *Fall*.
And since it self the boundless *Godhead* joyn'd
With a *Reasonable Mind*,
It plainly shows that *Mysteries Divine*
May with our *Reason* joyn.

5.

The *Holy Book*, like the eighth *Sphere*, does shine
With thousand Lights of *Truth Divine*.
So numberless the *Stars*, that to the Eye,
It makes but all one *Galaxie*.
Yet *Reason* must assist too, for in *Seas*
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by *Stars above* we cannot know,
Without the *Compass* too *below*.

6.

Though *Reason* cannot through *Faiths Myst'eries* see,
It sees that *There* and *such* they be;
Leads to *Heav'ens Door*, and there does humbly keep,
And there through *Chinks* and *Key-holes* peep.
Though it, like *Moses*, by a sad command
Must not come in to th' *Holy Land*,
Yet thither it infallibly does *Guid*,
And from afar 'tis all *Descry'd*.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.

POet and *Saint*! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred *Names* of *Earth* and *Heaven.*
The hard and rarest *Union* which can be
Next that of *Godhead* with *Humanitie.*
Long did the *Muses* banisht *Slaves* abide,
And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal pride;
Like *Moses* Thou (though Spells and Charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their *Holy Land.*
Ah wretched *We*, *Poets* of *Earth*! but *Thou*
Wert *Living* the same *Poet* which thou'rt *Now.*
Whilst *Angels* sing to thee their ayres divine,
And joy in an applause so great as *thine.*
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make *new Songs*, but say the *Old.*
And they (kind Spirits!) shall all rejoyce to see
How little less then *They*, *Exalted Man* may be.
Still the old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,
The *Heav'enliest* thing on Earth still keeps up *Hell.*
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Christian Land*;
Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* stand.
And though *Pans Death* long since all *Oracles* broke,
Yet still in Rhyme the *Fiend Apollo* spoke:
Nay with the worst of Heathen dotage We
(Vain men!) the *Monster Woman Deifie*;
Find *Stars*, and tye our *Fates* there in a *Face*,
And *Paradise* in them by whom we *lost* it, place.
What different faults corrupt our *Muses* thus?
Wanton as *Girles*, as *old Wives*, *Fabulous*!
Thy spotless *Muse*, like *Mary*, did contain
The boundless *Godhead*; she did well disdain
That her *eternal Verse* employ'd should be
On a less subject then *Eternitie*;
And for a sacred *Mistress* scorn'd to take,
But her whom *God* himself scorn'd not his *Spouse* to make.
It (in a kind) *her Miracle* did do;
A fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too.

*How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death;
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great *Mistress* Arms? thou most divine
And richest *Off'ering* of *Loretto's Shrine*!
Where like some holy *Sacrifice* t'expire,
A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'ed *Chappel* there,
And bore the sacred Load in Triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and *They*,
And *Thou*, their charge, went *singing* all the way.
Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent
That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,
For even in *Error* sure no *Danger* is
When joyn'd with so much *Piety* as *His*.
Ah, mighty *God*, with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!
And our weak *Reason* were ev'en weaker yet,
Rather then thus our *Wills* too strong for it.
His *Faith* perhaps in some nice Tenents might
Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was *in the right*.
And I my self a *Catholick* will be,
So far at least, great *Saint*, to *Pray* to thee.
Hail, *Bard Triumphant*! and some care bestow
On *us*, the *Poets Militant* Below!
Oppos'ed by our old En'emy, adverse *Chance*,
Attacqu'ed by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,
Enchain'd by *Beauty*, tortur'd by *Desires*,
Expos'd by *Tyrant-Love* to savage *Beasts* and *Fires*.
Thou from low earth in nobler *Flames* didst rise,
And like *Elijah*, mount *Alive* the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy *Greatness*, and my *Littleness*)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to *Esteem*, so Good to *Love*)
Not that thy *Spirit* might on me *Doubled* be,
I ask but *Half* thy mighty *Spirit* for Me.
And when my *Muse* soars with so strong a Wing,
'Twill learn of things *Divine*, and first of *Thee* to sing.

* M. *Crashaw* died of a Fever at *Loretto*, being newly chosen Canon of that Church.

Anacreontiques:

OR,

Some Copies of Verses Translated Paraphrastically out of *Anacreon*.

I.

Love.

I'll sing of *Heroes*, and of *Kings*;
In mighty Numbers, mighty things,
Begin, my *Muse*; but lo, the strings
To my great *Song* rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but *Love*.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These sure *Heroick Notes* will play.
Straight I began with thundring *Jove*,
And all th'immortal Pow'ers, but *Love*.
Love smil'd, and from my'enfeebled *Lyre*
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love, soft desire.
Farewel then *Heroes*, farewel *Kings*,
And mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*;
Love tunes my *Heart* just to my *strings*.

II.

Drinking.

THe thirsty *Earth* soaks up the *Rain*,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The *Plants* suck in the *Earth*, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The *Sea* it self, which one would think
Should have but little need of *Drink*,
Drinks ten thousand *Rivers* up,
So fill'd that they or'eflow the *Cup*.
The busie *Sun* (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,
The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in *Nature*'s *Sober* found,
But an eternal *Health* goes round.
Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
Fill all the *Glasses* there, for why
Should every creature drink but *I*,
Why, *Man* of *Morals*, tell me why?

III.

Beauty.

LIberal *Nature* did dispence
To all things *Arms* for their defence;
And some she arms with sin'ewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course;
Some with hard Hoofs, or forked claws,
And some with Horns, or tusked jaws.

And some with Scales, and some with Wings,
And some with Teeth, and some with Stings.
Wisdom to *Man* she did afford,
Wisdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*.
What to beauteous *Woman-kind*,
What *Arms*, what *Armour* has she'assigne'd?
Beauty is both; for with the *Fair*
What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare?
What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
More *Impassible* is found?
And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e're
So great an *Active* force did bear?
They are *all weapon*, and they dart
Like *Porcupines* from every part.
Who can, alas, their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pe with *Nakedness*?

IV.

The Duel.

YEs, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now *Loves Rebel* prove,
Though I was once his *Enemy*;
Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
Did to the Combate him defy,
An Helmet, Spear, and mighty shield,
Like some new *Ajax* I did wield.
Love in one hand his *Bow* did take,
In th'other hand a *Dart* did shake.
But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
In vain he often drew the *Bow*.
So well my *Armour* did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I mist.
But when I thought all danger past,
His *Quiver* empty'd quite at last,

Instead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
He shot *Himself* into my Heart.
The *Living* and the *Killing Arrow*
Ran through the skin, the Flesh, the *Blood*,
And broke the Bones, and scorcht the Marrow,
No *Trench* or *Work* of *Life* withstood.
In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
I set out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
Since th' *En'emy* does within remain.
In vain a *Breastplate* now I wear,
Since in my *Breast* the Foe I bear.
In vain my *Feet* their swiftness try;
For from the *Body* can they fly?

V.

Age.

OFt am I by the Women told,
Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'st old.
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor *Anacreon* how they fall?
Whether I grow old or no,
By th'effects I do not know.
This I know without being told,
'Tis Time to *Live* if I grow *Old*,
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little *Life* the best to make,
And manage *wisely* the *last stake*.

VI.

The Account.

WHen all the *Stars* are by thee told,
(The endless Sums of heav'nly Gold)
Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
From sickly *Autumns Head* that fall,

Or when the drops that make the *Sea*,
Whilst all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be;
Thou then, and Thou alone maist prove
Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*.
An hundred Loves at *Athens* score,
At *Corinth* write an hundred more.
Fair *Corinth* does such Beauties bear,
So few is an *Escaping* there.
Write then at *Chios* seventy three;
Write then at *Lesbos* (let me see)
Write me at *Lesbos* ninety down,
Full ninety *Loves*, and half a One.
And next to these let me present,
The fair *Ionian Regiment*.
And next the *Carian Company*,
Five hundred both *Effectively*.
Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*;
Three hundred 'tis I'am sure *Complete*.
For arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,
And every *Eye's* an *Archer* there.
Go on; this stop why dost thou make?
Thou thinkst, perhaps, that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a *Summe?*
Why many *Thousands* are to come;
The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast
Such different *Nations* in his Host.
On; for my Love, if thou be'st weary,
Must find some better *Secretary*.
I have not yet my *Persian* told,
Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian*;
Nor *Cyprian* Loves, nor *African*;
Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian* flames;
There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*.
Of gentle Love i'th' *temperate Zone*,
And cold ones in the *Frigid One*,
Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*.

VII.

Gold.

A Mighty pain *to Love* it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to *miss*.
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble *Blood*,
Nor *Wit* by *Love* is understood,
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold Monopolizes love!
A *curse* on her, and on the Man
Who this traffick first began!
A *curse* on him who found the Ore!
A *curse* on him who digg'd the store!
A *curse* on him who did refine it!
A *curse* on him who first did coyn it!
A *Curse* all curses else above
On him, who us'd it first in *Love*!
Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in *Families* debate;
Gold does Friendships separate,
Gold does Civil Wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas, does *Love beget*.

VIII.

The Epicure.

FIll the *Bowl* with rosie Wine,
Around our temples *Roses* twine.
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the *Wine* and *Roses* smile.
Crown'd with Roses we contemn
Gyge's wealthy *Diadem*.

To day is *Ours*; what do we fear?
To day is *Ours*; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish *Business*, banish *Sorrow*;
To the *Gods* belongs *To morrow*.

IX.

Another.

UNderneath this Myrtle shade,
On flowry beds supinely laid,
With od'orous Oyls my head o're-flowing,
And around it Roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The *Heat*, and *troubles* of the Day?
In this more then *Kingly* state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the Cup,
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Desires*.
The *Wheel* of Life no less will stay
In a *smooth* then *Rugged* way.
Since it equally does flee,
Let the *Motion* pleasant be.
Why do we precious *Oyntments* shower,
Nobler *wines* why do we pour,
Beauteous *Flowers* why do we spread,
Upon the Mon'uments of the *Dead*?
Nothing they but *Dust* can show,
Or *Bones* that hasten to be so.
Crown me with *Roses* whilst I *Live*,
Now your *Wines* and *Oyntments* give.
After *Death* I nothing crave,
Let me *Alive* my pleasures have,
All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave*.

X.

The Grashopper.

HAppy *Insect*, what can be
In happiness compar'd to Thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine*!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant Cup does fill,
'Tis fill'd where ever thou dost tread,
Nature selfe's *thy Ganimed.*
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier then the happiest *King!*
All the *Fields* which thou dost see,
All the *Plants* belong to *Thee*,
All that *Summer Hours* produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer He, and *Land-Lord Thou*!
Thou doest innocently joy;
Nor does thy *Luxury* destroy;
The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
More *Harmonious* then *He.*
Thee Country Hindes with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy *Sire.*
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer then thy *Mirth.*
Happy *Insect*, happy Thou,
Dost neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung,
Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among
(*Voluptuous*, and *Wise* with all,
Epicuræan Animal!)
Sated with thy *Summer Feast*,
Thou retir'est to endless *Rest.*

XI.

The Swallow.

FOolish *Prater*, what do'st thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneless *Serenade?*
Well t'had been had *Tereus* made
Thee as *Dumb* as *Philomel*;
There his Knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'ed Nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o're thy summer joys
Free from the stormy seasons noise:
Free from th'Ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs, or seeks out *Thee?*
Had'st thou all the charming notes
Of the woods *Poetick Throats*,
All thy art could never pay
What thou'st ta'ne from me away;
Cruel *Bird*, thou'st ta'ne away
A *Dream* out of my arms to day,
A *Dream* that ne're must equall'd be
By all that *waking Eyes* may see.
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good can'st bring,
Though men say, *Thou bring'st the Spring.*

ELEGIE
UPON
ANACREON,
Who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOw shall I lament thine end,
My best *Servant*, and my *Friend?*
Nay and, if from a *Deity*
So much *Deifi'ed* as I,
It sound not too profane and odd,
Oh my *Master*, and my *God*!
For 'tis true, most mighty *Poet*,
(Though I like not Men should know it)
I am in naked *Nature* less,
Less by much then in thy *Dress.*
All thy Verse is softer far
Then the downy Feathers are,
Of my Wings, or of my *Arrows*,
Of my Mothers *Doves*, or *Sparrows.*
Sweet as Lovers freshest *kisses*,
Or their riper following blisses,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round,
All with *Venus Girdle* bound,
And thy *Life* was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy *Stile.*

The smooth-pac'd *Hours* of ev'ery day
Glided numerously away.
Like thy *Verse* each *Hour* did pass,
Sweet and short, like that it was.
Some do but their *Youth* allow me,
Just what they by *Nature* owe me,
The Time that's *mine*, and not their *own*,
The certain *Tribute* of my *Crown*,
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too *Busie*, or too *wise* for me.
Thou wert *wiser*, and did'st know
None too *wise* for Love can grow,
Love was with thy *Life* entwin'd
Close as *Heat* with *Fire* is joyn'd,
A powerful *Brand* prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like *Meleagers* Fate.
Th' *Antiperistasis* of *Age*
More enflam'd thy amorous rage,
Thy *silver Hairs* yielded me more
Then even *golden curls* before.
Had I the power of *Creation*,
As I have of *Generation*,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work *Plate* out of *Clay*,
My *Creatures* should be all like *Thee*,
'Tis *Thou* shouldst their *Idæa* be.
They, like Thee, should throughly hate
Bus'iness, Honor, Title, State.
Other wealth they should not know
But what my *Living Mines* bestow;
The pomp of *Kings* they should confess
At their *Crownings* to be less
Then a Lovers humblest guise,
When at his *Mistress* feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
Then Men safe-landed do the *Wind*,
Wisdom it self they should not hear
When it presumes to be *Severe*.
Beauty alone they should admire;
Nor look at *Fortunes* vain attire,

Nor ask what *Parents* it can shew;
With *Dead* or *Old* t'has nought to do.
They should not love yet *All*, or *Any*,
But very *Much*, and very *Many*.
All their Life should gilded be
With Mirth, and Wit, and Gayety,
Well remembring, and *Applying*
The *Necessity* of *Dying*.
Their chearful Heads should always wear
All that crowns the flowry year.
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th'harmonious string.
Verse should from their Tongue so flow,
As if it in the *Mouth* did *grow*,
As swiftly answering their command,
As tunes obey the artful *Hand*.
And whilst I do thus discover
Th'ingredients of a happy *Lover*,
'Tis, my *Anacreon*, for thy sake
I of the *Grape* no mention make.
Till my' *Anacreon* by thee fell,
Cursed Plant, I lov'd thee well.
And 'twas oft my wanton use
To dip my *Arrows* in thy juice.
Cursed Plant, 'tis true I see,
Th'old report that goes of Thee,
That with *Gyants* blood the Earth
Stain'd and poys'ned gave thee birth,
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spight
On *Men* in whom *the Gods* delight.
Thy *Patron Bacchus*, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in *Flames* and *Thunder*,
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worse then his *Tygers* he delights;
In all our heaven I think there be
No such *ill-natur'd God* as He.
Thou pretendest, *Trayt'erous Wine*,
To be the *Muses* friend and *Mine*.
With *Love* and *Wit* thou dost begin,
False Fires, alas, to draw us in.

Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to *Madness*, or to *Sleep*.
Sleep were well; thou'hast learnt a way
To *Death* it self now to betray.
It grieves me when I see what Fate
Does on the best of *Mankind* wait.
Poets or *Lovers* let them be,
'Tis neither *Love* nor *Poesie*
Can arm against *Deaths* smallest dart
The *Poets Head*, or *Lovers Heart*.
But when their *Life* in its decline,
Touches th'*Inevitable Line*,
All the *Worlds Mortal* to'em then,
And *Wine* is *Aconite* to men.
Nay in *Deaths Hand* the *Grape-stone* proves
As strong as *Thunder* is in *Joves*.

FINIS.

THE MISTRESS: OR, SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

Written by *A. COWLEY.*

VIRG. Æn. 4.

——*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

THE MISTRESS, OR, SEVERAL COPIES OF Love-Verses.

The Request.

1.

I'Have often wisht to love; what shall I do?
Me still the *cruel Boy* does *spare*;
And I a double task must bear,
First to woo *him*, and then a *Mistress* too.
Come at last and strike for shame;
If thou art any thing besides a *name*.
I'le think Thee else no *God* to be;
But *Poets* rather *Gods*, who first *created Thee*.

2.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow,
Let me but *love*, what e're she be,
She cannot seem *deform'd* to *me*;
And I would have her seem to *others* so.
Desire takes wings and strait does fly,
It stays not *dully* to inquire the *Why*.
That *Happy* thing a *Lover* grown,
I shall not see with *others* Eyes, scarce with *mine own*.

3.

If she be coy and scorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why I'le *enjoy* the very *Love*,
And make a *Mistress* of my own *Desire*.
Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
And purest light, if compast round with *cold:*
So when sharp *Winter* means most harm,
The springing Plants are by the *Snow* it self kept warm.

4.

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
Lukewarmness I account a sin,
As great in *Love*, as in *Religion*.
Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' excess of heat is but a fable;
We know the *torrid* Zone is now found *habitable*.

5.

Among the Woods and Forrests thou art found,
There *Bores* and *Lyons* thou dost tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let *Venus*, *Men*; and *Beasts*, *Diana* wound.
Thou dost the Birds thy *Subjects* make;
Thy nimble *feathers* do their *wings* o'retake:
Thou all the *Spring* their Songs dost hear,
Make *me Love* too, I'll *sing* to' thee all the *year*.

6.

What service can *mute Fishes* do to Thee?
Yet against them thy Dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their *Scales*;
And still thy *Sea-born Mother* lives i'th' Sea.
Dost thou deny onely to me
The no-great privilege of *Captivitie*?
I *beg* or *challenge* here thy Bow;
Either thy *pity* to me, or else thine *anger* show.

7.

Come; or I'll teach the world to scorn that Bow:
I'll teach them thousand *wholesome arts*
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More then thy skilful *Ovid* e're did know.
Musick of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched *Lovers* tasteful *Tear:*
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My Verses shall not onely *wound*, but *murther* Thee.

The Thraldome.

1.

I *Came*, I *Saw*, and was *undone*;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;
A *pointed pain* pierc'd deep my heart;
A swift, cold trembling seiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The *Poison* that was enter'd there.

2.

So a *destroying Angels breath*
Blows in the *Plague*, and with it hasty *Death.*
Such was the pain, did so begin
To the poor wretch, when *Legion* entred in.
Forgive me, *God*, I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd my self I was to *dye.*

3.

But quickly to my *Cost* I found,
'Twas cruel *Love*, not *Death* had made the wound:
Death a more generous rage does use;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuse.
Whilst *Love* with barbarous mercy saves
The vanquisht lives to make them *slaves.*

4.

I am thy *slave* then; let me know,
Hard *Master*, the great task I have to do:
Who pride and scorn do undergo,
In tempests and rough *Seas* thy *Galleys* row;
They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find
Their sighs encrease the angry wind.

5.

Like an *Egyptian Tyrant*, some
Thou weariest out, in building but a *Tomb*.
Others with sad and tedious art,
Labour i'the' *Quarries* of a *stony Heart*;
Of all the works thou dost assign,
To all the several slaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty *Love*, to dig the *Mine*.

The Given Love.

1.

I'LL on; for what should hinder me
From *Loving*, and *Enjoying* Thee?
Thou canst not those exceptions make,
Which vulgar sordid *Mortals* take,
That my Fate's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I should love thee so,
If that dull cause could hinder me
In *Loving*, and *Enjoying* thee.

2.

It does not me a whit displease,
That the rich all honours seize;
That you all *Titles* make your own,
Are *Valiant*, *Learned*, *Wise* alone.
But if you claim o're *Women* too
The power which over *Men* ye do;
If you alone must *Lovers* be;
For that, Sirs, you must pardon me.

3.

Rather then lose what does so near
Concern my *Life* and *Being* here,
I'll some such crooked ways invent,
As you, or your *Fore-fathers* went:
I'll flatter or oppose the *King*,
Turn *Puritan*, or *Any Thing*;
I'll force my *Mind* to arts so new:
Grow *Rich*, and *Love* as well as *You*.

4.

But rather thus let me remain,
As Man in *Paradise* did reign;
When perfect *Love* did so agree
With *Innocence* and *Povertie*.
Adam did no *Joynture* give,
Himself was *Joynture* to his *Eve*:
Untoucht with Av'arice yet or Pride,
The *Rib* came freely back to 'his *side*.

5.

A curse upon the man who taught
Women, that *Love* was to be bought;
Rather dote only on your *Gold*;
And that with greedy av'arice hold;
For if *Woman* too submit
To that, and sell her self for it,
Fond Lover, you a *Mistress* have
Of her, that's but your *Fellow-slave*.

6.

What should those *Poets* mean of old
That made their *God* to woo in *Gold?*
Of all men sure *They* had no cause
To bind Love to such *costly Laws*;
And yet I scarcely blame them now;
For who, alas, would not allow,
That *Women* should such gifts receive,
Could They, as He, *Be* what *They give*.

7.

If thou, my Dear, Thy self shouldst prize,
Alas, what value would suffize?
The *Spaniard* could not do't, though he
Should to both *Indies joynture thee.*
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou shouldst any *bargain* make;
To *give All* will befit thee well;
But not at *Under-Rates to sell.*

8.

Bestow thy *Beauty* then on me,
Freely, as *Nature* gave't to *Thee*;
'Tis an exploded *Popish* thought
To think that *Heaven* may be *bought.*
Pray'rs, *Hymns*, and *Praises* are the way;
And those my thankful *Muse* shall pay;
Thy *Body* in my verse enshrin'd,
Shall grow *immortal* as thy *Mind.*

9.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To *Sacharissas* well-sung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when at the last great *Assise*,
All *Women* shall together rise,
Men strait shall cast their eyes on Thee
And know at first that *Thou art She.*

The Spring.

1.

THough you be absent here, I needs must say
The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *flowers* as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay the *Birds* rural musick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you:
I saw a *Rose-Bud* o'pe this morn; I'll swear
The blushing *Morning* open'd not more fair.

2.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* so gay?
Could they remember but last year,
How *you* did *Them*, *They you* delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their *Fellows* to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent *Barks* again.

3.

Where ere you walk'd trees were as reverend made,
As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every shade.
Is't possible they should not know,
What loss of honor they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull *Creatures!* 'tis not without Cause that she,
Who fled the *God of wit*, was made a *Tree.*

4.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoyc'd the *Thracian* verse to hear;
In vain did *Nature* bid them stay,
When *Orpheus* had his song begun,
They call'd their wondring *roots* away,
And bad them silent to him run.
How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too.

5.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
They're here the *only Fair*, and *Shine alone.*
You did their *Natural Rights* invade;
Where ever you did walk or sit,
The thickest Boughs could make no *shade*,
Although the Sun had granted it:
The fairest *Flowers* could please no more, neer you,
Then *Painted Flowers*, set next to them, could do.

6.

When e're then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to *Me.*
The little joys which here are now,
The name of Punishments do bear;
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.
'Tis you the best of *Seasons* with you bring;
This is for *Beasts*, and that for *Men* the *Spring.*

Written in Juice of Lemmon.

1.

WHilst what I write I do not see,
I dare thus, even to *you*, write *Poetry.*
Ah foolish Muse, which do'st so high aspire,
And know'st her judgment well
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'st be read by, thy just doom, the *Fire.*

2.

Alas, thou think'st thy self secure,
Because thy form is *Innocent* and *Pure*:
Like *Hypocrites*, which seem unspotted here;
But when they sadly come to dye,
And the last *Fire* their Truth must try,
Scrauld o're like thee, and *blotted* they appear.

3.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, since thou needs must *sin*, *confess* it too:
Confess't, and with humility clothe thy shame;
For thou, who else must burned be
An *Heretick*, if she pardon thee,
May'st like a *Martyr* then *enjoy* the *Flame.*

4.

But if her *wisdom* grow severe,
And suffer not her *goodness* to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly it restrain;
Be not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle *Ordeal Fire*,
And bid her by *Loves-Flames* read it again.

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet dost show
Like winter earth, *naked*, or *cloath'd* with *Snow*,
But, as the quickning *Sun* approaching near,
The *Plants* arise up by degrees,
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind *Natures Characters* appear.

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is seen,
But when a *Genial heat* warms thee within,
A new-born *Wood* of various Lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing *Letters* stand in *Rows*.

7.

Still, silly *Paper*, thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with *Ink*.
Oh no; there's sense in this, and *Mysterie*;
Thou now maist change thy *Authors* name,
And to her *Hand* lay noble claim;
For as *She Reads*, she *Makes* the words in Thee.

8.

Yet if thine own unworthiness
Will still, that thou art mine, not Hers, confess;
Consume thy self with Fire before her Eyes,
And so her *Grace* or *Pity* move;
The *Gods*, though *Beasts* they do not Love,
Yet like them when they'r burnt in *Sacrifice*.

Inconstancy.

FIve years ago (says *Story*) I lov'd you,
For which you call me most *Inconstant* now;
Pardon me, Madam, you mistake the *Man*;
For I am not the same that I was than;
No *Flesh* is now the same 'twas then in Me,
And that my *Mind* is chang'd your self may see.
The same *Thoughts* to retain still, and *Intents*
Were more inconstant far; for *Accidents*
Must of all things most strangely '*Inconstant* prove,
If from one *Subject* they t'another move;
My *Members* then, the *Father members* were
From whence *These* take their birth, which now are here.
If then this *Body* love what th' other did,
'Twere *Incest*; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this *Day* inconstant name,
Because the *Weather* is not still the same,
That it was yesterday: or blame the *Year*,
Cause the *Spring*, *Flowers*; and *Autumn*, *Fruit* does bear.
The *World*'s a *Scene* of *Changes*, and to be
Constant, in *Nature* were *Inconstancy*;
For 'twere to break the *Laws* her self has made:
Our *Substances* themselves do fleet and fade;
The most fixt Being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of *Time* 'tis measur'd by.
T'imagine then that *Love* should never cease
(*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of these)
Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and *Colour* stays not when we dye.

Not Fair.

'TIs very true, I thought you once as fair,
As women in th'*Idæa* are.
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee*.

But then (methoughts) there something shin'd within,
Which cast this *Lustre* o're thy *skin.*
Nor could I chuse but count it the *Suns Light*,
Which made this *Cloud* appear so bright.
But since I knew thy falshood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside;
A very *Moor* (methinks) plac'd near to Thee,
White, as his *Teeth*, would seem to be.
So men (they say) by Hells delusions led,
Have ta'ne a *Succu'bus* to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
Till the *cleft Foot* discovers all:
Then they start from't, half *Ghosts* themselves with fear;
And *Devil*, as 'tis, it does *appear.*
So since against my will I found Thee *foul*,
Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soul*,
My *Reason* strait did to my *Senses* shew,
That *they* might be *mistaken* too:
Nay when the world but knows how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair.
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
They'l call their *Eyes* as *false* as *Thee.*
Be what thou wilt; *Hate* will present thee so,
As *Puritans* do the *Pope*, and *Papists Luther* do.

Platonick Love.

I.

INdeed I must confess,
When *Souls* mix 'tis an *Happiness*;
But not compleat till *Bodies* too combine,
And closely as our minds together join;
But half of Heaven the *Souls* in glory tast,
'Till by Love in Heaven at last,
Their *Bodies* too are plac't.

2.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art.
But something 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me*;
And we must *one* even in that *difference* be.
I Thee, both as a *man*, and *woman* prize;
For a perfect *Love* implies
Love in *all Capacities*.

3.

Can that for true love pass,
When a fair *Woman* courts her *glass*?
Something *unlike* must in *Loves likeness* be,
His wonder is, *one*, and *Variety*.
For he, whose *soul* nought but a *soul* can move,
Does a new *Narcissus* prove,
And his own *Image* love.

4.

That *souls* do beauty know,
'Tis to the *Bodies* help they owe;
If when they know't, they strait abuse that trust,
And shut the *Body* from't, 'tis as unjust,
As if I brought my dearest *Friend* to see
My *Mistress*, and at th'instant *He*
Should steal her quite from *Me*.

The Change.

1.

Love in her Sunny Eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Hair;
Love does on both her Lips for ever stray;
And *sows* and *reaps* a thousand *kisses* there.
In all her outward parts *Love*'s always seen;
But, oh, He never went within.

2.

Within *Love*'s foes, his greatest foes abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dress,
With other beauties numberless:
But at the *Center*, *Darkness* is, and *Hell*;
There wicked *Spirits*, and there the *Damned* dwell.

3.

With me alas, quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and *Death* lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and Paleness in my face appears,
And Grief, and Fear, Love's greatest Enemies;
But, like the *Persian-Tyrant*, *Love* within
Keeps his proud *Court*, and ne're is seen.

4.

Oh take *my Heart*, and by that means you'll prove
Within, too stor'd enough of *Love*:
Give me but Yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That *Love* in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can,
My *outside Woman*, and your *inside Man*.

Clad all in White.

1.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a *white* most perfect show,
Thou must at all *no garment* wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Then *Winter* when 'tis *clad* with snow.

2.

'Tis not the *Linnen* shews so fair:
Her skin shines through, and makes it bright;
So *clouds* themselves like *Suns* appear,
When the *Sun* pierces them with Light:
So *Lillies* in a glass enclose,
The *Glass* will seem as white as those.

3.

Thou now *one heap* of *beauty* art;
Nought outwards, or within is foul:
Condensed beams make every part;
Thy *Body's Clothed* like thy *Soul.*
Thy *soul*, which does it self display,
Like a *star* plac'd i'th' *Milkie* way.

4.

Such robes the *Saints* departed wear,
Woven all with *Light* divine;
Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
And with such full glory shine.
But they regard not mortals pain;
Men *pray*, I fear, to *both* in vain.

5.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still;
Thou wouldst not take this garment sure,
When thou hadst an intent to *kill.*
Of *Peace* and *yielding* who would doubt,
When the white *Flag* he sees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then loving Many.

SO Men, who once have cast the *Truth* away,
Forsook by *God*, do strange wild lusts obey;
So the vain *Gentiles*, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more.

Their zeal was senseless strait, and boundless grown;
They worshipt many a *Beast*, and many a *Stone*.
Ah fair *Apostate!* couldst thou think to flee
From *Truth* and *Goodness*, yet keep *Unity*?
I reign'd alone; and my blest *Self* could call
The *Universal Monarch* of her *All*.
Mine, mine her fair *East-Indies* were above,
Where those *Suns* rise that chear the world of Love;
Where beauties shine like Gems of richest price;
Where *Coral* grows, and every *breath* is *spice*:
Mine too her rich *West-Indies* were below,
Where *Mines* of gold and endless treasures grow.
But, as, when the *Pellæan Conquerour* dy'd,
Many small *Princes* did his *Crown* divide,
So, since my *Love* his vanquisht world forsook,
Murther'd by poysons from her falshood took,
An hundred petty *Kings* claim each their part,
And rend that glorious *Empire* of her *Heart*.

My Heart discovered.

HEr body is so gently bright,
Clear, and transparent to the sight,
(Clear as fair *Christal* to the view,
Yet soft as that, e're *Stone* it grew,)
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
The brighter *Soul* that dwells within:
Our eyes the subtile *covering* pass,
And see that *Lilly* through its *Glass*.
I through her *Breast* her *Heart* espy,
As *Souls* in *hearts* do *Souls* descry,
I see't with gentle *Motions* beat;
I see *Light* in't, but find no *Heat*.
Within, like *Angels* in the sky,
A thousand *guilded thoughts* do fly:
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
Fair and chast, as *Mother-Mind*.
But, oh, what other *Heart* is there,
Which sighs and crouds to hers so neer?

'Tis all on flame, and does like *fire*,
To that, as to its *Heaven*, aspire,
The wounds are many in't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and still does weep.
Whose ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot chuse but grieve to see;
What *pity* in my Breast does raign?
Methinks I *feel* too all its pain.
So torn, and so defac'd it lies,
That it could ne're be known by th' eyes;
But, oh, at last I heard it grone,
And knew by th' *Voyce* that 'twas *mine own.*
So poor *Alcione*, when she saw
A shipwrackt body tow'ards her draw
Beat by the Waves, let fall a Tear,
Which only then did *Pity* wear:
But when the Corps on shore were cast,
Which she her *Husband* found at last;
What should the wretched Widow do?
Grief chang'd her straight; away she flew,
Turn'd to a *Bird*: and so at last shall I,
Both from my *Murther'd Heart*, and *Murth'rer* fly.

Answer to the Platonicks.

SO Angels love; so let them love for me;
When I'am *all soul*, such shall *my Love* too be:
Who nothing here but like a *Spirit* would do,
In a short time (believ't) will *be* one too:
But shall our Love do what in Beasts we see?
E'ven *Beasts* eat too, but not so well as *We.*
And you as justly might in thirst refuse
The use of *Wine*, because *Beasts Water* use:
They taste those pleasures as they do their food;
Undrest they tak't, devour it *raw* and *crude*:
But to us *Men*, *Love Cooks* it at his fire,
And adds the *poignant sawce* of sharp desire.
Beasts do the same: 'tis true; but ancient fame
Says, *Gods* themselves turn'd *Beasts* to do the same.

The *Thunderer*, who, without the Female bed,
Could *Goddesses* bring forth from out his *head*,
Chose rather *Mortals* this way to create;
So much he 'esteemed his *pleasure*, 'bove his *state*.
Ye talk of Fires which shine, but never burn;
In this *cold world* they'll hardly serve our turn;
As useless to despairing Lovers grown,
As *Lambent flames*, to men i'th' *Frigid Zone*.
The *Sun* does his pure fires on earth bestow
With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below;
Such is *Loves* noblest and divinest heat,
That *warms* like his, and does, like his, *beget*.
Lust you call this; a name to yours more just,
If an *Inordinate Desire* be *Lust*:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More *lustful* was, than the hot youth of *Troy*.

The vain Love.

Loving one first because she could love no body, afterwards loving her with desire.

WHat new-found *Witchcraft* was in thee,
With thine own *Cold* to *kindle Me*?
Strange art! like him that should devise
To make a *Burning-Glass of Ice*;
When *Winter*, so, the Plants would harm,
Her *snow* it self does keep them *warm*;
Fool that I was! who having found
A rich, and *sunny Diamond*,
Admir'd the *hardness* of the *Stone*,
But not the *Light* with which it shone:
Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately, and *Monarchical*.
All *Gentleness* with that esteem'd
A *dull* and *slavish virtue* seem'd;
Shouldst thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;
For who would *serve* one, whom he sees
That he can *Conquer* if he please?

It far'ed with me, as if a *slave*
In *Triumph* led, that does perceive
With what a gay majestick pride
His *Conqu'eror* through the streets does ride,
Should be *contented* with his wo,
Which makes up such a comly *show*.
I sought not from thee a return,
But without *Hopes* or *Fears* did burn;
My *Covetous Passion* did approve
The *Hoording* up, not *Use* of Love.
My *Love* a kind of *Dream* was grown,
A *Foolish*, but a *Pleasant* one:
From which I'm *wakened* now, but, oh,
Prisoners to *dye* are *wakened* so.
For now th' *Effects* of *Loving* are
Nothing, but *Longings* with *despair*.
Despair, whose torments no men sure
But *Lovers*, and the *Damn'd* endure.
Her *scorn* I doted once upon,
Ill *Object* for *Affection*,
But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas *something* that I lov'd;
Now my desires are worse, and fly
At an *Impossibility*:
Desires, which whilst so high they soar,
Are *Proud* as that I lov'd before.
What *Lover* can like me complain,
Who first *lov'd vainly*, next *in vain*!

The Soul.

1.

IF mine *Eyes* do e're declare
They have seen a second thing that's *fair*;
Or *Ears*, that they have *Musick* found,
Besides thy *Voice*, in any *Sound*;
If my *Tast* do ever meet,
After thy *Kiss*, with ought that's *sweet*;

If my 'abused *Touch* allow
Ought to be *smooth*, or *soft*, but *You*;
If, what seasonable Springs,
Or the Eastern Summer brings,
Do my *Smell* perswade at all,
Ought *Perfume*, but thy *Breath* to call;
If all my *senses Objects* be
Not *contracted* into *Thee*,
And so through *Thee* more powe'rful pass,
As *Beams* do through a *Burning-Glass*;
If all things that in *Nature* are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in Thee so '*Epitomiz'd*,
That nought *material*'s not compriz'd;
May I as worthless seem to *Thee*
As all, but *Thou*, appears to *Me*.

2.

If I ever *Anger* know,
Till some *wrong* be done to *You*;
If *Gods* or *Kings* my *Envy* move,
Without their *Crowns crown'd* by thy *Love*;
If ever I an *Hope* admit,
Without thy *Image* stampt on it;
Or any *Fear*, till I begin
To find that *You'r* concern'd therein;
If a *Joy* e're come to me,
That *Tasts* of any thing but *Thee*;
If any *Sorrow* touch my Mind,
Whilst You are *well*, and not *unkind*;
If I a minutes space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the *World*, *My self* and *all*;
And for *Love*, if ever I
Approach to it again so nigh,
As to allow a *Toleration*
To the least *glimmering Inclination*;

If thou alone do'st not controul
All those *Tyrants* of my Soul,
And to thy Beauties ty'st them so,
That constant they as *Habits* grow;
If any *Passion* of my Heart,
By any *force*, or any *art*,
Be brought to move one step from *Thee*,
Mayst Thou no *Passion* have for *Me*.

3.

If my busie '*Imagination*
Do not *Thee* in all things fashion;
So that all fair *Species* be
Hieroglyphick marks of *Thee*;
If when She her sports does keep
(The lower Soul being all asleep)
She play one *Dream* with all her art,
Where Thou hast not the longest part.
If ought get place in my *Remembrance*,
Without some badge of thy resemblance;
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of *Art* of *Memory*.
If my Understanding do
Seek any *Knowledge* but of You,
If she do near thy *Body* prize
Her *Bodies* of *Philosophies*,
If She to the *Will* do show
Ought *desirable* but You,
Or if *That* would not *rebel*,
Should she another doctrine tell;
If my *Will* do not resign
All her *Liberty* to thine;
If she would not follow *Thee*,
Though *Fate* and *Thou* shouldst *disagree*;
And if (for I a curse will give,
Such as shall force thee to believe)
My *Soul* be not entirely Thine;
May thy dear *Body* ne're be Mine.

The Passions.

1.

FRom Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the *Passions* else that be,
In vain I boast of *Liberty*,
In vain this *State* a *Freedom* call;
Since I have *Love*, and *Love* is *all*:
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag,
That I have no *Disease* besides the *Plague!*

2.

So in a zeal the Sons of *Israel*,
Sometimes upon their *Idols* fell;
And they depos'd the powers of Hell,
Baal, and *Astarte* down they threw,
And *Accaron* and *Molock* too:
All this *imperfect Piety* did no good,
Whilst yet, alas, the *Calf* of *Bethel* stood.

3.

Fondly I boast, that I have drest my *Vine*
With painful art, and that the *Wine*
Is of a tast rich and divine,
Since *Love* by mixing *Poyson* there,
Has made it worse than *Vinegere.*
Love even the tast of *Nectar* changes so,
That *Gods* choose rather *water* here below.

4.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all Passions else that be,
Drive this one *Tyrant* out of me,
And practise all your *Tyranny.*
The change of ills some good will do:
Th' oppressed wretched *Indians* so,
Be'ing slaves by the great *Spanish Monarch* made,
Call in the *States* of *Holland* to their aid.

Wisdom.

'TIs mighty *Wise* that you would now be thought
With your grave *Rules* from musty *Morals* brought:
Through which some streaks too of *Divin'ity* ran,
Partly of *Monk*, and partly *Puritan*;
With tedious *Repetitions* too y'ave tane
Often the name of *Vanity in vain.*
Things, which, I take it, friend, you'd ne're recite,
Should she I love, but say t' you, *Come at night.*
The *Wisest King* refus'd all pleasures quite,
Till *Wisdom* from above did him enlight;
But when that gift his ign'orance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in *Love.*
And if by 'event the Counsels may be seen,
This *wisdom* 'twas that brought the *Southern Queen.*
She came not, like a good *old Wife*, to know
The wholesome nature of all *Plants* that grow:
Nor did so far from her own Country rome,
To cure scall'd heads, and broken shins at home;
She came for that, which more befits all *Wives*,
The art of *Giving*, not of *Saving Lives.*

The Despair.

I.

BEneath this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I'll spend this *voyce* in crys,
In tears I'll waste these *eyes*
By *Love* so vainly fed;
So *Lust* of old the *Deluge* punished.
Ah wretched youth! said I,
Ah wretched youth! twice did I sadly cry:
Ah wretched youth! the fields and floods reply.

2.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but *Never*, and *In vain.*
Never (alas) that dreadful name,
Which fewels the infernal flame:
Never, my time to come must waste;
In vain, torments the present, and the past.
In vain, in vain! said I;
In vain, in vain! twice did I sadly cry;
In vain, in vain! the fields and floods reply.

3.

No more shall fields or floods do so;
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this worlds noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted *Comedy*:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the *Suns* busie and imperti'nent Light.
Then down I laid my head;
Down on cold earth; and for a while was *dead*,
And my freed *Soul* to a strange *Somewhere* fled.

4.

Ah sottish *Soul*; said I,
When back to 'its *Cage* again I saw it fly:
Fool to resume her *broken chain*!
And row her *Galley* here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to *burn*!
Once *dead*, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee,
That thou shouldst come to *live it o're again* in *Me*?

The Wish.

1.

WEll then; I now do plainly see,
This busie world and I shall ne're agree;
The very *Honey* of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest *cloy*,

And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The *Crowd*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*
Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.

2.

Ah, yet, e're I descend to th' Grave
May I a *small House*, and *large Garden* have!
And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since *Love* ne're will from me flee,
A *Mistress* moderately fair,
And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

3.

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you shall I
My self, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh *Fields*! Oh *Woods*! when, when shall I be made
The happy *Tenant* of your shade?
Here's the Spring-head of *Pleasures* flood;
Where all the *Riches* lie, that she
Has coyn'd and stampt for good.

4.

Pride and *Ambition* here,
Only in *far fetcht Metaphors* appear;
Here nought but *winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* scatter,
And nought but *Eccho flatter*.
The *Gods*, when they descended, hither
From Heav'en did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the *way* too *thither*.

5.

How happy here should I,
And one dear *She* live, and embr[ac]ing dy?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In *desarts Solitude*.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a *City* here.

My Dyet.

1.

NOw *by my Love*, the greatest *Oath* that is,
None loves you half so well as I:
I do not ask *your Love* for this;
But for Heave'ns sake *believe me*, or I dye.
No *Servant* e're but did deserve
His *Master* should believe that he does serve;
And I'll ask no more *wages*, though I *starve*.

2.

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and sure
I shall not by't too *Lusty* prove;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together *Life* and *Love*.
Being your *Priso'ner* and your *slave*,
I do not *Feasts* and *Banquets* look to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water*'s all I crave.

3.

O'n a *Sigh* of Pity I a year can live,
One *Tear* will keep me twenty at least,
Fifty a gentle *Look* will give;
An hundred years on one *kind word* I'll feast:
A thousand more will added be,
If you an *Inclination* have for me;
And all beyond is vast *Eternity*.

The Thief.

1.

THou rob'st my *Days* of bus'ness and delights,
Of sleep thou rob'st my *Nights*;
Ah, *lovely Thief* what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of *Heaven too*?
Thou even my *prayers* dost steal from me.
And I, with wild *Idolatry*,
Begin, to *God*, and end them all, to *Thee*.

2.

Is it a *Sin* to *Love*, that it should thus,
Like an *ill Conscience* torture us?
What e're I do, where e're I go,
(None *Guiltless* e're was haunted so)
Still, still, methinks thy face I view,
And still thy *shape* does me pursue,
As if, not *you Me*, but *I* had *murthered You*.

3.

From *Books* I strive some remedy to take,
But thy *Name* all the *Letters* make;
What e're 'tis writ, I find That there,
Like *Points* and *Comma's* every where;
Me blest for this let no man hold;
For I, as *Midas* did of old,
Perish by turning ev'ry thing to *Gold*.

4.

What do I seek, alas, or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my *Deity*,
I gave thee then *Ubiquity*.
My pains resemble *Hell* in this;
The *Divine presence* there too is,
But to *torment* Men, not to give them *bliss*.

All-over, Love.

1.

'Tis well, 'tis well with them (say I)
Whose short-liv'd *Passions* with *themselves* can dye:
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midst all his ills a time does know
(Though ne're so long) when he shall not be so.

2.

What ever *parts* of Me remain,
Those *parts* will still the *Love* of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my Heart,
But like a *God* by pow'rful Art,
'Twas *all* in *all*, and *all* in *every Part*.

3.

My '*Affection* no more perish can
Than the *First Matter* that compounds a Man.
Hereafter if one *Dust* of Me
Mixt with anothers *substance* be,
'Twill *Leaven* that whole *Lump* with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature if she please disperse
My *Atoms* over all the *Universe*,
At the last they easi'ly shall
Themselves know, and together call;
For thy *Love*, like a *Mark*, is stamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

1.

NOw sure, within this twelve-month past,
I' have *lov'd* at least some twenty years or more:
The account of *Love* runs much more fast
Than that, with which our *Life* does score:
So though my *Life* be *short*, yet I may prove
The great *Methusalem* of *Love*.

2.

Not that *Loves* Hours or Minutes are
Shorter than those our *Being*'s measur'ed by:
But they're more close *compacted* far,
And so in lesser room do lye.
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
Things *solid* take up little place.

3.

Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in Me,
Are not two several things, but purely one,
At once how can there in it be
A double *different Motion*?
O yes, there may: for so the self same *Sun*,
At once does slow and swiftly run.

4.

Swiftly his *daily* journey 'he goes,
But treads his *Annual* with a statelier pace,
And does three hundred Rounds enclose
Within one yearly Circles space.
At once with *double course* in the same *Sphære*,
He *runs* the *Day*, and *Walks* the *year*.

5.

When *Soul* does to *my self* refer,
'Tis then my *Life*, and does but slowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is *Love*.
Love's my *Diurnal* course, divided right
'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*.

The Bargain.

1.

TAke heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by *glittering ills* betraid;
Thy self for *Money*? oh, let no man know
The *Price* of Beauty faln so *low*!
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When *Love* that's *Blind* is by *blind Fortune* led?

2.

The foolish *Indian* that sells
His precious Gold for Beads and Bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffick hold,
Then thou who sell'st thy self for *Gold*.
What gains in such a bargain are?
Hee'l in thy *Mines* dig better *Treasures* far.

3.

Can *Gold*, alas, with *Thee* compare?
The *Sun*, that makes it 's not so fair;
The *Sun* which can nor *make*, nor ever *see*
A thing so beautiful as *Thee*,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the Sea serv'ed him for a *Looking-glass*.

4.

Bold was the wretch that *cheapned* Thee,
Since *Magus*, none so bold as he:
Thou'rt so divine a thing that *Thee to buy*,
Is to be counted *Simony*;
Too dear he'l find his sordid price,
H'as forfeited *that*, and the *Benefice*.

5.

If it be lawful Thee to *buy*,
There's none can pay that rate but *I*;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth's most *like* to *Thee*.
And that my *Heart* does only bear;
For there *Thy self*, *Thy very self* is there.

6.

So much *thy self* does in me live,
That when it for *thy self* I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of *Gold* for this,
Whose *stamp* and *value* equal is.
And that full *Weight* too may be had,
My *Soul* and *Body*; two *Grains* more, I'll add.

The Long Life.

1.

LOve from *Times* wings hath stoln the *feathers* sure,
He has, and put them to his *own*;
For *Hours* of late as long as *Days* endure,
And very *Minutes*, *Hours* are grown.

2.

The various *Motions* of the turning *Year*,
Belong not now at all to Me:
Each *Summers Night* does *Lucies* now appear,
Each *Winters* day *St. Barnaby.*

3.

How long a space, since first I lov'd, it is?
To look into a *glass* I fear;
And am surpriz'd with wonder when I miss,
Grey-hairs and *wrinkles* there.

4.

Th' old *Patriarchs age* and not their *happ'iness* too,
Why does hard fate to us restore?
Why does *Loves Fire* thus to *Mankind* renew,
What the *Flood washt* away before?

5.

Sure those are happy people that complain,
O' th' *shortness* of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
To th' ordinary *Span.*

6.

If when your gift, *long Life*, I disapprove,
I too ingrateful seem to be;
Punish me justly, Heaven; make Her to love,
And then 'twill be *too short* for me.

Counsel.

1.

GEntly, ah gently, Madam, touch
The wound, which you your self have made;
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of *your hand* afraid.
Cordials of *Pity* give me now,
For I too weak for *Purgings* grow.

2.

Do but a while with patience stay;
For *Counsel* yet will do no good,
'Till *Time*, and *Rest*, and *Heav'n* allay
The vi'olent burnings of my blood,
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men *drunk*, for being so?

3.

Perhaps the *Physick*'s good you give,
But ne're to me can useful prove;
Med'cines may *Cure*, but not *Revive*;
And I'am not *Sick*, but *Dead* in Love.
In *Loves Hell*, not his *World*, am I;
At once I *Live*, am *Dead*, and *Dye*.

4.

What new found *Rhetorick* is thine?
Ev'n thy *Diswasions* me *perswade*,
And thy great power does clearest shine,
When thy *Commands* are *disobey'd*.
In vain thou bidst me to forbear;
Obedience were *Rebellion* here.

5.

Thy *Tongue* comes in, as if it meant
Against thine *Eyes* t'assist my *Heart*;
But different far was his intent:
For straight the *Traitor* took their part.
And by this new foe I'm bereft
Of all that *Little* which was left.

6.

The act I must confess was wise,
As a dishonest act could be:
Well knew the *Tongue* (alas) your *Eyes*
Would be too strong for *That*, and *Me*.
And part o'th' *Triumph* chose to *get*,
Rather than *be a part* of it.

Resolved to be beloved.

1.

'Tis true, I'have lov'd already three or four,
And shall three or four hundred more;
I'll love each fair one that I see,
Till I find one at last that shall *love me*.

2.

That shall my *Canaan* be, the fatal soil,
That ends my wandrings, and my toil.
I'll settle there and happy grow;
The *Country* does with *Milk* and *Honey* flow.

3.

The *Needle* trembles so, and turns about,
Till it the *Northern Point* find out:
But constant then and fixt does prove,
Fixt, that his dearest *Pole* as soon may *move*.

4.

Then may my *Vessel* torn and shipwrackt be,
If it put forth again to *Sea*:
It never more abroad shall rome,
Though't could next voyage bring the *Indies* home.

5.

But I must sweat in *Love*, and labour yet,
Till I a *Competency* get.
They're slothful fools who leave a Trade,
Till they a moderate Fortune by't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not; give me One
To live perpetually upon.
The person *Love* does to us fit,
Like *Manna*, has the *Tast* of all in it.

The Same.

1.

FOr Heavens sake, what d' you mean to do?
Keep me, or *let me go*, one of the two;
Youth and *warm hours* let me not idlely lose,
The *little Time* that Love does choose;
If always here I must not stay,
Let me be gone, whilst yet 'tis *day*;
Lest I faint, and benighted lose my way.

2.

'Tis dismal, *One so* long to love
In vain; till to love *more* as vain must prove:
To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be;
Alas, 'tis folly to remain,
And waste our *Army* thus in vain,
Before a *City* which will ne're be tane.

3.

At several hopes wisely to fly,
Ought not to be esteem'd *Inconstancy*;
'Tis more *Inconstant* always to *pursue*,
A thing that always *flies* from you;
For that at last may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found,
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless *Round*.

4.

When it does *Hardness* meet and *Pride*,
My *Love* does then *rebound* t'another side;
But if it ought that's *soft* and *yielding* hit;
It lodges there, and stays in it.
Whatever 'tis shall first love me,
That it my *Heaven* may truly be;
I shall be sure to give't *Eternity*.

The Discovery.

1.

BY 'Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis She;
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by Me?
The Gods may give their Altars o're;
They'll smoak but seldom any more,
If none but *Happy Men* must them adore.

2.

The *Lightning* which tall *Oaks* oppose in vain,
To strike sometime does not disdain
The humble *Furzes* of the Plain.
She being so *high*, and I so *low*,
Her power by this does greater show,
Who at such *distance* gives so *sure* a blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can tow'ards her move,
Till't be *exalted* by her *Love.*
Equal to her, alas, there's none;
She like a *Deity* is grown;
That must *Create*, or else must be *alone.*

4.

If there be man, who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend *equality*,
He deserves her less then *I*;
For he would *cheat* for his relief;
And one would give with lesser grief,
To'an *undeserving Beggar* than a *Thief.*

Against Fruition.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e're thou grant:
Much of my *Veneration* thou must want,
When once thy *kindness* puts my *Ign'orance* out;
For a *learn'd Age* is always least devout.

Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
Goddess and *Woman* too, thou canst not be;
Thou'rt *Queen* of all that sees thee; and as such
Must neither *Tyrannize*, nor *yield* too much;
Such *freedoms* give as may admit *Command*,
But keep the *Forts* and *Magazines* in thine hand.
Thou'rt yet a *whole world* to me, and do'est fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dang'rous still,
Lest I like the *Pellæan Prince* should be,
And weep for *other worlds* hav'ing conquer'd *thee*;
When *Love* has taken all thou hast away,
His strength by too much *riches* will decay.
Thou in my *Fancy* dost much higher stand,
Than *Women* can be place'd by *Natures* hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change *Thee*, as *Thou'rt there*, for very *Thee*.
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That shouldst thou *Nectar* give, 'twould spoil the tast.
Beauty at first moves wonder, and delight;
'Tis *Natures juggling trick* to cheat the sight,
We 'admire it, whilst unknown, but after more
Admire our selves, for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy *Hawk*, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himself, with his own *Prey*;
Of very *Hopes* a surfeit he'll sustain,
Unless by *Fears* he cast them up again:
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
If once he lose his *sting*, he grows a *Drone*.

Love undiscovered.

1.

SOme, others may with safety tell
The moderate Flames, which in them dwell;
And either find some *Med'icine* there,
Or cure themselves ev'en by *Despair*;
My Love's so great, that it might prove
Dang'erous, to tell her that I Love.
So tender is my wound, it must not bear
Any salute, though of the kindest air.

2.

I would not have *her know* the pain,
The Torments for her I sustain,
Lest too much *goodness* make her throw
Her *Love* upon a *Fate* too low.
Forbid it Heaven my *Life* should be
Weigh'd with her least *Conveniency:*
No, let me *perish* rather with my grief,
Then to her *disadvantage* find *relief.*

3.

Yet when I dye, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
Like covetous Men who ne're descry,
Their dear hid *Treasures* till they *dye.*
Ah fairest Maid, how will it chear
My *Ghost,* to get from *Thee* a *tear!*
But take heed; for if me thou *Pitiest* then,
Twenty to one but I shall *live* agen.

The given Heart.

1.

I Wonder what those *Lovers* mean, who say,
They have giv'en their *Hearts* away.
Some good kind *Lover* tell me how;
For mine is but a *Torment* to me now.

2.

If so it be, one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courtesie can Love do more,
Than to *join Hearts,* that *parted* were before?

3.

Wo to her stubborn *Heart,* if once mine come
Into the self same room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a *Granado* shot into a *Magazin.*

4.

Then shall *Love* keep the ashes, and torn parts,
Of both our broken *Hearts*:
Shall out of both *one* new one make,
From hers, th'*Allay*; from mine, the *Metal* take.

5.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No *dross* was there, to perish in the *Fire*.

The Prophet.

1.

TEach *me* to *Love?* go teach thy self more wit;
I chief *Professour* am of it.
Teach craft to *Scots*, and thrift to *Jews*,
Teach boldness to the Stews;
In *Tyrants* Courts teach supple *flattery*,
Teach *Jesuits*, that have *travell*'d far, to Lye.
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
Teach restless Fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull earth, fixt, to abide,
Teach *Woman-kind* inconstancy and Pride.
See if your diligence here will useful prove;
But, pr'ithee, teach not me to *Love*.

2.

The *God* of *Love*, if such a thing there be,
May learn to love from *Me*.
He who does boast that he has bin
In every Heart since *Adams* sin,
I'll lay my *Life*, nay *Mistress* on't, that's more;
I'll teach him things he never knew before;

I'll teach him a *Receipt* to make
Words that *weep*, and *Tears* that *speak*,
I'll teach him *Sighs*, like those in *Death*,
At which the *Souls* go out too with the *breath*:
Still the *Soul stays*, yet still does from me *run*;
As *Light* and *Heat* does with the *Sun*.

3.

'Tis I who *Love*'s *Columbus* am; 'tis I,
Who must new *Worlds* in it descry:
Rich *Worlds*, that yield of *Treasure* more,
Than all that has bin known before.
And yet like *his* (I fear) *my Fate* must be,
To find them out for *others*; not for *Me*.
Me Times to come, I know it, shall
Loves last and greatest *Prophet* call.
But, ah, what's that, if she refuse,
To hear the wholesome *Doctrines* of my *Muse*?
If to my share the *Prophets fate* must come;
Hereafter *Fame*, here *Martyrdome*.

The Resolution.

1.

THe *Devil* take those foolish men,
Who gave you first such pow'rs;
We stood on even grounds till then;
If any *odds*, *Creation* made it *ours*.

2.

For shame let these weak Chains be broke;
Let's our slight bonds, like *Sampson*, tear;
And nobly cast away that yoke,
Which *we* nor our *Forefathers* e're could bear.

3.

French Laws forbid the *Female Raign*;
Yet *Love* does them to *slavery* draw,
Alas, if we'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all *Mankind* must make a *Salique Law*.

Called Inconstant.

1.

HA! ha! you think y'have *kill'd* my *fame*;
By this not *understood*, yet *common Name*:
A Name, that's *full* and *proper* when assign'd
To *Woman-kind*:
But when you call *us* so,
It can at best but for a *Met'aphor* go.

2.

Can you the shore *Inconstant* call,
Which still as *Waves* pass by, embraces *all*;
That had as leif the same Waves always love,
Did they not from him *move?*
Or can you fault with *Pilots* find
For changing course, yet never blame the *wind?*

3.

Since *drunk* with vanity you fell:
The things turn *round* to you that stedfast dwell;
And you your self, who *from us* take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of sight.
So the same errour seizes you,
As *Men in motion* think the *Trees* move too.

The Welcome.

1.

GO, let the *fatted Calf* be kill'd;
My *Prodigal*'s come home at last;
With noble resolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with sorrow for the past.
No more will burn with *Love* or *Wine*:
But quite has left his *Women* and his *Swine.*

2.

Welcome, ah welcome my poor *Heart*;
Welcome; I little thought, I'll swear,
('Tis now so long since we did part)
Ever again to see thee here:
Dear *Wanderer*, since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that Thou wer't *dead*!

3.

Hast thou not found each womans breast
(The *Lands* where thou hast travelled)
Either by *Savages* possest,
Or wild, and *uninhabited?*
What joy couldst take, or what repose
In *Countrys* so *unciviliz'd* as those?

4.

Lust, the scorching *Dog-star*, here
Rages with immoderate *heat*;
Whilst *Pride* the rugged *Northern Bear*,
In others makes the *Cold* too great.
And where these are temp'rate known,
The Soyl's all barren *Sand*, or rocky *Stone.*

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd Heart,
Like *China*, it admitted You
But to the *Frontier-part.*
From *Par'adise* shut for evermore,
What good is't that an *Angel* kept the *Door?*

6.

Well fare the *Pride*, and the *Disdain*,
And *Vanities* with *Beauty* joyn'd,
I ne're had seen this Heart again,
If any *Fair one* had been kind:
My *Dove*, but once let loose, I doubt
Would ne're return, had not the *Flood* been out.

The Heart fled again.

1.

FAlse, foolish *Heart*! didst thou not say,
That thou wouldst never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I strove to bring it back again,
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

2.

Even so the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th'ingrateful *Trojan* hoist his sail:
Aloud she call'd to him to stay;
The wind bore *him*, and her lost *words* away.

3.

The doleful *Ariadne* so,
On the wide shore forsaken stood:
False Theseus, *whither dost thou go?*
Afar false *Theseus* cut the flood.
But *Bacchus* came to her relief;
Bacchus himself's too weak to ease my grief.

4.

Ah senseless *Heart*, to take no rest,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be *froz'n* in every *breast*!
And to be *scorcht* in every *Eye*!
Wandring about like wretched *Cain*,
Thrust out, *ill us'd* by all, but by none *slain*!

5.

Well; since thou wilt not here remain,
I'll ev'en to live without Thee try;
My *Head* shall take the greater pain,
And all *thy duties* shall supply;
I can more easi'ly live I know
Without *Thee*, then without a *Mistress Thou*.

Womens Superstition.

1.

OR I'm a very *Dunce*, or *Womankind*
Is a most unintelligible thing:
I can no *Sense*, nor no *Contexture* find,
Nor their loose parts to *Method* bring,
I know not what the *Learn'd* may see,
But they're strange *Hebrew things* to *Me*.

2.

By *Customs* and *Traditions* they live,
And foolish *Ceremonies* of antique date,
We *Lovers*, new and better *Doctrines* give.
Yet they continue obstinate;
Preach we, *Loves Prophets*, what we will,
Like *Jews*, they keep their *old Law* still.

3.

Before their *Mothers Gods*, they fondly fall,
Vain *Idol-Gods* that have no Sense nor Mind:
Honour's their *Ashtaroth*, and *Pride* their *Baal*,
The *Thundring Baal* of Woman-kind.
With twenty other *Devils* more,
Which *They*, as We do *Them*, adore.

4.

But then, like Men both *Covetous* and *Devout*,
Their costly *Superstition* loth t'omit,
And yet more loth to issue Moneys out,
At their own charge to furnish it.
To these expensive *Deities*,
The *Hearts* of Men they *Sacrifice*.

The Soul.

1.

SOme dull *Philos'opher* when he hears me say,
My *Soul* is from me fled away;
Nor has of late inform'd my *Body* here,
But in anothers breast does ly,
That neither *Is*, nor *will* be *I*,
As a *Form Servient* and *Assisting* there:

2.

Will cry, *Absurd*! and ask me, how I live:
And *Syllogisms* against it give;
A curse on all your vain *Philosophies*,
Which on weak *Natures Law* depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and *Religion*, those great *Mysteries*.

3.

Her *Body* is my *Soul*; laugh not at this,
For by my *Life* I swear it is.
'Tis that preserves my *Being* and my *Breath*,
From that proceeds all that I *do*,
Nay all my *Thoughts* and *speeches* too,
And *separation* from it is my *Death*.

Eccho.

1.

TIr'ed with the rough denials of my Prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey,
I come, and find a *Nymph*, much gentler here,
That gives *consent* to all I say.
Ah gentle *Nymph* who lik'st so well,
In hollow, *solitary Caves* to dwell,
Her *Heart* being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me *so*.

2.

Complaisant Nymph, who do'est thus kindly share
In griefs, whose cause thou do'est not know!
Hadst thou but *Eyes*, as well as *Tongue* and *Ear*,
How much *compassion* wouldst thou show!
Thy *flame*, whilst *living*, or a *flower*,
Was of less beauty, and less rav'ishing power;
Alas, I might as easilie,
Paint thee to *her*, as *describe Her* to *Thee*.

3.

By repercussion *Beams* engender *Fire*,
Shapes by reflexion *shapes* beget;
The *voyce* it self, when stopt, does back retire,
And a new *voice* is made by it.
Thus things by *opposition*
The gainers grow; my barren *Love* alone,
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither *Image*, *Fire*, nor *Sound*.

The rich Rival.

1.

THey say you're angry, and rant mightilie,
Because I love the same as you;
Alas! you're very *rich*; 'tis true;
But prithee Fool, what's that to *Love* and *Me?*
You'have *Land* and *Money*, let that serve;
And know you'have more by that than you *deserve*.

2.

When next I see my *fair One*, she shall know,
How worthless thou art of her bed;
And wretch, I'll strike thee *dumb* and *dead*,
With noble *verse* not understood by you;
Whilst thy sole *Rhetorick* shall be
Joynture, and *Jewels*, and *Our Friends agree*.

3.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and Domineere:
Lovers are better *Friends* than they:
Let's those in other things obey;
The *Fates*, and *Stars*, and *Gods* must govern here.
Vain names of *Blood*! in *Love* let none
Advise with any *Blood*, but with their *own*.

4.

'Tis that which bids me this bright *Maid* adore;
No other thought has had access!
Did she now *beg* I'd love no *less*,
And were she'an *Empress*, I should love no *more*;
Were she as just and true to Me,
Ah, simple soul, what would become of *Thee!*

Against Hope.

1.

HOpe, whose weak *Being* ruin'd is,
Alike if it *succeed*, and if it *miss*;
Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,
And both the *Horns* of *Fates Dilemma* wound.
Vain *shadow!* which dost vanish quite,
Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night!*
The Stars have not a *possibility*
Of blessing Thee;
If things then from their *End* we happy call,
'Tis *Hope* is the most *Hopeless* thing of all.

2.

Hope, thou bold *Taster* of Delight,
Who whilst thou shouldst but *tast*, *devour'st* it quite!
Thou bringst us an *Estate*, yet leav'st us *Poor*,
By clogging it with *Legacies* before!
The *Joys* which we *entire* should wed,
Come *deflowr'd Virgins* to our bed;

Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty *Custom*'s paid to Thee.
For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept close does better tast;
If it take air before, its spirits wast.

3.

Hope, Fortunes cheating *Lottery*!
Where for one *prize* an hundred *blanks* there be;
Fond *Archer*, *Hope*, who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or *short*, or *wide* thine arrows are!
Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th'eye deceives
With shapes that our own *Fancy* gives!
A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in *tears*!
When thy false beams o're *Reasons* light prevail,
By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we sail.

4.

Brother of *Fear*, more gaily clad!
The *merr'ier Fool* o'th' two, yet quite as *Mad*:
Sire of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Desire*!
That blow'st the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers* fire!
Leading them still insensibly 'on
By the strange *witchcraft* of *Anon!*
By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through
Her endless *Labyrinths* pursue,
And th'other chases *Woman*, whilst She goes
More ways and turns than *hunted Nature* knows.

For Hope.

1.

HOpe, of all Ills that men endure,
The only cheap and *Universal Cure*!
Thou *Captives freedom*, and Thou *sick Mans Health*!
Thou *Losers Victo'ry*, and thou *Beggars wealth*!
Thou *Manna*, which from Heav'n we eat,
To every *Tast* a several *Meat*!
Thou strong *Retreat*! thou sure *entail'd Estate*,
Which nought has power to *alienate!*
Thou pleasant, *honest Flatterer!* for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone!

2.

Hope, thou *First-fruits* of *Happiness*!
Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Success*!
Thou good *Prepar'ative*, without which our Joy
Does *work* too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy;
Who out of *Fortunes* reach dost stand,
And art a blessing *still in hand!*
Whilst *Thee*, her *Earnest-Money* we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she'her *bargain* break, or else fulfill;
Thou only *good*, not worse, for *ending* ill!

3.

Brother of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and Thee
The joys of *Heav'en* and *Earth* divided be!
Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fixt estate*,
Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great.
Happiness it self's all one
In *Thee*, or in *possession!*
Only the *Future*'s *Thine*, the *present His!*
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss;
Best *apprehender* of our joys, which hast
So long a *reach*, and yet canst hold so *fast!*

4.

Hope, thou sad *Lovers* only *Friend*!
Thou *Way* that mayst dispute it with the *End*!
For *Love* I fear's a fruit that does delight
The *Tast* it self less than the *Smell and Sight.*
Fruition more deceitful is
Than *Thou* canst be, when thou dost *miss*;
Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and strait flee
Some other way again to *Thee*;
And that's a pleasant *Country*, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

Loves Ingratitude.

1.

I Little thought, thou fond *ingrateful Sin*,
When first I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary *Heart*,
That thou wouldst e're have grown,
So *false* or *strong* to make it all thine own.

2.

At mine own *breast* with care I fed thee still,
Letting thee suck thy fill,
And daintily I nourisht Thee
With *Idle thoughts* and *Poetrie!*
What ill returns dost thou allow?
I *fed thee* then, and thou dost *starve* me now.

3.

There was a time, when thou wast *cold* and *chill*,
Nor hadst the power of doing ill;
Into my *bosom* did I take,
This frozen and benummed *Snake*,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it *stings* that breast which made *it warm*.

4.

What cursed *weed*'s this *Love*! but one *grain* sow,
And the whole *field* 'twill overgrow;
Strait will it choak up and devour
Each wholesome *herb* and beauteous *flour!*
Nay unless something soon I do,
'Twill kill I fear my very *Lawrel* too.

5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
Declare, protest, and threat in vain.
Since by my own *unforc'd consent*,
The *Traytor* has my *Government*,
And is so settled in the *Throne*,
That 'twere *Rebellion* now to claim *mine own*.

The Frailty.

1.

I Know 'tis *sordid*, and 'tis *low*;
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilst this cursed flesh I bear,
And all the *Weakness*, and the *Baseness* there,
Alas, alas, it will be always so.

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
I rage sometimes, and bite my *Chain*;
For to what purpose do I bite
With Teeth which ne're will break it quite?
For if the chiefest *Christian Head*,
Was by this sturdy *Tyrant buffeted*,
What wonder is it, if *weak I* be *slain?*

Coldness.

1.

AS *water* fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by *Cold*;
So in *warm Seasons Love* does loosely flow,
Frost only can it hold.
A *Womans rigour*, and disdain,
Does his swift course restrain.

2.

Though *constant*, and *consistent* now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
And loses it self there.
So the *Suns* amorous play,
Kisses the *Ice* away.

3.

You may in *Vulgar Loves* find always this;
But my *Substantial Love*
Of a more firm, and perfect *Nature* is;
No weathers can it move:
Though *Heat* dissolve the *Ice again*,
The *Chrystal* solid does remain.

1.

THen like some wealthy *Island thou* shalt ly;
And like the *Sea* about it, *I*;
Thou like fair *Albion*, to the Sailors Sight,
Spreading her beauteous Bosom all in *White*:
Like the kind *Ocean* I will be,
With loving *Arms* for ever clasping Thee.

2.

But I'll embrace Thee gentli'er far than so;
As their fresh *Banks* soft *Rivers* do,
Nor shall the *proudest Planet* boast a power
Of making my *full Love* to *ebb* one hour;
It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
Whilst thy unwasted *Fountain* feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour shall our *Kisses* bear,
As if like *Doves* we' engendred there.
No *bound* nor *rule* my pleasures shall endure,
In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.
Nought shall my hands or Lips controul;
I'll kiss Thee *through*, I'll kiss thy *very Soul*.

4.

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our sports shall know;
Night that's both *blind* and *silent* too.
Alphæus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd *Sicanian Fountain* to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the Sea,
Than I will do t' *enjoy*, and *feast* on Thee.

5.

Men, out of *Wisdom* ; *Women*, out of *Pride*,
The pleasant Thefts of Love do *hide*.
That may secure thee ; but thou 'hast yet from Me
A more *infallible Securitie*.
For there's no danger I should tell
The Joys, which are to Me *unspeakable*.

Sleep.

1.

IN vain, thou drousie God, I thee invoak ;
For thou, who dost from fumes arise,
Thou, who *Mans Soul* dost overshade
With a thick *Cloud* by Vapours made,
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his *Spi'rits* to choak,
Whose *flame*'s so pure, that it sends up no *smoak*.

2.

Yet how do *Tears* but from some *Vapours* rise ?
Tears, that bewinter all my Year ?
The fate of *Egypt* I sustain,
And never feel the dew of *Rain*,
From *Clouds* which in the Head appear,
But all my too much *Moysture* ow,
To *overflowings* of the *Heart* below.

3.

Thou, who dost *Men* (as Nights to *Colours* do)
Bring all to an *Equality* :
Come, thou *just God*, and *equal me*
A while to my disdainful *She* ;
In that condition let me ly ;
Till *Love* does the favour shew ;
Love equals all a better way than *You*.

4.

Then never more shalt thou be'invokt by me;
Watchful as *Spirits*, and *Gods* I'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I,
Thee and thy *Kinsman Death* defy.
For betwixt *Thee* and them that *love*,
Never will an agreement be;
Thou scorn'st th'*Unhappy*; and the *Happy*, Thee.

Beauty.

1.

Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Who dost in ev'ry Country change thy shape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou *Flatt'rer* which compli'st with every sight!
Thou *Babel* which confound'st the Ey
With unintelligible *variety*!
Who hast no certain *What*, nor *Where*,
But vary'st still, and dost thy self declare
Inconstant, as thy *she-Professors* are.

2.

Beauty, *Loves Scene* and *Maskerade*,
So gay by *well-plac'd Lights*, and *Distance* made;
False *Coyn*, with which th'*Impostor* cheats us still;
The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill!
Which *Light*, or *Base* we find, when we
Weigh by *Enjoyment*, and examine Thee!
For though thy *Being* be but *show*,
'Tis chiefly *Night* which men to Thee allow:
And chuse *t'enjoy* Thee, when *Thou least art Thou.*

3.

Beauty, Thou *active*, *passive* Ill!
Which *dy'st* thy self as fast as thou dost *kill!*
Thou *Tulip*, who thy stock in paint dost waste,
Neither for *Physick* good, nor *Smell*, nor *Tast.*

Beauty, whose *Flames* but *Meteors* are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a *Star*,
Who dar'st not thine own *Home* descry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye*,
When thou, alas, dost in the *Fancy* lye.

4.

Beauty, whose *Conquests* still are made
O're Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or else *betray'd!*
Weak Victor! who thy self destroy'd must be
When *sickness storms*, or *Time besieges* Thee!
Thou'unwholesome *Thaw* to *frozen Age!*
Thou strong *wine*, which youths *Feaver* dost enrage,
Thou *Tyrant* which leav'st no man free!
Thou subtle *thief*, from whom nought safe can be!
Thou *Murth'rer* which hast *kill'd*, & *Devil* which wouldst *Damn me.*

The Parting.

1.

AS Men in *Groen-land* left beheld the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* run;
And thought upon the sad half year
Of *Cold* and *Darkness* they must suffer there:

2.

So on my parting *Mistress* did I look,
With such swoln eyes my farewel took;
Ah, my fair *Star!* said I;
Ah those blest Lands to which *bright Thou* dost fly!

3.

In vain the Men of *Learning* comfort me;
And say I'm in a warm *degree*;
Say what they please; I say and swear
'Tis beyond *eighty* at least, if you're not here.

4.

It is, it is; I tremble with the *Frost*,
And know that I the *Day* have lost;
And those wild things which *Men* they call,
I find to be but *Bears* or *Foxes* all.

5.

Return, return, gay *Planet* of mine *East*,
Of all that shines Thou much the *Best*!
And as thou now *descend'st to Sea*;
More fair and fresh *rise* up from thence to Me.

6.

Thou, who in many a Propriety,
So truly art the *Sun* to Me,
Adde one more *likeness*, which I'm sure you can,
And let *Me* and *my Sun* beget a *Man*.

My Picture.

1.

HEre, take my *Likeness* with you, whilst 'tis so;
For when from hence you go,
The next Suns rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The Man who did this *Picture* draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

2.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this *shadow* smile,
Your *presence* will such vigour give,
(Your *presence* which makes all things live)
And *absence* so much alter *Me*,
This will the *substance*, *I* the *shadow* be.

3.

When from your well-wrought *Cabinet* you take it,
And your bright looks *awake it*;
Ah be not frighted, if you see,
The *new-soul'd Picture* gaze on Thee,
And hear it breath a sigh or two;
For those are the first things that it will do.

4.

My *Rival-Image* will be then thought blest,
And laugh at me as dispossest;
But *Thou*, who (if I know thee right)
I'th' *substance* dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for *Me*,
Who then shall but my *Pictures Picture* be.

The Concealment.

1.

NO; to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched *Heart*, swell till you *break!*
She cannot love me if she *would*;
And to say truth, 'twere pity that she *should.*
No, to the *Grave* thy sorrows bear,
As *silent*, as they will be *there*:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomly the thing contrive,
That she may *guiltless* of it live.
So perish, that her killing Thee
May a *Chance-Medley*, and no *Murther* be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By'her *Beauty*, not her *Anger* dy;
This will look justly, and become
An *Execution*; that, a *Martyrdome.*
The censuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by *Thunder slain.*

She must be angry sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being *hers*, *happ'ier than She.*
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her *not Loving*, than her *Hate.*

3.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will *ominous* to her appear:
When, sound in every other part,
Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart.*
For the last *Tempest* of my death
Shall sigh out *that* too, with my *breath.*
Then shall the world my noble ruine see,
Some *pity*, and some *envy* Me,
Then *She* her self, the *mighty She*,
Shall grace my fun'rals with this truth;
'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle Youth.

The Monopoly.

1.

WHat *Mines* of *Sulphur* in my breast do ly,
That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart?
Not *Ætna* flames more fierce or constantly,
The sounding shop of *Vulcans* smoaky art;
Vulcan his shop has placed there,
And *Cupids Forge* is set up here.

2.

Here all those *Arrows* mortal Heads are made,
That flye so thick unseen through yielding air;
The *Cyclops* here, which labour at the trade
Are Jealousie, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
Ah cruel *God!* and why to me
Gave you this curst *Monopolie?*

3.

I have the *trouble*, not the *gains* of it;
Give me but the *disposal* of one *Dart*;
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my *Heart*.
So sweet's *Revenge* to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly dy.

4.

Deep into'her bosom would I strike the dart;
Deeper than *Woman* e're was struck by *Thee*;
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from th'*Heart*,
They *flutter* still about, inconstantly,
Curse on thy *Goodness*, whom we find
Civil to none but *Woman-kind*!

5.

Vain God! who *women* dost thy self *adore!*
Their wounded Hearts do still retain the powers
To travel, and to wander as before;
Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
So 'unjustly are distributed;
They take the *Feathers*, *we* the *Head*.

The Distance.

1.

I'Have followed thee a year at least,
And never stopt my self to rest.
But yet can thee o'retake no more,
Than this *Day* can the *Day* that went before.

2.

In this our *fortunes* equal prove
To *Stars*, which govern them above;
Our *Stars* that move for ever round,
With the same *Distance* still betwixt them found.

3.

In vain, alas, in vain I strive
The *wheel* of *Fate* faster to drive;
Since if a round it swiftlier fly
She in it mends her pace as much as *I*.

4.

Hearts by *Love*, strangely *shuffled* are,
That there can never meet a *Pare*!
Tamelier than *Worms* are *Lovers* slain;
The *wounded Heart* ne're turns to *wound* again.

The Encrease.

1.

I Thought, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
Then I had done before;
But you as easi'ly might account
'Till to the *top* of *Numbers* you amount,
As cast up my *Loves* score.
Ten thousand millions was the sum;
Millions of endless *Millions* are to come.

2.

I'm sure her *Beauties* cannot greater grow;
Why should my *Love* do so?
A *real* cause at first did move;
But mine own *Fancy* now drives on my Love,
With *shadows* from it self that flow.
My *Love*, as we in *Numbers* see,
By *Cyphers* is encreast eternallie.

3.

So the new-made, and untride *Spheres* above,
Took their first turn from th' hand of *Jove*;
But are since that beginning found
By their own Forms to move for ever round.
All *violent Motions* short do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to see
That Love's a *Motion Natural* to Me.

Loves Visibility.

1.

With much of *pain*, and all the *Art* I knew
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To *hide* my *Love*, and yet all will not do.

2.

The world perceives it, and it may be, *she*;
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to *Me*.

3.

Men without *Love* have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown,
But none who had it ever seem'd t'have *none*.

4.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none *sees* it 'cause it *self* is *blind*.

5.

The very *Eye* betrays our inward smart;
Love of himself left there a part,
When thorow it he past into the *Heart*.

6.

Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
But keep the secret wisely, yet,
Like *Drunkenness*, into the *Tongue* t'will get.

Looking on, and discoursing with his Mistress.

1.

These full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on *Heav'en* with *mighty Gulfs* between
Was the great *Misers* greatest pain;
So neer was he to *Heavens* delight,
As with the blest converse he might,
Yet could not get one *drop* of water by't.

2.

Ah wretch! I seem to *touch* her now; but, oh,
What boundless spaces do us part?
Fortune, and *Friends*, and all earths empty show
My *Lowness*, and her high *Desert*:
But these might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me so far remove,
As her hard *Souls aversion* from my *Love*.

3.

So *Travellers*, that lose their way by night,
If from afar they chance t'espy
Th' uncertain glimmerings of a *Tapers* light,
Take flattering hopes, and think it *nigh*;
Till wearied with the fruitless pain,
They sit them down, and weep in vain,
And there in *Darkness* and *Despair* remain.

Resolved to Love.

1.

I Wonder what the *Grave* and *Wise*
Think of all us that *Love*;
Whether our *Pretty Fooleries*
Their *Mirth* or *Anger* move;
They understand not *Breath*, that *Words* does want;
Our *Sighs* to them are *unsignificant*.

2.

One of them saw me th' other day,
Touch the dear hand, which I admire;
My *Soul* was melting strait away,
And *dropt* before the *Fire*.
This *silly Wiseman*, who pretends to *know*,
Askt why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

3.

Another from my Mistress' dore
Saw me with eyes all watry come;
Nor could the hidden cause explore,
But thought some *smoak* was in the room;
Such *Ign'orance* from *unwounded Learning* came;
He knew *Tears* made by *Smoak*, but not by *Flame*.

[4.]

If *learn'd* in other things you be,
And have in *Love* no skill,
For Gods sake keep your arts from me,
For I'll be *ign'orant* still.
Study or *Action* others may embrace;
My *Love*'s my *Business*, and my *Books* her *Face*.

[5.]

These are but *Trifles*, I confess,
Which me, weak Mortal, move;
Nor is your *busie Seriousness*
Less trifling than my Love.
The wisest *King* who from his sacred brest
Pronounc'd *all Van'ity*, chose it for the *best*.

My Fate.

1.

GO bid the *Needle* his dear *North* forsake,
To which with trembling rev'erence it does bend;
Go bid the *Stones* a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious *Flame* no more ascend:
And when these false to their *old Motions* prove,
Then shall I cease *Thee*, *Thee alone* to *Love*.

2.

The fast-link'd *Chain* of everlasting *Fate*
Does nothing tye more strong, than *Me* to *You*;
My fixt *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate*;
But will be still the same, what e're you do.
You cannot *kill* my Love with your *disdain*,
Wound it you may, and make it *live in pain*.

3.

Me, mine example let the *Stoicks* use,
Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain,
Let all *Prædestinators* me produce,
Who struggle with *eternal bonds* in vain.
This *Fire* I'm *born* to, but 'tis she must tell,
Whether't be *Beams* of *Heav'en*, or *Flames* of *Hell*.

4.

You, who mens *fortunes* in their faces read,
To find out *mine*, look not, alas, on *Me*;
But mark *her Face*, and all the features heed;
For only there is writ my *Destiny*.
Or if Stars shew it, gaze not on the Skies;
But study the *Astrol'ogy* of her *Eyes*.

5.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the *Fate* of mortal days
Is writ in *Heav'en*; but, oh *my heav'en* is there.
What can men learn from *stars* they scarce can *see*?
Two great Lights rule the *world*; and *her two*, *Me*.

The Heart-breaking.

1.

IT gave a piteous *groan*, and so it broke;
In vain it something would have spoke:
The Love within too strong for't was,
Like *Poyson* put into a *Venice-Glass*.

2.

I thought that *this* some *Remedy* might prove,
But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still *liv'd*, and still it *stung* in all.

3.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my *Heart*:
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the *Whole* did *kill*.

4.

Even so rude *Armies* when the field they quit,
And into several *Quarters* get;
Each *Troop* does spoil and ruine more,
Then all joyn'd in one *Body* did before.

5.

How many *Loves* raign in my bosom now?
How many *Loves*, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant-State*.

The Usurpation.

1.

THou'hadst to my *Soul* no *title* or *pretence*;
I was mine own, and *free*,
Till I had *giv'n* my self to Thee;
But thou hast kept me *Slave* and *Prisoner* since.
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
Fond *Tyrant*, I'll *depose* thee from thy Throne;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an *Elective Monarchy*.

2.

Part of my *Heart* by *Gift* did to Thee fall;
My Country, Kindred, and my best
Acquaintance were to share the rest;
But thou, their *Cov'etous Neighbour*, drav'est out all:
Nay more; thou mak'st me worship *Thee*,
And would'st the rule of my *Religion* be;
Was ever *Tyrant* claim'd such power as you,
To be both *Emp'rour*, and *Pope* too?

3.

The *publick Mise'ries*, and my *private fate*
Deserve some tears: but greedy Thou
(*Insatiate Maid!*) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should *alienate*.
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art,
Counting my *Tears* thy *Tribute* and thy *Due*,
Since first mine *Eyes* I gave to *You*.

4.

Thou all my *Joys* and all my *Hopes* dost claim,
Thou ragest like a *Fire* in me,
Converting all things into *Thee*;
Nought can resist, or *not encrease* the *Flame*.
Nay every *Grief* and every *Fear*,
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear.
Thy presence, like the crowned *Basilisks* breath,
All other *Serpents* puts to death.

5.

As men in *Hell* are from *Diseases* free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known *Formality*:
But all pains *Eminently* lye in *Thee*:
Alas, alas, I hope in vain
My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain.
Since all the *Natives* there thou'st overthrown,
And planted *Gar'isons* of thine own.

Maidenhead.

1.

THou *worst estate* even of the *sex* that's *worst*;
Therefore by *Nature* made at first,
T'attend the weakness of our birth!
Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed*!
Thou *Case* to buildings not yet finished!
Who like the *Center* of the Earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though Thou a *point imaginary* be.

2.

A thing *God* thought for *Mankind* so unfit,
That his *first Blessing* ruin'd it.
Cold *frozen Nurse* of fiercest *fires*!
Who, like the parched plains of *Africks* sand,
(A steril, and a wild unlovely Land)
Art always scortcht with hot desires,
Yet *barren* quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and *Serpents* forth thy self to sting!

3.

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
Like a close *Conj'urer* in his *Cell*!
And fear'st the days discovering Eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou shouldst be
Such tedious and unpleasant *Company*,
Who liv'st so *Melancholily*!
Thou thing of subtile, slippery kind,
Which *Women lose*, and yet no *Man* can *find*.

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search it self rewards the pains.
So, though the *Chymick* his great *secret* miss,
(For neither it in *Art* nor *Nature* is)
Yet things well worth his toyle he gains:
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good *unsought exper'iments* by the way.

5.

Say what thou wilt, *Chastity* is no more,
Thee, than a *Porter* is his *Door*.
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with *Ramparts* and with *Walls*,
Them only fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an *open breach* defend.
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so *Hated*, and so *Lov'd without*.

Impossibilities.

1.

IMpossibilities? oh no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy *Heart Captive* home;
As easi'ly other dangers were *o'rethrown*,
As *Cæsar* after vanquisht *Rome*,
His little *Asian* foes did overcome.

2.

True Lovers oft by *Fortune* are envy'd,
Oft *Earth* and *Hell* against them strive;
But *Providence* engages on their side,
And a good end at last does give;
At last *Just Men* and *Lovers* always thrive.

3.

As *stars* (not powerful else) when they *conjoin*,
Change, as they please, the Worlds estate;
So thy *Heart* in *Conjunction* with mine,
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our *Stars themselves* prescribe a *Fate*.

4.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold *Romance*,
That should two kind *examples* shew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not, that I thought that *story true*,
But none should *Fancy more*, then *I would Do*.

5.

Through spight of our *worst Enemies*, *thy Friends*,
Through *Local Banishment* from *Thee*;
Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning *Ends*,
As easie shall my passage be,
As was the *Amo'rous Youth*'s o're *Helles Sea*.

6.

In vain the *Winds*, in vain the *Billows* rore;
In vain the *Stars* their aid deny'd:
He saw the *Sestian Tower* on th'other shore;
Shall th' *Hellespont* our Loves divide?
No, not th' *Atlantick Oceans* boundless Tide.

7.

Such *Seas* betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
But, gentle *Maid*, do not deny
To let thy *Beams* shine on me from afar;
And still the *Taper* let me 'espy:
For when *thy Light* goes out, I sink and dye.

Silence.

1.

CUrse on this *Tongue*, that has my *Heart* betray'd,
And his great *Secret* open laid!
For of all persons chiefly *She*,
Should not the ills I suffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
Only in *Her* to *Pity Me*:
Since 'tis for *Me* to *lose* my *Life* more fit,
Than 'tis for *Her* to *save* and ransome it.

2.

Ah, never more shall thy unwilling ear
My helpless story hear.
Discourse and *talk* awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain,
That in my Breast does raign;
Silence perhaps may make it *sleep*:
I'll bind that *Sore* up, I did ill reveal;
The *Wound*, if once it *Close*, may chance to *Heal*.

3.

No, 'twill ne're heal; my *Love* will never *dye*,
Though it should *speechless lye*.
A *River*, e're it meet the *Sea*,
As well might stay its source,
As my Love can his course,
Unless it join and mix with *Thee*.
If any end or stop of it be found,
We know the *Flood* runs still, though *under ground*.

The Dissembler.

1.

UNhurt, *untoucht* did I complain;
And terrifi'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the *mighty evil*;
Ah, there's no *fooling* with *the Devil*!
So wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
Themselves have met a real *Spright*.

2.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome ly
Had been no *sin* at all in *Poetry*:
But now I suffer an *Arrest*,
For words were spoke by me in *jest*.
Dull, sottish *God* of *Love*, and can it be
Thou understand'st not *Raillery*?

3.

Darts, and *Wounds*, and *Flame*, and *Heat*,
I nam'd but for the *Rhime*, or the *Conceit*.
Nor meant my Verse should raised be,
To this sad fame of *Prophesie*;
Truth gives a *dull propriety* to my stile,
And all the *Metaphors* does spoil.

4.

In things, where *Fancy* much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to *feign*.
The *Play* at last a *Truth* does grow,
And *Custom* into *Nature* go.
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with *counterfeiting Lame*.

5.

My Lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others fire:
And 'twas a *barbarous delight*
My *Fancy* promis'd from the sight;
But now, by *Love*, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My *burning Bull* the first do try.

The Inconstant.

1.

I Never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifties space,
They all victorious be.
Love thou'rt *a Devil*; if I may call thee *One*,
For sure in Me thy name is *Legion.*

2.

Colour, or *Shape*, good *Limbs*, or *Face*,
Goodness, or *Wit* in all I find.
In *Motion* or in *Speech* a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis *Woman-kind*;
And I'm so weak, the *Pistol* need not be
Double, or *treble charg'd* to murder *Me.*

3.

If *Tall*, the Name of *Proper* slays;
If *Fair*, she's pleasant as the *Light*;
If *Low*, her *Prettiness* does please;
If *Black*, what *Lover* loves not *Night*?
If *Yellow-hair'd*, I Love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving *Me.*

4.

The *Fat*, like *Plenty*, fills my heart;
The *Lean*, with *Love* makes me too so.
If *Streight*, her *Body*'s *Cupid*'s *Dart*
To me; if *Crooked*, 'tis his *Bow.*
Nay *Age* it self does me to rage encline,
And strength to *Women* gives, as well as *Wine.*

5.

Just half as large as *Charity*
My richly-landed *Love*'s become;
And judg'd aright is *Constancy*,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves *always one*, why should they call
More *Constant*, than the Man loves *Always All*?

6.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all *Loves Gardens* and his *Fields*;
And, like the wise, industrious *Bee*,
No *Weed* but *Honey* to me yields!
Honey still spent this dil'igence still supplies,
Though I return not home with *laden Thighs*.

7.

My *Soul* at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a Dart;
Till I this *Habit* got of *Love*;
But my consum'd and wasted Heart
Once burnt to *Tinder* with a strong Desire,
Since that by every *Spark* is set on Fire.

The Constant.

1.

GReat, and wise *Conqu'rour*, who where e're
Thou com'st, dost *fortifie*, and *settle* there!
Who canst *defend* as well as *get*;
And never hadst one *Quarter* beat up yet;
Now thou art in, Thou ne're wilt part
With one inch of my vanquisht Heart;
For since thou took'st it by assault from Me,
'Tis *Garison'd* so strong with *Thoughts* of *Thee*,
It fears no *beauteous Enemy*.

2.

Had thy charming strength been less,
I'had serv'd e're this an hundred *Mistresses*.
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my *Pris'on* to be a *Vagabound*.

A *Pris'on* in which I still would be,
Though every *door* stood ope to Me.
In spight both of thy *Coldness* and thy *Pride*,
All Love is *Marriage* on thy *Lovers side*,
For only *Death* can them *divide.*

3.

Close, narrow *Chain*, yet soft and kind,
As that which *Spi'rits* above to *good* does bind,
Gentle, and sweet *Necessity*,
Which does not *force*, but *guide* our *Liberty!*
Your love on Me were spent in vain,
Since *my Love* still could but remain
Just as it is; for what, alas can be
Added to that which hath *Infinity*
Both in *Extent* and *Quality*?

Her Name.

1.

With more than *Jewish Reverence* as yet
Do I the *Sacred Name* conceal;
When, ye kind *Stars*, ah when will it be fit
This *Gentle Mystery* to reveal?
When will our Love be *Nam'd*, and we possess
That *Christning* as a *Badge* of *Happiness*?

2.

So bold as yet no Verse of mine has been,
To wear that *Gem* on any *Line*;
Nor, till the happy *Nuptial Muse* be seen,
Shall any *Stanza* with it shine.
Rest, mighty *Name*, till then; for thou must be
Laid down by *Her*, e're *taken up* by *Me.*

3.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
Then *Ecchoes* burden it shall be;
Then all the *Birds* in sev'eral notes shall sing,
And all the *Rivers* murmur Thee;
Then ev'ery *wind* the Sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper't to some *Angels* Ear.

4.

Then shall thy *Name* through all my *Verse* be spread,
Thick as the *flowers* in *Meadows* lye,
And, when in future times they shall be read,
(As sure, I think, they will not dye)
If any *Critick* doubt that *They be mine*,
Men by that *Stamp* shall quickly know the *Coyn*.

5.

Mean while I will not dare to *make* a *Name*
To represent thee by;
Adam (*Gods Nomenclator*) could not frame
One that enough should *signifie*.
Astræa or *Cælia* as unfit would prove
For *Thee*, as 'tis to call the *Deity*, *Jove*.

Weeping.

1.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise,
Drops *Tears* more fair then others *Eyes*!
Ah, charming Maid, let not *ill Fortune* see
Th'attire thy *sorrow* wears,
Nor know the *beauty* of thy *Tears*:
For shee'l still come to dress her self in *Thee*.

2.

As *stars* reflect on *waters*, so I spy
In every drop (methinks) her *Eye*.
The *Baby*, which lives there, and alwayes plays
In that illustrious *sphære*,
Like a *Narcissus* does appear,
Whilst in his *flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze.

3.

Ne're yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this *Sun-shine* and *Rain* together.
Pray Heav'en her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *snow*,
(For some such *Fountain* we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous *stream* below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
Which made this precious *Limbeck* sweat!
But what, alas, ah what does it avail
That she weeps Tears so wondrous *cold*,
As scarce the *Asses hoof* can hold,
So *cold*, that I admire they fall not *Hail.*

Discretion.

1.

Discreet? what means this word *Discreet*?
A Curse on all *Discretion*!
This *barbarous term* you will not meet
In all *Loves-Lexicon.*

2.

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Estate,
Houses, Houshold-stuff, or Land,
(The *Low Conveniences* of Fate)
Are *Greek* no *Lovers understand.*

3.

Believe me, beauteous one, when Love
Enters into a brest,
The two first things it does remove,
Are *Friends* and *Interest.*

4.

Passion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, scrup'lous *Eyes*,
Or else I could not love, I'm sure,
One who in *Love* were *wise.*

5.

Men, in such tempests tost about,
Will without grief or pain,
Cast all their *goods* and *riches* out,
Themselves their *Port* to gain.

6.

As well might *Martyrs*, who do choose,
That *sacred Death* to take,
Mourn for the *Clothes* which they must lose,
When they're bound *naked* to the *Stake*.

The Waiting-Maid.

1.

THy *Maid?* ah, find some nobler theame
Whereon thy doubts to place;
Nor by a low suspect *blaspheme*
The glories of thy face.

2.

Alas, she makes Thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim *Lamp* must disappear
Before thy potent *Light*.

3.

Three hours each morn in dressing Thee,
Maliciously are spent;
And make that *Beauty Tyranny*,
That's else a *Civil Government*.

4.

The'adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barb'arous skill;
'Tis like the *poys'oning* of a *Dart*
Too apt before to kill.

5.

The *Min'istring Angels* none can see;
'Tis not their beauty 'or face,
For which by men they worshipt be;
But their high *Office* and their *place*.
Thou art my *Goddess*, my *Saint*, *She*;
I pray to *Her*, only to pray to *Thee*.

Counsel.

1.

AH! what advice can I receive?
No, satisfie me first;
For who would *Physick*-potions give
To one that dyes with *Thirst*?

2.

A little puff of breath we find,
Small fires can *quench* and *kill*;
But when they're great, the adverse wind
Does make them *greater* still.

3.

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much;
But strait I'm just the same;
Alas, th'effect must needs be such
Of *Cutting* through a *Flame.*

The Cure.

1.

COme, *Doctor*, use thy roughest art,
Thou canst not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture every part,
To heal me of my *Love.*

2.

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to 'a *Feaver* bring;
Compar'd with *Heats* I now sustain,
A *Feaver* is so *Cool* a thing,
(Like *drink* which feaverish men desire)
That I should hope 'twould almost *quench* my *Fire.*

The Separation.

1.

ASk me not what my *Love* shall do or be
(*Love* which is *Soul* to *Body*, and *Soul* of Me)
When I am *sep'arated* from thee;
Alas, I might as easily show,
What after *Death* the *Soul* will do;
'Twill *last*, I'm sure, and that is all we know.

2.

The thing call'd *Soul* will never stir nor move,
But all that while a liveless *Carkass* prove,
For 'tis the *Body* of my *Love*;
Not that my *Love* will fly away,
But still continue, as, they say,
Sad troubled *Ghosts* about their *Graves* do stray.

The Tree.

1.

I Chose the flouri'shingst *Tree* in all the Park,
With freshest Boughs, and fairest head;
I cut my Love into his gentle Bark,
And in three days, behold, 'tis *dead*;
My very *written flames* so vi'olent be
They'have burnt and wither'd up the Tree:

2.

How should I live my self, whose *Heart* is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large *History* of many a *wound*,
Larger than thy *Trunk* can bear?
With art as strange, as *Homer* in the *Nut*,
Love in my *Heart* has *Volumes* put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The *Leaves* and *Beauties* all?
As a strong *Poyson* with one *drop* does make
The *Nails* and *Hairs* to fall:
Love (I see now) a kind of *Witchcraft* is,
Or *Characters* could ne're do this.

4.

Pardon ye *Birds* and *Nymphs* who lov'd this *Shade*;
And pardon me, thou gentle *Tree*;
I thought her *name* would thee have happy made,
And blessed *Omens* hop'd from Thee;
Notes of my *Love*, thrive here (said I) and *grow*;
And with ye let my *Love* do so.

5.

Alas poor youth, thy love will never thrive!
This blasted *Tree Predestines* it;
Go tye the dismal *Knot* (why shouldst thou live?)
And by the Lines thou there hast writ
Deform'dly hanging, the *sad Picture* be
To that unlucky *History*.

Her Unbelief.

1.

'Tis a strange kind of *Ign'orance* this in you!
That you your *Victories* should not spy,
Victories gotten by your *Eye!*
That your bright *Beams*, as those of *Comets* do,
Should kill, but not know *How*, nor *Who*.

2.

That truly you my *Idol* might appear,
Whilst all the *People* smell and see
The odorous flames, I offer thee,
Thou sit'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear
Thy constant zealous *worshipper*.

3.

They see't too well who at my fires repine,
Nay th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
Quick-Ey'd enough to spy my Love;
Nor does the *Cause* in *thy Face* clearlier shine,
Then the *Effect* appears *in mine*.

4.

Fair Infidel! by what unjust decree
Must I, who with such restless care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy *incredulitie?*

5.

I by thy *Unbelief* am guiltless slain;
O have but *Faith*, and then that you
May know that *Faith* for to be true,
It shall it self by 'a *Miracle* maintain,
And *raise* me from the *Dead* again.

6.

Mean while my *Hopes* may seem to be o'rethrown;
But *Lovers Hopes* are full of *Art*,
And thus dispute, that since my heart
Though in *thy Breast*, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine *Own*.

The Gazers.

1.

COme let's go on, where *Love* and *Youth* does call;
I've seen *too* much, if this be *all*.
Alas, how far more *wealthy* might I be
With a contented *Ign'orant Povertie?*
To shew such stores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and *vex* my want.
For Love to *Dye an Infant*'s lesser ill,
Than to live long, yet *live in Child-hood* still.

2.

We'have both sate gazing only hitherto,
As *Man* and *Wife* in *Picture* do.
The richest crop of *Joy* is still behind,
And He who only *Sees*, in *Love* is *Blind*.
So at first *Pigmalion* lov'd.
But th'*Amour* at last improv'd:
The *Statue*' it self at last a *woman* grew,
And so at last, my Dear, should you do too.

3.

Beauty to man the greatest *Torture* is,
Unless it lead to farther bliss
Beyond the tyran'ous pleasures of the *Eye.*
It grows too *serious a Crueltie,*
Unless it *Heal,* as well as *strike*;
I would not, *Salamander*-like,
In scortching heats always to *Live* desire,
But like a *Martyr,* pass to *Heav'en* through *Fire.*

4.

Mark how the lusty *Sun* salutes the *Spring,*
And gently kisses every thing.
His loving *Beams* unlock each maiden flower,
Search all the *Treasures,* all the *Sweets* devour:
Then on the earth with *Bridegroom*-Heat,
He does still new *Flowers* beget.
The *Sun* himself, although *all Eye* he be,
Can find in *Love* more Pleasure than to *see.*

The Incurable.

1.

I Try'd if *Books* would cure my *Love,* but found
Love made them *Non-sense* all.
I'apply'd *Receipts* of *Business* to my wound,
But stirring did the pain recall.

2.

As well might men who in a Feaver fry,
Mathematique doubts debate,
As well might men, who *mad* in *darkness* ly,
Write the *Dispatches* of a *State.*

3.

I try'd *Devotion, Sermons, frequent Prayer,*
But those did worse than *useless* prove;
For *Pray'rs* are turn'd to *Sin* in those who are
Out of *Charity,* or *in Love.*

4.

I try'd in *Wine* to drown the mighty care;
But *Wine*, alas, was *Oyl* to th' fire.
Like *Drunkards* eyes, my troubled *Fancy* there
Did *double* the *Desire*.

5.

I try'd what *Mirth* and *Gayety* would do,
And mixt with pleasant *Companies*;
My *Mirth* did graceless and *insipid* grow,
And 'bove a *Clinch* it could not rise.

6.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at last I try'd
'Gainst this some *new desire* to stir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I espy'd
Some faint *Resemblances* of *Her*.

7.

The *Physick* made me worse with which I strove
This *Mortal Ill* t'expell,
As wholesome *Med'icines* the *Disease* improve,
There where they *work* not well.

Honour.

1.

SHE *Loves*, and she *confesses* too;
There's then at last, no more to do.
The happy *work*'s entirely done;
Enter the *Town* which thou hast *won*;
The *Fruits* of *Conquest* now begin;
Iô Triumph! Enter in.

2.

What's this, ye *Gods*, what can it be?
Remains there still an *Enemie*?
Bold *Honour* stands up in the Gate,
And would yet *Capitulate*;
Have I o'recome all *real foes*,
And shall this *Phantome* me oppose?

3.

Noisy Nothing! stalking Shade!
By what *Witchcraft* wert thou made?
Empty cause of *Solid* harms!
But I shall find out *Counter-charms*
Thy airy *Devi'lship* to remove
From this *Circle* here of *Love.*

4.

Sure I shall rid my self of *Thee*
By the *Nights* obscurity,
And obscurer *secresie.*
Unlike to every other *spright*,
Thou attempt'st not men t'affright,
Nor *appear'st* but in the *Light.*

The Innocent Ill.

1.

THough all thy gestures and discourses be
Coyn'd and stamp't by *Modestie*,
Though from thy *Tongue* ne're slipt away
One word which *Nuns* at th' *Altar* might not say,
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace
In all thy *speech* appear,
That what to th' *Eye* a beauteous *face*,
That thy *Tongue* is to th' *Ear.*
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It strikes such heat through every part,
That thou a *Tempter* worse than *Satan* art.

2.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any Tracks have bin
So much as of *Original* Sin,
Such charms thy *Beauty* wears as might
Desires in dying confest *Saints* excite.

Thou with strange *Adulterie*
Dost in each breast a *Brothel keep*;
Awake all men do *lust* for thee,
And some *enjoy* Thee when they *sleep*.
Ne're before did *Woman* live,
Who to such *Multitudes* did give
The *Root* and *cause* of *Sin*, but only *Eve*.

3.

Though in thy breast so quick a *Pity* be,
That a *Flies Death*'s a *wound* to thee.
Though savage, and rock-hearted those
Appear, that weep not ev'en *Romances* woes.
Yet ne're before was *Tyrant* known,
Whose rage was of so large extent,
The ills thou dost are *whole* thine own,
Thou'rt *Principal* and *Instrument*,
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the *treble Office* do
Of *Judge*, of *Tort'urer*, and of *Weapon* too.

4.

Thou *lovely Instrument* of *angry Fate*,
Which *God* did for our faults create!
Thou *Pleasant*, *Universal Ill*,
Which *sweet* as *Health*, yet like a *Plague* dost *kill!*
Thou kind, well-natur'ed *Tyrannie!*
Thou *chast* committer of a *Rape!*
Thou *voluntary Destinie*,
Which no man *Can*, or *Would* escape!
So gentle, and so glad to spare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) e'ven the *Destroying Angels* are.

DIALOGUE.

1.

She. WHat have we done? what cruel passion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruine her that lov'd Thee?
Me thou'hast *robb'ed*, but what art thou
Thy *Self* the *richer* now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd *pleasure*;
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy *Ill-gotten Treasure.*

2.

He. We'have done no harm; nor was it *Theft* in *me*,
But noblest *Charity* in *Thee.*
I'll the well-gotten *Pleasure*
Safe in my *Mem'ory* Treasure;
What though the *Flower* it self do wast,
The *Essence* from it drawn does long and sweeter last.

3.

She. No: I'm undone; my *Honour* Thou hast slain,
And nothing can restore't again.
Art and Labour to bestow,
Upon the *Carcase* of it now,
Is but t'embalm a body *dead*,
The *Figure* may remain, the *Life* and *Beauty*'s fled.

4.

He. Never, my dear, was *Honour* yet undone,
By *Love*, but *Indiscretion.*
To th' *wise* it all things does allow;
And cares not *What* we do; but *How.*
Like *Tapers* shut in ancient *Urns*,
Unless it let in *air*, for ever *shines* and *burns.*

5.

She. Thou first perhaps who didst the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it.
For *Men*, with *Roman pride*, above
The *Conquest*, do the *Triumph* love:
Nor think a perfect *Victo'ry* gain'd,
Unless they through the *streets* their *Captive* lead enchain'd.

6.

[*He.*] Who e're his secret joys has open laid,
The *Baud* to his own *Wife* is made.
Beside what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth's a *Gift* from *Thee*?
'Tis you the *Conqu'erour* are, 'tis you
Who have not only *ta'ne*, but *bound*, and *gag'd* me too.

7.

[*She.*] Though publick pun'ishment we escape, the *Sin*
Will rack and *torture* us within:
Guilt and *Sin* our bosom bears;
And though fair, yet the *Fruit* appears,
That *Worm* which now the *Core* does wast,
When long t'has gnaw'd within will break the *skin* at last.

8.

[*He.*] That *Thirsty Drink*, that *Hungry Food* I sought,
That *wounded Balm*, is all my fault.
And thou in pity didst apply,
The kind and only *remedy*:
The *Cause* absolves the *Crime*; since *Me*
So mighty *Force* did move, so mighty *Goodness Thee.*

9.

[*She.*] *Curse* on thine *Arts!* methinks I *Hate* thee now;
And yet I'm sure I *love Thee* too!
I'm *angry*, but my *wrath* will prove,
More *Innocent* than did thy *Love.*
Thou hast *this day* undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at *night.*

Verses lost upon a Wager.

1.

AS soon hereafter will I *wagers* lay,
'Gainst what an *Oracle* shall say,
Fool, that I was, to venture to deny
A *Tongue* so us'd to *Victory!*
A *Tongue* so blest by *Nature* and by *Art*,
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an *Heart*:

Though what you said, had not been *true*
If spoke by any else but *you*.
Your speech will govern *Destiny*,
And *Fate* will *change* rather than *you* should *Ly*.

2.

'Tis true if *Humane Reason* were the *Guide*,
Reason, methinks, was on my side,
But that's a *Guide*, alas, we must resign,
When th' *Authority*'s *Divine*.
She said, she said *her self* it would be so;
And I, *bold unbeliever*, answer'd *No*,
Never so justly sure before
Errour the name of *Blindness* bore,
For whatsoe're the *Question* be,
There's no man that has *eyes* would *bet* for *Me*.

3.

If *Truth* it self (as other *Angels* do
When they descend to humane view)
In a *Material Form* would daign to shine,
'Twould *imitate* or *borrow Thine*,
So daz'eling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well proportion'd would the parts appear;
Happy the eye which *Truth* could see
Cloath'd in a *shape* like *Thee*,
But happier far the eye
Which could thy *shape naked like Truth* espy!

4.

Yet this lost *wager* costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'ed to thee before.
Who would not venture for that debt to *play*
Which He were bound howe're to *pay*?
If *Nature* gave me power to write in verse,
She gave it me thy praises to reherse.
Thy wondrous Beauty and Thy Wit
Has such a *Sov'ereign Right* to it,
That no Mans *Muse* for *publique vent* is free,
Till she has paid *her Customs* first to *Thee*.

Bathing in the River.

1.

THE *fish* around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treach'erous Fishers shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me.
For ne're did *Light* so clear
Among the *waves* appear,
Though ev'ery night the *Sun* himself set there.

2.

Why to *Mute Fish* should'st thou thy self discover,
And not to me thy no less *silent Lover*?
As some from *Men* their buried *Gold* commit
To *Ghosts* that have no use of it!
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury; and for ought we know
(Poor *Ignorants*) *they're Mermaids all below.*

3.

The amo'rous *Waves* would fain about her stay,
But still new am'orous *waves* drive them away,
And with swift current to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste,
I laught the wanton play to view,
But 'tis, alas, at *Land* so too,
And still *old Lovers* yield the place to *new.*

4.

Kiss her, and as you part, you am'orous Waves
(My happier *Rivals*, and my *fellow slaves*)
Point to your flowry banks, and to her shew
The good your *Bounties* do;
Then tell her what your *Pride* doth cost,
And, how your *use* and *beauty*'s lost,
When rig'orous *Winter* binds you up with *Frost.*

5.

Tell her, her *Beauties* and her *Youth*, like *Thee*
Haste without stop to a *devouring Sea*;
Where they will mixt and *undistinguisht* ly
With all the meanest things that *dy*.
As in the *Ocean* Thou
No priviledge dost know
Above th' *impurest streams* that thither flow.

6.

Tell her, kind *flood*, when this has made her sad,
Tell her there's yet one *Rem'edy* to be had;
Shew her how thou, though long since *past*, dost find
Thy self yet still *behind*,
Marriage (say to her) will bring
About the self-same thing,
But she, fond *Maid*, *shuts* and *seals* up the *spring*.

Love given over.

1.

IT is *enough*; enough of time, and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
Thy self with *shadows* to deceive;
Think that *already lost* which thou must *never gain*.

2.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years,
(Tost in storms of *Hopes* and *Fears*)
Like helpless *Ships* that be
Set on fire i'th' midst o'the *Sea*,
Have all been *burnt in Love*, and all been *drown'd in Tears*.

3.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky *Heart*;
Since *Fate* does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy *Love*.
And not one *Star* in heav'n offers to take thy part.

4.

If e're I clear my *Heart* from this desire,
If e're it home to its breast retire,
It ne're shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call'd it out:
A *Lover Burnt* like me for ever *dreads the fire.*

5.

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and ev'ry *small disease*,
May come as oft as *ill Fate* please;
But *Death* and *Love* are never found
To give a *Second Wound*,
We're by those *Serpents bit*, but we're *devour'd by these.*

6.

Alas, what comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of be'ing *again* o'rethrown?
Since such an *Enemy* needs not fear
Lest any else should quarter there,
Who has not only *Sack't*, but quite *burnt down* the *Town.*

FINIS.

Pindarique

ODES,

Written in Imitation of the

STILE & MANNER

OF THE

ODES

OF

PINDAR.

By *A. COWLEY.*

Hor. Ep. L. 1. 3.
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange.* 1668.

PREFACE.

IF a man should undertake to translate *Pindar* word for word, it would be thought that one *Mad man* had translated *another*; as may appear, when he that understands not the *Original*, reads the verbal Traduction of him into *Latin Prose*, than which nothing seems more *Raving*. And sure, *Rhyme*, without the addition of *Wit*, and the *Spirit* of *Poetry* (*quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more *Distracted* than it is in *Prose*. We must consider in *Pindar* the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in *Pictures*, at least the *Colours* of *Poetry*, the no less difference betwixt the *Religions* and *Customs* of our Countrys, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our Eyes at so great a distance. And lastly, (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our Ears are strangers to the Musick of his *Numbers*, which sometimes (especially in *Songs* and *Odes*) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent *Poet*; for though the *Grammarians* and *Criticks* have laboured to reduce his Verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the *Greek* and *Latine Comedies*) yet in effect they are little better than *Prose* to our Ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of *English Poesie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into *French* or *Italian Prose*. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by *Pindar*, all we can adde to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a *Richer man* than he was in his *own Country*. This is in some measure to be applyed to all *Translations*; and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferiour to their *Originals*. The like happens

too in *Pictures*, from the same root of exact *Imitation*; which being a vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen *Originals* both in *Painting* and *Poesie*, much more beautiful than their *natural Objects*; but I never saw a *Copy* better than the *Original*, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot *beyond* the *Mark*, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not *short* of it. It does not at all trouble me that the *Grammarians* perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendring forreign Authors, to be called *Translation*; for I am not so much enamoured of the *Name Translator*, as not to wish rather to be *Something Better*, though it want yet a *Name*. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of *Translating*, or *Imitating* (or what other Title they please) the two ensuing *Odes* of *Pindar*; for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectifie the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The *Psalms* of *David*, (which I believe to have been in their *Original*, to the *Hebrews* of his time, though not to our *Hebrews* of *Buxtorfius*'s making, the most exalted pieces of *Poesie*) are a great example of what I have said; all the *Translators* of which (even Mr. *Sands* himself; for in despight of popular errour, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost Excellencies of another *Language* with new ones in their own; are so far from doing honour, or at least justice to that *Divine Poet*, that, methinks, they revile him worse than *Shimei*. And *Bucanan* himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great Person) comes in my opinion no less short of *David*, than his *Country* does of *Judæa*. Upon this ground, I have in these two *Odes* of *Pindar* taken, left out, and added what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the Reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his *way* and *manner* of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into *English*, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in Verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the List of *Pancirollus*, among the *lost Inventions* of *Antiquity*. This *Essay* is but to try how it will look in an *English habit:* for which experiment, I have chosen one of his *Olympique*, and another of his *Nemeæan Odes*; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND
Olympique Ode
OF
PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron *Prince of* Agrigentum (*a famous City in* Sicily *built by his* Ancestors) *who in the seventy seventh* Olympique *won the* Chariot-prize. *He is commended from the* Nobility *of his Race* (*whose story is often toucht on*) *from his great* Riches (*an ordinary* Common-Place *in* Pindar) *from his* Hospitality, Munificence, *and other* Virtues. *The* Ode (*according to the constant custom of the* Poet) *consists more in* Digressions, *than in the main* subject: *And the* Reader *must not be chocqued to hear him speak so often of his own* Muse; *for that is a* Liberty *which this kind of* Poetry *can hardly live without.*

ODE.

1.

1 Queen of all Harmonious things,
Dancing Words, and *Speaking Strings*,
2 What *God*, what *Hero* wilt thou sing?
What happy *Man* to *equal* glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the Hills around reflect the *Image* of thy *Voice*.
3 *Pisa* does to *Jove* belong,
Jove and *Pisa* claim thy Song.
4 The fair *First-fruits* of *War*, th'*Olympique Games*,
Alcides offered up to *Jove*;
Alcides too thy strings may move;

But, oh, what *Man* to join with these can worthy prove!
Join *Theron* boldly to their sacred *Names*;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no *man* gives place,
Is first in *Pisa*'s, and in *Virtue*'s *Race*;
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift *Forefathers* has outgone.

2.

They through rough ways, o're many stops they past,
Till on the fatal bank at last
They *Agrigentum* built, the beauteous *Eye*
Of *fair-fac'ed Sicilie*,
Which does it self i'th' *River* by
With *Pride* and *Joy* espy.
Then chearful *Notes* their *Painted Years* did sing,
And *Wealth* was one, and *Honour* th' other *Wing*.
Their genuine *Virtues* did more sweet and clear,
In *Fortunes* graceful dress appear.
To which great *Son* of *Rhea*, say
The *Firm Word* which forbids things to *Decay*.
If in *Olympus Top*, where Thou
Sit'st to behold thy Sacred *Show*,
If in *Alpheus* silver flight,
If in *my Verse* thou dost delight,
My Verse, O *Rhea*'s *Son*, which is
Lofty as *that*, and *smooth* as *This*.

3.

For the past sufferings of this noble Race
(Since things once *past*, and fled out of thine hand,
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let *present joys* fill up their place,
And with *Oblivions silent stroke* deface
Of foregone Ills the very *trace*.
In no illustrious line
Do these happy changes shine
More brightly *Theron* than in thine.
So in the *Chrystal Palaces*
Of the blew-ey'd *Nereides*
Ino her endless youth does please,
And *thanks* her fall into the Seas.

3 Beauteous *Semele* does no less
Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* bless,
Whilst sporting with the *Gods* on high,
4 She' enjoys *secure* their Company,
Plays with *Lightnings* as they fly,
Nor trembles at the *bright Embraces* of the *Deity.*

4.

But *Death* did them from future dangers free,
What God (alas) will *Caution* be
For *Living* Mans securitie,
Or will *ensure* our *Vessel* in this faithless *Sea?*
Never did the *Sun* as yet
So healthful a fair *day* beget,
1 That *Travelling Mortals* might rely on it.
But Fortunes *favour* and her *Spight*
Rowl with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night.*
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
2 Ere since the *fatal Son* his Father slew,
And did old *Oracles* fulfill
Of *Gods* that cannot *Lye*, for they foretel but their own *Will.*

5.

1 *Erynnis* saw't, and made in her own seed
The *innocent Parricide* to bleed,
2 She slew his wrathful Sons with mutual blows;
But better things did then succeed,
3 And brave *Thersander* in amends for what was past arose.
Brave *Thersander* was by none
In war, or warlike sports out-done.
4 Thou *Theron* his great virtues dost revive,
He in *my Verse* and *Thee* again does *live.*
Loud *Olympus* happy Thee,
5 *Isthmus* and *Nemea* does twice happy see.
For the *well-natur'ed* honour there
Which with thy *Brother* thou didst share,
Was to thee *double* grown
By not being all thine *Own.*
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old *Fraternal* quarrel of thy *Race.*

6.

1 Greatness of *Mind* and *Fortune* too
The' *Olympique Trophees* shew.
Both their several parts must do
In the noble *Chase* of *Fame*,
This without that is *Blind*, that without this is *Lame*.
Nor is fair *Virtues Picture* seen aright
But in *Fortunes* golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on *short-Man long* cannot wait.
The Vertuous make of them the best,
And put them out to *Fame* for *Interest*.
With a *frail* good they wisely buy
The solid *Purchase* of *Eternity*.
They whilst Lifes air they breath, consider well and know
Th'account they must hereafter give below.
Whereas th'unjust and Covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of *Jove*
2 Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy *Necessary effects* of *Voluntary Faults*.

7.

1 Whilst in the Lands of unexhausted *Light*
O're which the *God-like Suns* unwearied sight,
Ne're *winks* in *Clouds*, or *Sleeps* in *Night*,
An endless *Spring* of Age the Good enjoy,
Where neither *Want* does *pinch*, nor *Plenty cloy*.
There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they *plow*,
Nor ought to *Labour* ow
For *Food*, that whil'st it *nour'ishes* does *decay*,
And in the *Lamp* of *Life* consumes away.
2 *Thrice* had these men through mortal bodies past,
Did *thrice* the tryal undergo,
Till all their *little Dross* was purg'd at last,
The *Furnace* had no more to do.
Then in rich *Saturns* peaceful state
3 Were they for sacred *Treasures* plac'ed,
The *Muse-discovered World* of *Islands Fortunate*.

8.

Soft-footed Winds with tuneful voyces there
Dance through the perfum'd Air.
There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows* glide,
And *golden Trees* enrich their side.
Th'*illustrious Leaves* no dropping *Autumn* fear,
And *Jewels* for their *fruit* they bear.
Which by the *Blest* are gathered
For *Bracelets* to the Arm, and *Garlands* to the Head.
Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live,
1 Wise *Rhadamanthus* did the Sentence give,
Who for his justice was thought fit
With *Soveraign Saturn* on the *Bench* to sit.
Peleus here, and *Cadmus* reign,
Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,
Since his blest *Mother* (who before
Had try'd it on his *Body*' in vain)
Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,
Which did from thence a *divine Hardness* take,
That does from *Passion* and from *Vice Invulnerable make*.

9.

To *Theron*, *Muse*, bring back thy wandring Song,
Whom those bright Troops expect impatiently;
And may they do so long.
1 How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly
At all the *Game* that does but cross thine Eye?
Shoot, and spare not, for I see
Thy sounding *Quiver* can ne're emptied be;
Let *Art* use *Method* and good *Husbandry*,
Art lives on *Natures Alms*, is weak and poor;
Nature herself has unexhausted store,
Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,
That no *vulgar Eye* can trace.
Art instead of mounting high,
About her *humble Food* does hov'ering fly,
2 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *rapine* and *noise* does love,
Whilst *Nature*, like the sacred *Bird* of *Jove*,
3 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *silent joy*
The beauteous *Phrygian Boy*,

Defeats the *Strong*, o'retakes the *Flying* prey;
And sometimes basks in th'open *Flames* of *Day*,
And sometimes too he shrowds,
His soaring *wings* among the *Clouds*.

10.

Leave, wanton *Muse*, thy roving flight,
To thy loud *String* the well-fletcht *Arrow* put,
Let [*A*]*grigentum* be the *But*,
And *Theron* be the *White*.
And lest the Name of *Verse* should give
Malitious men pretext to *misbelieve*,
By the *Castalian waters* swear,
(A sacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare
To take in vain,
No more then *Gods* do that of *Styx* prophane)
Swear in no City e're before,
A better man, or greater-soul'd was born,
Swear that *Theron* sure has *sworn*
No man *near* him should *be poor*.
Swear that none e're had such a graceful art,
Fortunes *free* gifts as *freely* to impart
With an *Unenvious hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*.

11.

But in this thankless *world* the *Givers*
Are *envi'ed* ev'en by the *Receivers*.
'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* fashion,
Rather to *Hide* then *Pay* the *Obligation*.
Nay 'tis much worse than so,
It now an *Artifice* does grow,
Wrongs and *outrages* to do,
Lest men should think we *ow*.
Such *Monsters*, *Theron*, has thy *Vertue* found,
But all the malice they profess,
Thy *secure Honour* cannot wound:
For thy vast *Bounties* are so *numberless*,
That them or to *Conceal*, or else to *Tell*,
Is equally *Impossible*.

NOTES.

1.

Ind. Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες ὕμνοι, Τίνα θεὸν, Τίν' Ἥρωα, *τίν'* ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν; Ἦτοι Πίσα μὲν Διὸς, Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἔστα...σεν Ἡρακλέης Ἀκρόθινα πολέμου, Θήρωνα δὲ τετραορίας Ἕνεκα νικαφόρου Γεγωνητέον ὀπὶ Δίκαιον ξένον Ἔρεισμ' Ἀκράγαντος Εὐωνύμων τε πατέρων Ἄωτον, ὀρθόπολιν.

Hymni-dominantes Cytharæ, quem Deum, *quem* Heroem, *quem* Virum *celebrabimus*? Pisa *quidem* Jovis *est*, Olympicum *autem certamen instituit* Hercules, primitias *belli, sed* Theronem *ob cursum in quadrigis victorem sonare oportet voce, justum & hospitalem, columen* Agrigenti, *laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem urbium.*

1. Whereas *Pindar* addresses himself to his *Song*, I change it to his *Muse*; which, methinks, is better called Ἀναξιφόρμιγξ, then the *Ode* which she makes. Some interpret Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες passively (*i.*) as subjects of the *Harp*; but the other sense is more *Grammatical.*

2. *Horace* translates this beginning, *Lib.* 1. *Ode* 12. *Quem virum aut Heroa Lyrâ vel acri Tibiâ sumes celebrare Clio. Quem Deum cujus resonet* jocosa *Nomen* Imago? The latter part of which I have added to *Pindar*. *Horace* inverts the order; but the other is more natural, to begin with the *God*, and end with the *Man*.

3. *Pisa*, a Town in *Elis*, where the *Olympique Games* were celebrated every fifth year by the *Institution* of *Hercules*, after he had slain *Augias* Prince of *Elis*, in honour of *Jupiter*, sirnamed *Olympicus* from the Mountain *Olympus*, which is just by *Pisa*.

4. Ἀκρόθινα. *First-fruits*, from ἄκρον the *Top*, and Θὶν an *Heap*, because they were taken from the Top of the *Heap* of Corn, *&c.* Some interpret it, the spoils of war dedicated to the *Gods*; so the old Greek Scholiast. I think the Olympique Games are so called, because they were sacred exercises that disposed and improved men for the war, a *Sacred bloodless War*, dedicated to the Gods.

2.

Καμόντες, οἳ πολλὰ θυμῷ Ἱερὸν ἔσχον οἴκημα Ποταμοῦ Σικελίας τε ἔσαν Ὀφθαλμὸς, αἰών τ' ἔφε...πε μόρσιμος πλοῦτόν...τε καὶ χάριν ἄγων Γνησίαις ἐπ' ἀρεταῖς, Ἀλλ' ὦ Κρόνιε παῖ Ῥέας Ἕδος Ὀλύμπου νέμων, Ἀέθλων τε κορυφὰν, Πόρον τ' Ἀλφεοῦ Ἰανθεὶς ἀοιδαῖς Εὔφρων ἄρουραν ἔτι πα...τριαν σφίσιν κόμισον.

Qui cum multum laborassent animo, sacram obtinuerunt sedem fluvii, Siciliæq; *fuerunt* oculus, *Vitaq; insequebatur fœlix, divitias & gratiam afferens nativis virtutibus. Verum O* Saturnie *fili* Rheæ, *sedem* Olympi *habitans, & certaminum summitatem, viámq;* Alphæi, *delectatus Hymnis, benevolus, arvum patrium adhuc ipsis cura & postero generi.*

1. They say, that *Æmon* the Son of *Polydorus*, the Son of *Cadmus*, having slain one of his fellow Citizens as he was hunting, fled from *Thebes* to *Athens*, afterwards to *Rhodes*, and from thence into *Sicilie*, where he built *Agrigentum*; and from him to *Theron* are reckoned many Generations; but the Progenitors of *Theron* in a right line, came not thither till a long time after.

2. I rather chuse to call *Agrigentum*, then *Therons* Ancestors (as *Pindar* does) the *Eye* of *Sicilie*. The Metaphor in this sense is more natural.

So *Julian* terms *Damascus*, *τῆς ἑώας ἁπάσης ὀφθαλμὸν*, The *Eye* of all the *East*. So *Catullus*, *Sirmion*, *Insularum ocellum*, The *Eye* of Islands. *Agrigentum* took the name from the River *Acragas*, or *Agragas*, upon which it stands, that from *ἄκρον* and *γὴ*, as it were, *Primaria terra*, An especial soil; or from *ἀγρὸς* and *γὴ*, Land good for the plow. I know very well, that it is not certain that this Town was built by *Therons* Ancestors; neither do the words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there: nevertheless, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to take that sense which pleases me best.

3. *Juppiter.*

4. The *River* of *Elis*, by the side of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated.

3.

Λοιπῷ γένει. τῶν δὲ πεπραγμένων Ἐν δίκᾳ τε καὶ παρὰ δίκαν Ἀποίητον οὐδ' ἂν Χρόνος ὁ πάντων πατὴρ Δύναιτο θέμεν ἔργων τέλος. Λάθα δὲ πότμῳ σὺν εὐδαίμονι γένοιτ' ἄν, Ἑσλῶν γὰρ ὑπὸ χαρμάτων Πῆμα θνάσκει παλίγκοτον δαμασθὲν Ὅταν θεοῦ μοῖρα πέμπῃ Ἀνεκὰς ὄλβον ὑψηλόν, Ἕπεται δὲ λόγος εὐθρόνοις, Κάδμοιο κούραις ἔπα...θον αἳ μεγάλα, πένθος Δὲ πιτνεῖ βαρὺ Κρεσσόνων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν, Ζώει μὲν ἐν Ὀλυμπίοις Ἀποθανοῖσα βρόμῳ Κερανυοῦ ταννύθει...ρα Σεμέλη, φιλεῖ Δέ μιν Παλλὰς αἰεὶ Καὶ Ζεὺς πατὴρ μάλα, φιλεῖ Δὲ παῖς ὁ κισσοφόρος. Λέγοντι δ' ἐν καὶ θαλάσσᾳ Μετὰ κόραισι Νηρῆος Ἀλίαις βίοτον ἄφθιτον Ἰνοῖ τετάχθαι τὸν ὅλον ἀμφὶ χρόνον.

Actorum autem vel jure vel injuriâ infectum ne Tempus *quidem omnium pater possit reddere operum finem. Sed* Oblivio *cum sorte prospera fiat. Bonis enim à gaudiis malum molestum domitum perit, quando divina sors mittit de cælo altas divitias. Convenit hic sermo* Cadmi filiabus *bono solio collocatis, illæ passæ sunt magna (mala) sed gravis luctus opprimitur à potioribus bonis. Vivit quidem in cælo mortua fragore fulminis capillis passis* Semele. Pallas *autem illam amat, & maximè* Jupiter *& filius ejus* hederiger. *Aiunt etiam in mari cum filiabus* Nerei *marinis* Inoni *vitam immortalem constitutam esse per omne tempus.*

1. *Eurip.* says excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpose,

Ὦ πότνια Λήθη τῶν κακῶν ὡς εἶ σοφὴ
Καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχοῦσιν εὐκταία θεός!

O *Oblivion* the wise *Disposer* of *Evils*, and the *Goddess* propitious to unhappy men!

2. For the examples of the change of great misfortunes into greater felicities, he makes use of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*; because they were both of *Therons* race, being the Daughters of *Cadmus*. *Ino*, after her husband *Athamas* in his madness had slain *Learchus*, believing him to be a wild beast, fled with her other Son *Melicerta*, in her arms, to a Rock, and from thence cast her self into the Sea; where, at the desire of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the *child a God*, and her a *Goddess* of the Sea; him by the name of *Palæmon*, and her of *Leucothea*. See *Ovid Metam. l.* 4. The Blew-ey'd *Nereides* (*i.*) The *Sea-Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris*. *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it self.

3. A known Fable. See *Ovid. Metam. l.* 3. *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promise, that he would deny her nothing, askt that he would lie with her in all his *Majesty* of the *Thunderer*, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*; which her mortal nature not being able to endure, she was burnt to death with his *Thunder* and *Lightning*; but *Bacchus* her child, by *Jupiter*, then in the womb, was saved; for which reason, I call it her *Midwife Thunder.*

4. *Secure.* Without fear of being burnt again.

4.

Ἦτοι βροτῶν γε κέκριται Πείρας οὔ τι θανάτου οὐδ' ἀσίχιμον ἀμέραν Ὁπότε παῖδ' ἁλίου Ἀτειρεῖ σὺν ἀγαθῷ Τελευ...τάσομεν. Ῥοαὶ δ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλαι Εὐθυμιᾶν τε μέτα καὶ Πόνων ἐς ἄνδρας ἔβαν. Οὕτω δὲ μοῖρ' ἅ τε πατρώϊον Τόνδ' ἔχει τὸν εὔφρονα πότμον, Θεόρτῳ σὺν ὅλβῳ Ἐπί τε καὶ πῆμ' ἄγει Παλιντράπελον ἄλλῳ χρόνῳ, Ἐξ οὗ περ ἔκτεινε Λάϊον μόριμος υἱός, Συναντόμενος, ἐν δὲ πυ...θῶνι χρησθὲν παλαίφατον τέλεσσεν.

Certe terminus nullus cognoscitur mortalium vitæ, neq; unquam tranquillum diem, filium Solis, *stabili cum bono finiemus. Sed fluxus alias alii cum voluptatibus & laboribus homines invadunt. Sic & fatum, quod paternam hanc habet jucundam sortem cum divitiis à Deo profectis, aliquam etiam cladem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo* fatalis filius *occurrens interfecit* Laium, *& in* Pythone *editum* Oraculum vetus *perfecit.*

1. Not men that go a journey, but *all men*, who in this life are termed *Viatores, Travellers.*

2. *Oedipus. Fatal*, because of the *Predictions. Laius* King of *Thebes* being married to *Jocasta* the daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the *Oracle* concerning his *Issue*, and was told that he should be slain by it. Whereupon he commanded *Jocasta* to put to death whatsover she should bring forth; but she moved with natural compassion, and the great beauty of the *Infant*, caused one of her servants to expose it in the woods, who making an hole through the feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from which wound in his *feet*, he was called *Oedipus*) and so left it. But *Phorbas*, chief *Herdsman* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth* passing by, found the *Child*, and presented it to the Queen his *Mistress*; who having none of her own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her Son; who being come to mans age, and desirous to know the truth of his birth, enquired it of the *Oracle*; and was answered, that he should meet his Father in *Phocis*; whither he went, and there in a tumult ignorantly slew *Laius*, and after married his *Mother Jocasta*, by whom he had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, the latter *Therons* Ancestor.

5.

Ἰδοῖσα δ' ὀξεῖ' Ἐριννὺς, Πέφνεν ἑοῖ σὺν ἀλλαλο...φονίᾳ γένος ἀρήϊον, Λείφθη δὲ Θέρσανδρος, ἐ...ρπόντι Πολυνείκει, Νέοις ἐν ἀέθλοις, Ἐν μάχαις τε πολέμου Τιμώμενος Ἀδραστιδᾶν Θάλος ἀρωγὸν...δόμοις. Ὅθεν σπέρματος ἔχον...τα ῥίζαν, πρέπει Τὸν Αἰνησιδάμου Ἐγκωμίων τε μελέων Λυρᾶν τε, τυγχανέμεν. Ὀλυμπίᾳ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς, Γέρας ἔδεκτο, Πυθῶνι, δ' Ὁμόκλαρον ἐς ἀδελφεὸν Ἰσθμοῖ τε κοιναὶ χάρι...τες ἄνθεα τεθρίππων δυωδεκαδρόμων ἄγαγον.

Sed intuita Acris Erinnys *interfecit ei per mutuam cædem prolem martiam, at relictus est* Thersander *interfecto* Polynici *juvenilibus & in certaminibus & in pugnis belli honoratus, germen auxiliare* Adrastidum *domui, à quo seminis habentem radicem decet filium* Ænesidami *encomiastica carmina lyrâq; consequi, nam apud* Olympiam *ipse præmium accepit, apud* Pythonam *autem &* Isthmum *communes gratiæ ad fratrem ejusdem sortis participem flores attulerunt quadrigarum duodecim cursus conficientium.*

1. One may ask, Why he makes mention of these tragical accidents and actions of *Oedipus* and his *Sons*, in an *Ode* dedicated to the praise of *Theron* and his Ancestors? I answer, That they were so notorious, that it was better to excuse than conceal them; for which cause, he attributes them to *Fatality*; and to *mitigate* the thing yet more, I adde, *The innocent Parricide.*

2. *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: The War of which two *Brethren*, and their

slaughter of one another, is made so famous by *Statius* his most excellent *Poem*, that it is needless to tell their *History*.

3. *Thersander*, the Son of *Polynices* by *Argia*, together with *Diomedes*, brought an Army against *Thebes*, to revenge their Fathers deaths, and took it: After that, he carried fifty Ships to the Siege of *Troy*, and was at last chosen for his valour to be one of the persons that were shut up in the belly of the wooden *Horse*, and so enter'd the *Town*. Virg. l. 2. Æn.

—Læti se robore promunt,
Thersandrus, Stheneleusq; Duces, & dirus Ulysses.

4. There are several great actions of *Therons* mentioned in History, besides his successes in the *publique Games*, which were in that age, no less honourable than *Victories* in *War*; as that he expelled *Terillus* out of *Hymera*, which he had usurped, and defeated *Hamilcar*, General of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicilie*, the same day that the *Greeks* overthrew the *Persians* in that memorable battel of *Salamis*, Herod. l. 7.

5. Because in the *Olympique Games* he obtained the victory alone, in those of *Nemea* and *Isthmus* jointly with his Brother, who had shared with him in the expence of setting forth the Chariots.

6.

Τὸ δὲ τυχεῖν Πειρώμενον ἀγωνίας Παραλύει δυσφρονῶν. Ὁ μὰν πλοῦτος ἀρεταῖς Δεδαιδαλμένος, Φέρει τῶν τε καὶ τῶν Καιρὸν, βαθεῖαν ὑπέχων Μέριμναν ἀγροτέραν. Ἀστὴρ ἀρίζηλος, ἀλαθινὸν Ἀνδρὶ φέγγος, εἰ δέ μιν ἔχει Τὶς, οἶδεν τὸ μέλλον, Ὅτι θανόντων μὲν ἐν...θάδ' αὐτίκ' ἀπάλαμνοι φρένες Ποινάς ἔτισαν τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε διὸς ἀρχᾷ Ἀλιτρὰ κατὰ γᾶς δικάζει τις ἐχθρᾷ λόγον φράσιας ἀνάγκᾳ.

Successus certaminis dispellit molestias, divitiæ *autem* virtutibus *ornatæ afferunt* (*hujus rei*) *opportunitatem indagatricem*, *sustinentes profundam sollicitudinem*. (*O Divitiæ*) *stella præfulgida*, *verum homini lumen! qui eas habet*, *etiam* futurum novit, *quod mortuorum hîc intractabiles mentes pœnas luunt*, *& quæ fiant in hoc* Jovis imperio *scelera judicat aliquis*, *inimicâ sententiam pronuntians* necessitate.

1. The Connexion of this *Stanza* is very obscure in the *Greek*, and could not be rendred without much *Paraphrase*.

2. This is not a Translation of Τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε διὸς ἀρχᾷ, &c. for that is rendred by (*Above*) but an *innocent addition* to the *Poet*, which does no *harm*, nor I fear, much *Good*.

7.

Ἴσον δὲ νύκτεσσιν αἰεὶ Ἴσον ἐν ἀμέραις ἅλι...ον ἔχοντες ἀπονέστερον Ἐσλοὶ νέμονται βίο...τον οὐ χθόνα ταράσσον...τες ἀλκᾷ χερῶν, οὐδὲ πόντιον ὕδωρ, Κεινὰν παρὰ δίαιταν ἀλ-λὰ παρὰ μὲν τιμίοις θεῶν οἵτινες ἔχαι...ρον εὐορκίαις Ἀδακρυν νέμονται Αἰῶνα. τοὶ δ' ἀπροσόρα...τον ὀκχέοντι πόνον, Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἐς τρὶς Ἑκατέρωθι μείναντες Ἀπὸ πάντων ἀδίκων ἔχειν Ψυχάν, ἔτειλαν διὸς Ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρσιν.

At æqualiter noctu semper, *æqualiter interdiù* Solem *habentes non laboriosam boni degunt vitam*, *neq*; *terram neq*; *marinam aquam vexantes robore manuum inopem propter victum*, *sed apud* honoratos *deos* (*vel*, *Cum iis qui* honorantur à Diis) *illi qui gaudebant fidelitate*, *illachrymabili fruuntur ævo*, *alii autem intolerabilem visu patiuntur cruciatum*. *Quicunq*; *sustinuerunt ter commorati continere animam ab omnibus injustis peregerunt* Jovis viam *ad* Saturni urbem.

1. A description of the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Elysian Fields*, so often mentioned by the *Poets*, and much after this manner. *Valer. Hac Lucet via lata Igne Dei, donec silvas & amœna piorum Deveniant, campósq; ubi Sol, totúmq; per annum Durat aprica dies.*

Virg. Æn. 6. *Devenere locos lætos & amœna vireta*
Fortunatorum nemorum sedésq; beatas,
Largior hic campos æther, & lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemq; suum, sua sidera norunt.

In which *Homer* shews the way to *Pindar*, and all. *Odyss.* 4.

Ἀλλά σ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίον καὶ πείρατα γαίης
Ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς Ῥαδάμανθυς,
Τῇ περ ῥῃϊστη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν,
Οὐ νιφετὸς, οὔτ' ἄρ χειμὼν πολὺς, οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ζεφύροιο λιγὺ πνείοντας ἀήτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

2. According to the opinion of *Pythagoras*, which was much followed by the *Poets*, and became *them better*, that *souls* past still from one body to another, till by length of time, and many pennances, they had purged away all their imperfections. *Virg. Æn.* 6.

——Pauci læta arva tenemus,
Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purúmq; reliquit
Ætherium sensum atq; aurai simplicis ignem.

And a little before, *——Animæ quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur.

But the restriction of this to the *third Metempsychosis*, I do not remember any where else. It may be *thrice* is taken here indefinitely for several times, as is most frequent among the *Poets.*

3. *Saturn* is said to govern here, because the *Golden-Age* was under his reign, from the resemblance of the condition of mankind then, to that of the *Blessed* now in the other World.

8.

Ἔνθα μακάρων Νᾶσον Ὠκεανίδες Αὖραι περιπνέουσιν, ἄνθεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει Τὰ μὲν χερσόθεν ἀπ' ἀ...γλαῶν δενδρέων ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρβει Ὄρμοισι τῶν χέρας ἀνα...πλέκοντι καὶ στεφάνοις βουλαῖς ἐν ὀρθαῖς Ῥαδαμάνθυος Ὃν πατὴρ ἔχει Κρόνος ἑτοῖμον αὐτοῦ πάρεδρον Πόσις ὁ πάντων Ῥέας ὑπέρτατον ἐχοίσας θρόνον, Πηλεύς τε καὶ Κάδμος ἐν τοῖσιν ἀλέγονται Ἀχιλλέα τ' ἔνεικ' ἐπεὶ Ζηνὸς ἦτορ λιταῖς ἔπεισε μάτηρ.

Ubi beatorum Insulam *Oceanides auræ perflant, florésq; auri coruscant, alii quidem in humo ab illustribus arboribus, alios autem aqua educat, quorum monilibus manus implicant & corollis* (*capita*) *juxta recta decreta* Rhadamanthi, *quem pater* Saturnus *maritus* Rheæ *omnium supremum habentis solium, dignum sibi habet* Assessorem, Peleus, & Cadmus *inter hos recensentur*, Achillémq; *eo transtulit mater, postquam* Jovis *animum precibus flexit.* There follows a Description of *Achilles*, from the slaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus*, and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out; and instead of it, to adde by what means *Thetis* made his *Soul*, that was before so tainted with Anger, Pride, and Cruelty, capable of being admitted into this place; which I believed it not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as she had formerly done his *body*, all but his *heel*, by which she held him, and which was therefore the only part where he was *Vulnerable.* That the water of *Styx* might have the

like effects upon his *Soul*, I am authorized to feign, by the common Tradition of the water of *Lethe*, whose power upon the *Soul* is no less.

1. Of the *three Judges* of the *Dead*, he names only one. *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, &c.

And the Grammarians derive his name from ῥεία and δαμάω, from taming men by the severity of his justice. *Cadmus* was chosen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent reason, *Theron* being descended from him; as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular cause. The *Poets* imitate sometimes the *Divine* proceeding, and will have *mercy* on whom they *will have mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar merit. It was not hard indeed for those two to be admitted here; for *Æacus*, one of the *three Judges*, was *Father* to the *one*, and *Grandfather* to the *other*. I make bold to adde, that the *Poets* are there too, for *Pindars honour*, that I may not say, for *mine own*.

9.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη Ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς Δὲ τὸ πὰν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει, σοφὸς ὁ πολ-λὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ Μαθόντες δὲ λάβροι Ἁγγλωσσίᾳ κόρακες ὡς Ἄκραντα γαρύετον, διὸς πρὸς ὄρνικα θεῖον.

Multæ mihi sub cubito celeres Sagittæ *intrà* Pharetram *sunt sonantes* prudentibus, *apud vulgus autem interpretibus egent. Sapiens est qui multa novit* naturæ *viribus, qui disciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate sicut* Corvi *irrita clamant adversus* Jovis Avem *divinam.*

1. The Connexion in the *Poet* is very obscure. This *Metaphor* of *Quiver* and *Arrows* does much delight him. *Olymp.* 13. Ἐμέ δ' εὐθὺν ἀκόντων ἱέντα ῥόμβον παρὰ σκοπὸν οὐ χρὴ τὰ πολλὰ βέλεα καρτύνειν χεροῖν. *Me autem rectum telorum mittentem, turbinem præter scopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manibus.* The like is in the first *Olympique*, and divers other places. *Horace* in imitation.

Prome reconditum Thalia telum, &c.

2. *Pindar* falls frequently into this common place of preferring *Nature* before *Art*, as in the first *Nemæan Ode*, *&c.* The Scholiast says, he does it in derogation from his adversary *Bacchilides*. The comparison of *Art* to a *Crow*, and *Nature* to an *Eagle*, is very *nobly extravagant*, but it was necessary to enlarge it.

[3.] The *Poets* feigned, that the *Eagle* carried *Joves Thunder*, because of the strength, courage, and swiftness of that Bird. They likewise feigned, that *Jupiter* falling in love with *Ganymedes*, the Son of *Tros*, a most beautiful Boy, carried him up to Heaven upon the back of an *Eagle*, there to fill *Nectar* to him when he feasted, and for a more *ungodly use*. Hor.

Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.

4. Nothing but the Eagle is said to be able to look full right into the *Sun*, and to make that tryal of her young ones, breeding up none but those that can do so.

10.

Ἔπεχε νῦν σκοπῷ τόξον Ἄγε θυμὲ τίνα βάλλομεν Ἐκ μαλθακᾶς αὖτε φρενὸς εὐκλέας ὀϊστοὺς Ἰέντες; ἐπί τοι Ἀκράγαντι τανύσαις Αὐδάσομαι ἐνόρκιον Λόγον ἀλαθεῖ νόῳ Τεκεῖν μή τιν' ἑκατόν Γε ἐτέων πόλιν φίλοις ἄνδρα μᾶλλον Εὐεργέταν πραπίσιν, ἀφ...θονέστερόν τε χέρα.

Intende nunc arcum in scopum; agedum anime mi; Quem petimus ex molli mente gloriosas sagittas mittentes? In Agrigentum *dirigens proferam veraci mente jusjurandum peperisse nullam centum annis civitatem virum amicis magis benevolum pectore, & minùs invidum manu.*

1. Virg. ——*Stygiámq; paludem*
Dii cujus jurare timent & fallere numen.

Castalian waters. A fountain in *Phocis*, at the foot of *Parnassus*, dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses*; so called from the *Virgin Castalia*, who flying from *Apollo*, was there turned into a *Fountain.*

II.

Ἀλλ' αἶνον ἔβα κόρος οὐ δίκᾳ συναντόμενος ἀλ-λὰ μάργων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν Τὸ λαλαγῆσαι θέλων Κρύφον τε θέμεν ἐσλῶν κακοῖς Ἔργοις, ἐπεὶ ψάμμος ἀριθμὸν περιπέφευ-γεν, ἐκεῖνος ὅσα χάρματ' ἄλ-λοις ἔθηκεν τίς ἂν φράσαι δύναιτο;

Sed Invidia laudem *invasit injustè occurrens, à furiosis viris tumultuari volens, & occultare beneficia* injuriis. *Siquidem arena numerum refugit, ille quot gaudia aliis contulerit quis recensere poterit?*

THE FIRST

Nemeæan Ode

OF

PINDAR.

Chromius, *the Son of* Agesidamus, *a young Gentleman of* Sicilie, *is celebrated for having won the prize of the* Chariot-Race *in the* Nemeæan Games (*a Solemnity instituted first to celebrate the Funeral of* Opheltes, *as is at large described by* Statius; *and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all* Greece, *and with incredible honor to the* Conquerors *in all the exercises there practised*) *upon which occasion, the* Poet *begins with the commendation of his* Country, *which I take to have been* Ortygia (*an Island belonging to* Sicilie, *and a part of* Syracuse, *being joyned to it by a Bridg*) *though the title of the* Ode *call him* Ætnæan Chromius, *perhaps because he was made Governour of that Town by* Hieron. *From thence he falls into the praise of* Chromius *his person, which he draws from his great end*[*ow*]*ments of* Mind *and* Body, *and most especially from his* Hospitality, *and the worthy use of his* riches. *He likens his beginning to that of* Hercules, *and according to his usual manner of being transported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, passing into a Digression of* Hercules, *and his slaying the two* Serpents *in his Cradle, concludes the* Ode *with that History.*

ODE.

1.

1 BEauteous *Ortygia*, the first *breathing place*
Of great *Alpheus* close and amorous race,
2 Fair *Delos Sister*, the *Child-Bed*
3 Of bright *Latona*, where she bred
4 The *Original New-Moon*,
Who saw'st her tender *Forehead* e're the *Horns* were grown.

5 Who like a gentle *Scion*, newly started out,
From *Syracusa's* side dost *sprout*.
[6] Thee first my *Song* does greet
With numbers smooth and fleet,
As thine own *Horses* airy feet,
When they young *Chromius* Chariot drew,
And o're the *Nemeæan* race *triumphant* flew.
Jove will approve my *Song* and *Me*,
7 *Jove* is concern'd in *Nemea*, and in *Thee*.

2.

1 With *Jove*, my *Song*; this happy man,
Young *Chromius* too with *Jove* began;
From hence came his success,
Nor ought he therefore like it less,
Since the best *Fame* is that of *Happiness*.
For whom should we esteem above
The *Men* whom *Gods* do *love*.
'Tis them alone the *Muse* too does approve.
Lo how it makes this victory shine
2 O're all the fruitful Isle of *Proserpine*!
The *Torches* which the *Mother* brought
When the ravisht *Maid* she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light,
Through *earth*, and *ayr*, and *Seas*, and up to th'*heavenly Vault*.

3.

1 To thee, O *Proserpine*, this *Isle* I give,
Said *Jove*, and as he said,
2 Smil'd, and bent his gracious *Head*.
And thou, O *Isle*, said he, for ever thrive,
And keep the *value* of our *Gift* alive.
As *Heaven* with *Stars*, so let
The *Countrey* thick with *Towns* be set,
And numberless as *Stars*
Let all the *Towns* be then
Replenish'd thick with *Men*,
Wise in *Peace*, and Bold in *Wars*.

Of thousand glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,
Of thousand glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Constellation*.
Nor let their *warlike Lawrel scorn*,
3 With the Olympique *Olive* to be worn,
Whose gentler *Honors* do so well the *Brows* of *Peace* adorn.

4.

1 Go to great *Syracuse*, my *Muse*, and wait
At *Chromius* Hospitable Gate.
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy *Lyres* voyce shall but begin.
Joy, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within.
The *Tyrian Beds* thou shalt find ready drest,
The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feast.
The *Table* which is free for every *Guest*,
No doubt will *thee* admit,
And feast more upon *Thee*, then *Thou* on it.
Chromius and *Thou* art met aright,
2 For as by *Nature* thou dost *Write*,
So he by *Nature Loves*, and does by *Nature Fight*.

5.

1 *Nature* herself, whilst in the *womb* he was,
Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the *forming Mass*,
They mov'ed the *vital Lump* in every part,
And carv'ed the *Members* out with wondrous art.
She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage*, and with *Wit*,
And a vast *Bounty*, apt and fit
For the great *Dowre* which *Fortune* made to it.
'Tis *Madness* sure *Treasures* to hoord,
And make them *useless*, as in *Mines*, remain,
To lose th' *Occasion Fortune* does afford
Fame, and publick *Love* to gain.
Even for *self-concerning ends*,
'Tis wiser much to hoord up *Friends*.
Though *Happy men* the *present* goods possess,
Th' *Unhappy* have their share in *future* Hopes no less.

6.

How *early* has young *Chromius* begun
The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how swiftly run,
And born the noble *Prize* away,
Whilst other youths yet at the *Barriere* stay?
1 None but *Alcides* e're set earlier forth then *He*;
The *God*, his *Fathers*, Blood nought could restrain,
'Twas *ripe at first*, and did disdain
The slow advance of dull *Humanitie*,
The big-limm'ed *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,
Too weighty to be rockt by *Nurses* hands,
Wrapt in purple swadling-bands.
When, Lo, by jealous *Juno's* fierce commands,
Two dreadful *Serpents* come
Rowling and hissing loud into the roome.
To the *bold Babe* they trace their *bidden* way,
Forth from their flaming *eyes* dread *Lightnings* went,
Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thunderbolts* present.

7.

1 Some of th' amazed *Women* dropt down dead
With fear, some wildly fled
About the room, some into corners crept,
Where silently they shook and wept.
All naked from her bed the *passionate Mother* lept
To *save* or *perish* with her *Child*,
She *trembled*, and she *cry'ed*, the mighty *Infant smil'd*.
2 The *mighty Infant* seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes,
And as their spotted necks up to the *Cradle* rose,
With his young warlike hands on both he seis'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hist,
In vain their armed *Tails* they twist,
And angry *Circles* cast about,
Black *Blood*, and fiery *Breath*, and poys'nous *Soul* he squeezes out.

8.

With their drawn Swords
In ran *Amphitryo*, and the *Theban Lords*,
With *doubting Wonder*, and with *troubled joy*
They saw the *conquering Boy*
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where in deaths pangs, and their own gore they folding lay.
When wise *Tiresias* this beginning knew,
He told with ease the things t'ensue,
From what *Monsters* he should free
The *Earth*, the *Ayr*, and *Sea*,
What mighty *Tyrants* he should slay,
Greater *Monsters* far then *They*.
How much at *Phlægras* field the distrest *Gods* should ow
To their great *Off-spring* here below,
And how his Club should there outdo,
Apollos silver Bow, and his own *Fathers Thunder* too.

9.

And that the *grateful Gods* at last,
The race of his *laborious Virtue* past,
Heaven, which he *sav'ed*, should to him give,
Where *marry'd* to eternal *Youth* he should for ever live;
Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his senses please
In their harmonious golden *Palaces*.
Walk with ineffable Delight
Through the thick *Groves* of never-withering *Light*,
And as he walks affright
[2] The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,
Bull, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monsters* there.

NOTES.

1.

1. Ἄμπνευμα σεμνὸν Ἀλφειοῦ. *Respiramen reverendum Alphei. Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, which the Poets feigned to have fallen in love with the Nymph *Arethusa*, whom when he was ready to ravish, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*; which lest her *Lover* should mix his waters with hers, fled by secret ways under ground, and under the Sea into *Sicilie*, rising up in the Island *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* also followed, and there mingled with her.

2. Δάλου κασιγνήτα. *Deli soror.* The Commentator says, because *Delos* too was called *Ortygia*. I think, because *Apollo* was born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Islands* too, where they were born, *Sisters*. Hom. Hymn.

χαῖρε μάκαρ' ὦ Λητοῖ ἐπεὶ τέκες ἄγλαα τέκνα
Ἀπόλλωνα τ' ἄνακτα καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἰοχέαιραν
Τὴν μὲν ἐν Ὀρτυγίῃ, τὸν δὲ κραναὴ ἐνὶ Δήλῳ.

Which for *Pindars* sake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Island among the *Cyclades* of the same name.

[3.] Δέμνιον Ἀρτέμιδος. *Cubile Artemidis.* Because she was born there, I therefore chose rather to call it, *Latona's Child-Bed*, than her Bed.

4. Because other *New-Moons* seem but returns of *Diana* (which is the same with the *Goddess Luna*) then she had her beginning.

5. Κλεινᾶν Συρακοσσᾶν θάλος. *Germen inclytarum Syracusarum*, for the reason mentioned in the Argument.

6. Σέθεν ἡδυεπὴς ὕμνος ὁρμᾶται θέμεν Αἶνον ἀελλοπόδων μέγαν ἵππων Ζηνὸς Αἰτναίου χάριν. Ἅρμα δ' ὀτρύνει χρομίου Νεμέα θ' ἔργμασιν νικαφόροις Ἐγκώμιον ζεῦξας μέλος. *A te suaviloquus Hymnus cum impetu aggreditur exponere magnam laudem procellipedûm equorum in* Jovis Ætnæi *gratiam, Currus etiam* Chromii & Nemea *me incitant ut adjungam meum laudatorium melos triumphantibus* (*certaminum*) *laboribus.*

7. In *Nemea*; because *Hercules* having slain the *Nemeæan Lyon*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemeæo*, and dedicate the Games to him. *In Thee*: For having given this Island to *Proserpine*, for *Ceres* sake, for the birth of *Diana*; for being himself surnamed (as before) *Ætnæan Jupiter*, from *Ætna*, where his *Thunder* was likewise forged.

2.

1. Ἀρχαὶ δὲ βέβληται θεῶν Κείνου σὺν ἀνδρὸς δαιμονίαις ἀρεταῖς. Ἔστι δ' ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ πανδοξίας ἄκρον.

Proœmia sumpta sunt à Diis & illius viri felicibus virtutibus, est enim in felicitate summum fastigium omnis gloriæ.

2. Of these *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Ætna*, and carried with her all about the world in the search of *Proserpine*, *Claudian* speaks thus, *L.* 3. *de R. Proserp.*

——*Quacunq; it, in æquore fulvis*
Adnatat umbra fretis, extremáq; lucis imago
Italiam Lybiámq; ferit, clarescit Hetruscum
Littus, & accenso resplendent æquore Syrtes.

At *Enna*, where *Ceres* was most religiously worshipped, her *Statue* was made with Torches in her hands. See *Tull.* 4. *Act. in Verr.*

3.

1. Νῦν ἔγειρ' ἀγλαΐαν τινὰ νάσῳ Τὰν Ὀλύμπου δεσπότας Ζεῦς ἔδωκεν Περσεφόνῃ κατένευ...σέν τέ οἱ χαίταις ἀριστ...εύοισαν εὐκάρπου χθονὸς Σικελίαν πίειραν ὀρθώ...σειν κορυφαῖς πολίων ἀφνεαῖς Ὥπασε δὲ κρονίων Πολέμου μναστῆρά οἱ χαλκεντέος Λαὸν ἵππαιχμον, θαμὰ δὴ καὶ Ὀλυμ...πιάδων φύλλοις ἐλαίᾶν χρυσέοις μιχθέντα.

Nunc excita splendorem aliquem Insulæ quam Olympi *Dominus* Jupiter *dedit* Proserpinæ *& annuit* capillis *se principem fertilis soli* Siciliam *pinguem exaltaturum celebribus fastigiis civitatum, dedit; eis* Saturnius *populum equis gaudentem, & memorem ferrei belli qui sæpè etiam foliis aureis* Olympiacarum Olivarum *se immisceret.*

2. Κατένευσέν τέ οἱ χαίταις. Is very eloquent in the Greek, but I knew not how to render it but by *Head*. *Homer* expresses the same sense most excellently. *Il.* 1.

Ἦ καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο.

3. *Pindar* in his third *Olympique*, by a great *Geographical Error* (but pardonable in those times) says, that *Hercules* obtained of the *Hyperboreans* at the Fountain of *Ister*, or the *Danube* Plants of *Wild-Olive*, to set about the Temple of *Jupiter* in *Pisa*; and ordained, that the *Conquerors* in those Games should alwaies be crown'd with Garlands of the said *Olives*. It may be askt, in the celebration of a *Nemeæan* Victory, why he rather mentions the *Olympique Prizes* born away by the *Sicilians*, than those of *Nemea*? Some say, that in the *Nemeæan Games* too, the like Olive-Garlands were used at first before those of *Apium*; which I hardly believe, if the Institution of them was to celebrate a funeral, as the general opinion is. I think he cluses the *Olympique Games*, only because they were the most famous of all.

4.

1. Ἔσταν δ' ἐπ' αὐλίαις θύραις Ἀνδρὸς φιλοξένου καλὰ μελπόμενος, Ἔνθα μοι ἁρμόδιον Δεῖπνον κεκόσμηται, θαμὰ δ' ἀλλοδαπῶν οὐκ ἀπείρατοι δόμοι ἐντί.

Steti autem in vestibulo viri hospitalis egregie cantans, ubi mihi conveniens cœna adornata est, neq; enim frequentium peregrinorum ignaræ sunt ædes ejus.

2. Τέχναι ἐπ' ἑτέρων ἕτεραι χρὴ δ' ἐν εὐθείαις ὁδοῖς Στείχοντα μάρνασθαι φύσει. *Aliæ aliorum artes sunt, sed oportet rectis in viis ambulantem* naturâ *pugnare.*

5.

1. Πράσσει γὰρ ἔργῳ μὲν σθένος Βουλαῖσι δὲ φρῆν ἐσσόμενον προϊδεῖν Συγγενὲς οἷς ἔπεται, Ἀγησιδάμου παῖ σέο δ' ἀμφὶ τρόπῳ Τῶν τε καὶ τῶν χρήσιες οὐκ ἔραμαι πολὺν ἐν μεγάρῳ πλοῦτον κατακρύψαις ἔχειν Ἀλλ' ἐόντων εὖ τε παθεῖν καὶ ἀκοῦ... σαι φίλοις ἐξαρκέων Κοιναὶ γὰρ ἔρχονθ' ἑλπίδες Πολυπόνων ἀνδρῶν. *Auxiliatur enim operi quidem* robur, *consiliis autem* mens, *quibus naturalis est futurorum providentia, Tuis autem in moribus, ô* Agesidami *fili, horum & illorum est usus. Non cupio multas in ædibus divitias absconditas habere, sed ex iis quæ adsunt bona percipere, & benè audire amicis subveniens, communes enim veniunt spes ærumnosorum.*

6.

1. Ἐγὼ δ' Ἡρακλέος ἀντέχομαι προφρόνως Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρετᾶν μεγάλαις Ἀρχαῖον ὑτρύνων λόγον, &c.

Ego autem Herculem *amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis antiquum proferens sermonem, &c.*

Pindar, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find as he can, the connexion between *Chromius* and the story of *Hercules*, which it seem'd to me necessary to make a little more perspicuous.

7.

1. Ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἄτλατον δέος Πλᾶξε γυναῖκας ὅσαι τύχον Ἀλκμήνας ἀρήγοισαι λέχει Καὶ γὰρ αὐτὰ ποσσὶν ἄπεπλος ὀρούσαισ' ἀπὸ στρωμνᾶς ὅμως Ἄμυνεν ὕβριν κνωδάλων.

Intolerabilis metus percussit mulieres quæ inserviebant Alcmenæ *lecto, quinetiam ipsa sine vestibus prosiliens pedibus è lecto propulsavit injuriam bestiarum.*

2. Ἐς θαλάμου μυχὸν εὐρὺν ἔβαν Τέκνοισιν ὠκείας γνάθους Ἀμφιλίξασθαι μεμαῶτες, ὁ δ' ὀρ...θὸν μὲν ἄντειναν κάρα Πειρᾶτο δὲ πρῶτον μάχης. *In thalami penetralia lata venerunt pueris celeres malas circumplicare gestientes, sed ille rectum extendit caput, & specimen primum pugnæ edidit.* I leave out the mention of his Brother *Iphiclus*, who lay in the same Cradle, because it would but embroil the story, and addes nothing to the *similitude*. *Pherecides* writes, that *Amphitryo* himself put these *Serpents* into the Chamber, to try which was *his*, and which *Jupiters* Son.

8.

1. Ταχὺ δὲ Καδμείων ἀγοὶ χαλ...κέοις σὺν ὅπλοις ἀθρόοι ἔδραμον Ἐν χερὶ δ' Ἀμφιτρύων κολεοῦ γυμνὸν ξίφος ἐκτινάσσων Ἴκετ' ὀξείαις ἀνίαισι τυποῖς. *Confestim autem* Cadmæorum *duces ærei cum armis accurrerunt*, Amphitryo *quoq; nudum vaginâ ensem quatiens venit acutis doloribus saucius.* I leave out a sentence that follows; which is a wise saying, but methinks to no great purpose in that place.

2. This is excellently expressed in the Greek, Ἔστα δὲ θάμβει δυσφόρῳ Τερπνῷ τε μιχθεῖς, *Constitit autem stupore acerbo delectabiliq; permixtus.*

3. Γείτονα δ' ἐκκάλεσαν διὸς ὑψί-στου προφάταν ἔξοχον Ὀρθόμαντιν Τιρησίαν ὁ δὲ οἱ φράζε καὶ παντὶ στρατῷ Ποίαις ὁμιλήσει τύχαις. *Vicinum itaq; advocavit* Jovis *altissimi Prophetam eximium vera vaticinantem* Tiresiam, *hic autem ei dixit totiq; turbæ in quibus versaturus esset fortunis.*

4. Ὅσσους μὲν ἐν χέρσῳ κτανὼν Ὅσσους δὲ πόντῳ θῆρας ἀϊδροδίκας Καί τινα σὺν πλαγίῳ Ἀνδρῶν κόρῳ στείχοντα τὸν ἐχθρότατον φᾶσέ νιν δώσειν μόρον. Καὶ γὰρ ὅταν θεοὶ ἐν πεδίῳ φλέγρας γιγάντεσσιν μάχαν Ἀντιάζωσεν βελέων ὑπὸ ῥι... παῖσι κείνου φαιδίμαν γαίᾳ πεφύρσεσθαι κόμαν. *Quot in terrâ interfecturus esset quot in mari belluas perniciosas, & cuinam hominum cum obliquâ insolentiâ incedenti inimicissimo mortem daret, quinetiam cum* Dii *cum* Gigantibus *in campo* Phlegræ *prælio occurrerent, telorum illius impetu præclaram pulveri commixtum iri illorum comam.* Where I have ventured to change what he says of his *Darts*, into his *Club*, that being his most famous Weapon.

5. The *Earth*; as the *Erymanthian Bore*, the *Nemeæan Lyons*. The *Air*, as the *Stymphalian Birds*. And the *Sea*, as the *Whale*, which the Scholiast says he slew, and cites *Homer* for the Story.

6. As *Antæus*, *Busiris*, *Augias*, *&c.*

7. The place of the battel between the *Gods* and the *Giants*, was *Phlegra*, a Town in *Thrace*, where the *Earth* pronounced an Oracle, that the *Giants* could not be destroyed, but by the help of *two Heroes*, or *Half-Gods*; for which purpose, the Gods made choice of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and by their assistance got the victory. *Phlegra* is called so, ἀπὸ τοῦ φλέγεσθαι, *To burn*; perhaps, because of the *Gyants* being destroyed there chiefly by *Thunder*; or, as others, from *Baths* of *Hot-water* which arise there. *Eustathius* says, it was

likewise called *Pallene*, and gave occasion to the Fable of the *Giants* fight, from the wickedness of the Inhabitants.

8. According to *Homer's* ordinary Epithet of *Apollo*, Ἀργυρότοξος. *Silver-bow'd.*

9.

1. Αἶνδε μὲν ἐν εἶεν. τὰ τὸν ἄπαντα χρόνον σχεδὸν Ἑλλήνων καὶ βαρβάρων μεγάλων πρᾶξιν λαχόντα ἐξαίσιόν τινα Ὄλβιον ἐν δόμοις δεξάμενον θαλερὰν Ἥβαν ἄκοπόν τε καὶ γλυκὺν διαπαντὸς πόνου Δὶ Κρονίδᾳ Σωτῆρι αἰτήσεται δόσιν. *Igitur haec in pace, omni a rapto abstinebo, tranquillitatem magnarum labo-rum gravitatem exercitum consequutum, respiret in beatis aedibus* Hebe *conjuge florente, & nuptiis celebratis in domo* Jovis *conservandi quem ipse admiratione videret.*

2. The Names of *Constellations*, so called first by the *Poets*, and since retained by the Astronomers. They might be frighted by *Hercules*, because he was the famous *Monster-Killer.*

The Praise of Pindar.

In Imitation of *Horace* his second *Ode*, B. 4.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

1.

Pindar is imitable by none;
The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vast *Species alone.*
Who e're but *Dædalus* with waxen wings could fly
And neither *sink* too low, nor *soar* too high?
What could he who *follow'd* claim,
But of vain *boldness* the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a *Sea* to name?
Pindars unnavigable Song
Like a swoln *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours along,
The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice*
From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noise.

2.

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,
Which in no *Channel* deigns t'abide,
Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul.

Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he sings
In a no less *Immortal strain*,
3 Or the great Acts of *God-descended Kings*,
Who in his Numbers still survive and *Reign*.
Each rich embroidered *Line*,
Which their triumphant *Brows* around,
By his sacred Hand is bound,
4 Does all their *starry Diadems* outshine.

3.

Whether at *Pisa*'s race he please
1 To *carve* in polisht *Verse* the *Conque'rors Images*,
2 Whether the *Swift*, the *Skilful*, or the *Strong*,
Be crowned in his *Nimble*, *Artful*, *Vigorous* Song:
3 Whether some brave young man's untimely fate
In words worth *Dying for* he celebrate,
Such *mournful*, and such *pleasing* words,
As *joy* to'his *Mothers* and his *Mistress grief* affords:
He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,
4 Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name*:
The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,
So *small* is *Deaths*, so *great* the *Poets* power.

4.

Lo, how th'obsequious *Wind*, and swelling *Ayr*
[1] The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
Into the *walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,
And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.
Whilst, alas, my *tim'erous Muse*
Unambitious tracks pursues;
Does with weak unballast wings,
About the *mossy Brooks* and *Springs*;
About the *Trees* new-blossom'ed *Heads*,
About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*,
About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,
And all *inferior beauteous things*
Like the laborious *Bee*,
For little drops of *Honey* flee,
And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Industrie*.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Pindar* was incredibly admired and honoured among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they saw more in him than we do now: Insomuch, that long after his death, when *Thebes* was quite burnt and destroyed (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander* the *Great*) both times the *House* wherein he had lived was alone preserved by publick Authority, as a place *sacred* and *inviolable*. Among the very many Elogies of *him*, I will only cite that of *Quinctilian* (than whom no man perhaps ever living was a better *Judge*) L. 10. c. 1. *Novem Lyricorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris beatissimus, rerum verborúmq; copiâ & velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine, propter quæ Horatius nemini credit eum imitabilem.* Where he applys *Horace* his similitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*; but it is such a River, as when *Poetical Fury*,

Tanquam fera diluvies quietum
Irritat amnem. Hor.

And like the rest of that description of the *River*,

Nunc pace delabentis Hetruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos
Stirpesq; raptas & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ non sine montium
Clamore vicinæq; silvæ.

For which reason, I term his Song *Unnavigable*; for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not strong built and well *ballasted*. *Horace* in another place calls it a *Fountain*; from the unexhausted abundance of his Invention.

2.

1. There are none of *Pindars Dithyrambiques* extant. *Dithyrambiques* were *Hymns* made in honour of *Bacchus*, who did, δὶς εἰς θύραν ἀναβαίνειν, c[o]me into the world through *two Doors*, his *Mother Semeles Womb*, and his *Father Jupiters Thigh*. Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verse, which others also attribute to *Arion*. *Pindar* himself in the 13. *Olymp.* seems to give the Invention to the *Corinthians*. Ταὶ Διονύσου πόθεν ἐξεφάναν σὺν βοηλάτᾳ χάριτες Διθυράμβῳ. *Unde* Bacchi *exortæ sunt venustates cum* Boves agente Dithyrambo. For it seems an *Ox* was given in reward to the Poet; but others interpret βοηλάτην παρὰ τὴν βοὴν, from the loud repeating or singing of them. It was a bold, free, *enthusiastical* kind of Poetry, as of men inspired by *Bacchus*, that is, *Half-Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*.

Διθυραμβοποιῶν νοῦν ἔχεις ἐλάττονα.
You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet.*

And another,

Οὐκ ἐστὶ Διθύραμβος ἂν ὕδωρ πίνῃ.
There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking water.

Something like this kind (but I believe with less *Liberty*) is *Horace* his 19. Ode of the 2. B.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.

And neerer yet to it comes his 25. Ode of the 4. B. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum? quæ nemora, aut quos agor in specus, Velox mente novâ?* For he is presently *half-mad*, and promises I know not what,

Dicam insigne recens,
Indictum ore alio. And,
Nil parvum aut humilî modo,
Nil mortale loquar.

And then he ends like a man ranting in his drink, that falls suddenly asleep.

[2.] *Banks, natural*; *Dikes, artificial.* It will neither be bounded and circumscribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art*.

3. Almost all the ancient *Kings* to make themselves more venerable to their subjects, derived their pedigree from some *God*, but at last that would not content them, and they made *themselves Gods*, as some of the *Roman Empercours*.

4. *Diadems* (which were used by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the *Mark* of *Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were bindings of *white Ribban* about the head, set and adorned with precious stones; which is the reason I call them *Starry Diadems*. The word comes ἀπὸ τοῦ διαδεῖν, *To bind about*.

3.

1. The *Conquerours* in the *Olympique* Games, were not only Crowned with a Garland of *Wild-Olive*, but also had a *Statue* erected to them.

2. The chief Exercises there were *Running*, *Leaping*, *Wrestling*, the *Discus*, which was the casting of a great round Stone, or Ball, made of Iron or Brass; The *Cestus*, or *Whorle-bats*, *Horse-Races*, and *Chariot-Races*.

3. For he wrote *Threni*; or *Funeral Elegies*: but they are all lost, as well as his *Hymns*, *Tragedies*, *Encomia*, and several other works.

4. So *Hor.* l. 4. Od. 25.

Stellis inserere, & concilio Jovis.

4.

1. From the *Fabulous*, but universally received *Tradition* of *Swans singing* most sweetly before their *Death* (though the truth is *Geese* and *They* are alike *melodious*) the *Poets* have assumed to themselves the title of *Swans*, *Hor.* l. 2. *Od.* 20. would be believed to be *Metamorphosed* into one, *Jam, jam, residunt cruribus asperæ Pelles, & album mutor in alitem Superne* (or *Superna*) *nascunturq*; *leves Per digitos humerósq*; *plumæ*. The Anthologie gives the same name to *Pindar*, Θήβης ὠγυγίης ἑλικώνιος ἴσταο κύκνος, Πίνδαρος ἱμερόφωνος. Sweet-tongued *Pindar* the *Heliconian Swan* of *Thebes*. So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan* of *Mantua*; *Theocritus* terms the Poets, Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, The *Birds* of the *Muses*; which the Commentators say, is in allusion to *Swans*; to which *Callimachus* gives the name of Μουσάων ὄρνιθες; and in another place calls them, Ἀπόλλωνος παρέδροι. A bold word, which I know not how to render: but they were consecrated to *Apollo*, and consequently beloved by the *Muses* and *Poets*.

The Resurrection.

1.

NOt *Winds* to *Voyagers* at Sea,
Nor *Showers* to *Earth* more necessary be,
(*Heav'ens* vital *seed* cast on the *womb* of *Earth*
To give the *fruitful Year* a *Birth*)
Then *Verse* to *Virtue*, which can do
The *Midwifes* Office, and the *Nurses* too;
It *feeds* it strongly, and it *cloathes* it gay,
And when it dyes, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a *Pyramide*
That never will decay
Till *Heaven* it self shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.

2.

Begin the *Song*, and strike the *Living Lyre*;
Lo how the *Years to come*, a numerous and well-fitted *Quire*,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my *Song* with smooth and equal measures *dance*.
[1] Whilst the *dance* lasts, how long so e're it be,
My *Musicks* voyce shall bear it companie.
Till all *gentle Notes* be drown'd
In the *last Trumpets* dreadful sound.
[2] That to the *Spheres* themselves shall *silence* bring,
Untune the *Universal String*.
Then all the wide extended *Sky*,
And all th'*harmonious Worlds* on high,
And *Virgils* sacred *work* shall dy.
And he himself shall see in one *Fire* shine
Rich *Natures* ancient *Troy*, though built by *Hands Divine*.

3.

Whom *Thunders* dismal noise,
And all that *Prophets* and *Apostles* louder spake,
And all the *Creatures* plain *conspiring voyce*,
Could not whilst they *liv'ed*, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When *Dead* t'arise,
And open *Tombs*, and open *Eyes*

2 To the long *Sluggards* of five thousand years.
This *mightier Sound* shall *make* its *Hearers Ears.*
Then shall the scatter'ed *Atomes* crowding come
Back to their *Ancient Home,*
Some from *Birds,* from *Fishes* some,
Some from *Earth,* and some from *Seas,*
Some from *Beasts,* and some from *Trees.*
Some descend from *Clouds* on high,
Some from *Metals* upwards fly,
And where th'*attending Soul* naked, and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and joyn their hands.
As disperst *Souldiers* at the *Trumpets* call,
Hast to their *Colours* all.
Unhappy most, like *Tortur'ed Men,*
Their *Joynts* new *set,* to be new *rackt* agen.
To *Mountains* they for *shelter* pray,
The *Mountains* shake, and run about no less *confus'd* then *They.*

4.

Stop, stop, my *Muse,* allay thy vig'orous heat,
Kindled at a *Hint* so Great.
Hold thy *Pindarique Pegasus* closely in,
Which does to *rage* begin,
And this steep *Hill* would gallop up with violent course,
'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-Mouth'd Horse,*
Fierce, and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit.*
Now *prauncs* stately, and anon *flies* o're the place,
Disdains the *servile Law* of any settled *pace,*
Conscious and *proud* of his own *natural force.*
'Twill no *unskilful Touch* endure,
But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *sits* not *sure.*

NOTES.

1.

1. THis Ode is truly *Pindarical,* falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthusiastical manner,* and he gives a *Hint* for the beginning of it in his 14. *Olymp.* Ἔστιν ἀνθρώποις ἀνέμων ὅτε πλείστα χρῆσις, ἔστι δ' οὐρανίων ὑδάτων Ὀμβρίων παίδων νεφέλας. Εἰ δὲ σὺν πόνῳ τὶς εὖ πράσσοι μελιγάρυες ὕμνοι ὑστέρων ἄρχαι λόγων τέλλεται καὶ πιστὸν ὅρκιον

μεγάλαις ἀρεταῖς. *Est aliquando hominibus ventorum usus, aliquando aquarum cœlestium, filiarum nubis, sed siquis cum labore rectè faciat dulces Hymni illi principium sunt futuræ gloriæ, & fœdus fidele faciunt cum magnis virtutibus.*

2.

1. Whilst the *Motion* of *Time* lasts, which is compared to a *Dance*, from the regular measures of it.

2. According to the ancient opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better befit *Poetry*, than it did *Philosophy*.

3. Shall see the whole *world burnt* to ashes like *Troy*, the destruction of which was so excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *Divine hands*. The walls of *Troy* were said to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*.

3.

1. No natural effect gives such impressions of *Divine fear*, as *Thunder*; as we may see by the examples of some wicked Emperours, who though they were Atheists, and made *themselves Gods*, yet confest a greater divine power when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themselves.

Horat. *Cœlo Tonantem Credidimus Jovem.*

And *Lucret.* speaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very sound of *Thunder* did not make him superstitious,

Quem neq; fama Deûm, neq; fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compressit cœlum, &c.

Yet the *Prophets* and Apostles voyce is truly term'd *Louder*; for as S. *Paul* says, the voyce of the Gospel was heard over all the habitable *world*, Εἰς πᾶσαν οἰκουμένην ὁ φθόγγος αὐτῶν.

2. The ordinary *Traditional opinion* is, that the world is to last six thousand years (Ἕκτη ἐν γενέῃ καταπαύσεται κόσμος) and that the *seventh Thousand* is to be the *Rest* or *Sabbath* of *Thousands*: but I could not say, *Sluggards* of *Six thousand years*, because some then would be found alive, who had not so much as slept at all. The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verse* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *Five Thousand.*

The Muse.

1.

GO, the rich *Chariot* instantly prepare;
The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the air;
Unruly *Phansie* with strong *Judgment* trace,
Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-pac'ed *Eloquence* joyn with it,
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
Harness all the *winged race.*
Let the *Postillion Nature* mount, and let
The *Coachman Art* be set.

And let the airy *Footmen* running all beside,
Make a long row of *goodly pride*.
Figures, *Conceits*, *Raptures*, and *Sentences*
In a well-worded *dress*.
And *innocent Loves*, and *pleasant Truths*, and *useful Lies*,
In all their gaudy *Liveries*.
Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,
And bid it to put on;
For *long*, though *cheerful*, is the *way*,
And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *winters Day*.

2.

Where never *Foot* of *Man*, or *Hoof* of *Beast*,
The passage prest,
1 Where never *Fish* did *fly*,
And with short silver *wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*.
2 Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did nere
Row through the trackless *Ocean* of the *Air*.
Where never yet did pry
The busie *Mornings* curious *Ey:*
The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* pass quick and free;
And all's an *open Road* to *Thee*.
3 Whatever *God* did *Say*,
Is all thy plain and smooth, uninterrupted *way*.
Nay ev'n beyond his *works* thy *Voyages* are known,
Thou 'hast thousand *worlds* too of thine *own*.
Thou speakst, great *Queen*, in the same *stile* as *He*,
And a *New world* leaps forth when *Thou* say'st, *Let it Be*.

3.

1 Thou fadom'est the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* past,
And canst pluck up with ease
The *years* which Thou dost please,
Like shipwrackt *Treasures* by rude *Tempests* cast
Long since into the *Sea*,
Brought up again to *light* and publique *Use* by Thee.
Nor dost thou only *Dive* so low,
But *Fly*
With an unwearied *Wing* the other way on high,
2 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow;

There into the close *Nests* of *Time* do'st peep,
And there with piercing *Eye*,
Through the firm *shell*, and the thick *White* do'st spie,
Years to come a forming lie,
[3] Close in their *sacred Secondine* asleep,
Till *hatcht* by the *Suns* vital heat
Which o're them yet does *brooding* set
They *Life* and *Motion* get,
And *ripe* at last with vigorous might
Break through the *Shell*, and take their everlasting *Flight*.

4.

And sure we may
The same too of the *Present* say,
If *Past*, and *Future Times* do thee obey.
Thou stopst this *Current*, and dost make
This running *River* settle like a *Lake*,
1 Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery *Snake*.
The *Fruit* which does so quickly wast,
Men scarce can see it, much less *tast*,
Thou *Comfitest* in *Sweets* to make it *last*.
This shining piece of *Ice*
[2] Which melts so soon away
With the *Suns* ray,
Thy *Verse* does solidate and *Chrystallize*,
Till it a lasting *Mirror* be.
Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*
Makes this one short *Point* of *Time*,
3 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Pindar* in the 6. *Olymp.* has a *Phansie* somewhat of this kind; where he says, Ὦ φίντις ἀλλὰ ζεῦξον ἤδη μοι σθένος ἡμιόνων Ἅ τάχος ὄφρα κελεύθῳ τ' ἐν καθαρᾷ βάσωμεν ὄκχον. *Sed, ô* Phinty, *junge jam mihi robur* Mularum *quibus celeritas est, ut viâ purâ ducamus currum.* Where by the Name of *Phintis* he speaks to his own Soul. O, my *Soul*, join me the strong and swift *Mules* together, that I may drive the *Chariot* in this fair way. Some make φίντις to be a Dialect for φίλτις: as if he should say, Oh my *friend*:

Others (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of some famous *Chariot-driver*. The *Aurea Carm.* use the same *Metaphor*, Ἡνίοχον γνώμην στήσας καθύπερθεν ἀρίστην. *Aurigâ supernè constitutâ optimâ ratione*; Making right *Reason* the *Chariot-driver* of the *Soul*. *Porphyrius* calls the *Spirits*, Ὄχημα τῆς ψυχῆς, The *Chariot* of the Soul.

2.

1. For *Fins* do the same Office to *Fish*, that *Wings* do to *Birds*; and the *Scripture* it self gives authority to my calling the *Sea* the *Low Sky*; where it says, *Gen.* 1. 6. *Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*

2. This *Metaphor* was used by the ancient *Poets*, Virg. *Æn.* 1.

Volat ille per aera magnum Remigio alarum.

And elsewhere *Lucret.* before him, *L.* 6.

Remigii oblitæ pennarum.

Ovid in his Epistle *applies* the same to *Mens Arms.*

Remis ego corporis utar.

I'll use the *Bodies Oars.*

[3.] *Whatsoever God made*, for his saying, *Let it be*, made all things. The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, *Faires*, &c. makes *persons* and *actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, makes *Beasts*, *Trees*, *Waters*, and other irrational and insensible things to act above the possibility of their natures, as to *understand* and *speak*, nay makes what *Gods* it pleases too without *Idolatry*, and varies all these into innumerable *Systemes*, or *Worlds* of Invention.

3.

1. That is, The subject of *Poetry* is all *Past*, *Future* and *Present Times*; and for the *Past*, it makes what choice it pleases out of the *wrack* of *Time* of things that it will save from *Oblivion.*

2. According to the vulgar (but false) opinion of the *Influence* of the *Stars* over mens *actions* and *Fortunes*. There is no difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *year* to come like an *Egg* that is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding.*

3. The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *womb*, so called, because it *follows* the *Child*. In Latine *Secundæ*, as in the 9. Epistle of *Seneca*, where he says most admirably. *Sed ut ex barbâ capillos detonsos negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egressurus hominem quo receptaculum suum referatur, ignis illud exurat, an feræ distrahant, an terra contegat non magis ad se pertinere judicat quam Secundas ad editum infantem.*

4.

1. A *Snake* with the *Tail* in the mouth of it, was the ancient *Hieroglyphick* of the year.

2. Because the course of the *Sun* seems to consume *Time*, as the Beams of it do *Ice.*

3. There are two sorts of *Eternity*; from the *Present backwards* to *Eternity*, and from the *Present forwards*, called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante*, and *Æternitas à parte post*. These two make up the whole *Circle* of *Eternity*, which the *Present Time* cuts like a *Diameter*, but Poetry makes it extend to all *Eternity to come*, which is the *Half-Circle.*

To Mr. Hobs.

1.

VAst *Bodies* of *Philosophie*
I oft have seen, and read,
But all are *Bodies Dead*,
Or *Bodies* by *Art fashioned*;
I never yet the *Living Soul* could see,
But in thy *Books* and *Thee*.
'Tis onely *God* can know
Whether the fair *Idea* thou dost show
Agree intirely with his *own* or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so *like Truth* 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in *Nature* thy *Proportions* be,
As full of *Concord* their *Varietie*,
As *firm* the parts upon their *Center* rest,
And all so *Solid* are that they at least
As much as *Nature*, *Emptiness detest*.

2.

1 Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain
The *universal Intellectual reign*,
2 Saw his own Countreys short-liv'ed *Leopard* slain;
3 The stronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly,
Oftner *renewed* his *Age*, and saw that *Dy*.
4 *Mecha* it self, in spite of *Mahumet* possest,
And chas'ed by a wild *Deluge* from the *East*,
His *Monarchy* new planted in the *West*.
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble *Empire* wast,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the *School-mens* hands it perisht quite at last.
Then nought but *Words* it grew,
And those all *Barb'arous* too.
It *perisht*, and it *vanisht* there,
The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out, became but empty *Air*.

3.

The *Fields* which answer'd well the *Ancients Plow*,
Spent and out-worn return no *Harvest* now,
In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of *past Fertilitie*,
The *poor relief* of *Present Povertie*.
Food and *Fruit* we now must want
Unless new *Lands* we *plant*.
We break up *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious hands*;
Old *Rubbish* we remove;
To walk in *Ruines*, like vain *Ghosts*, we love,
And with fond *Divining Wands*
We search among the *Dead*
For Treasures *Buried*,
Whilst still the *Liberal Earth* does hold
So many *Virgin Mines* of *undiscover'ed Gold*.

4.

The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caspian*,
And slender-limb'ed *Mediterrean*,
Seem narrow *Creeks* to *Thee*, and only fit
For the poor wretched *Fisher-boats* of *Wit*.
Thy nobler *Vessel* the vast *Ocean* tries,
And nothing sees but *Seas* and *Skies*,
Till unknown *Regions* it descries,
Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of *new Philosophies*.
Thy task was harder much then his,
For thy learn'd *America* is
Not onely found out first by *Thee*,
And rudely left to *Future Industrie*,
But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*,
Has *planted*, *peopled*, *built*, and *civiliz'd* it.

5.

I little thought before,
(Nor being my *own self* so *poor*
Could comprehend so vast a *store*)
That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*,
Could have afforded half enuff,
Of *bright*, of *new*, and *lasting* stuff,
To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *Gigantique Sence*.

[2] Thy solid *Reason* like the *shield* from heaven
To the *Trojan Heroe* given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every part,
And *Wonders* on it grave'd by the learn'd hand of *Art*,
A *shield* that gives delight
Even to the *enemies* sight,
Then when they're sure to *lose* the *Combat by't*.

6.

Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does shed
Upon thy reverend Head,
Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,
But all which thou hast *bin*,
And all that *Youth* can *be* thou'rt yet,
So fully still dost Thou
Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,
And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Feaver* too.
[1] So *Contraries* on *Ætna's* top conspire,
Here hoary *Frosts*, and by them breaks out *Fire*.
A secure *peace* the *faithful Neighbors* keep,
Th'emboldned *Snow* next to the *Flame* does *sleep*.
And if we weigh, like *Thee*,
Nature, and *Causes*, we shall see
That thus it *needs must be*,
To things *Immortal Time* can do no wrong,
And that which never is *to Dye*, for ever must be *Young*.

NOTES.

2.

1. *Aristotle*; So called from the Town of *Stagira*, where he was born, scituated near the Bay of *Strimon* in *Macedonia*.

2. Outlasted the *Græcian Empire*, which in the Visions of *Daniel*, is represented by a *Leopard*, with four wings upon the back, and four heads, *Chap. 7. v. 6.*

3. Was received even beyond the bounds of the *Roman Empire*, and out-lived it.

4. For *Aristotles Philosophy* was in great esteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens*, witness those many excellent Books upon him, or according to his principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avicenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others. *In spight of Mahumet*: because his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous humour of those people he had first to deal withall, and aiming only at greatness of

Empire by the Sword, forbids all the studies of *Learning*; which (nevertheless) flourished admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continued so, till it was extinguisht with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other *Nations*. *Mecha*, is the *Town* in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was born.

3.

1. *Virgula Divina*; or a *Divining Wand* is a two-forked branch of an *Hazel-tree*, which is used for the finding out either of *Veins*, or hidden *Treasures* of *Gold* or *Silver*; and being carryed about, bends downwards (or rather is said to do so) when it comes to the place where they lye.

4.

1. All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in these *Seas*: they seldom ventured into the *Ocean*; and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coast about near the shore.

5.

1. The meaning is, that his *Notions* are so *New*, and so *Great*, that I did not think it had been possible to have found out *words* to express them clearly; as no *Wardrobe* can furnish *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* taller and bigger than ever any was before; for the *Cloaths* were made according to some *Measure* that then was.

2. See the excellent description of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan* at the request of *Venus*, for her Son *Æneas*, at the end of the 8. Book of *Æn.*

——Et clypei non enarrabile textum,

Whereon was graven all the *Roman History*; and withal, it was so strong, that in the 12. B. when *Turnus* strook with all his force (which was not small you may be sure in a *Poetical Hero*)

————Corpore toto
Altè sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem.

Insomuch, that it frighted all *Æneas* his friends.

(*Exclamant Troes trepidiq*; *Latini*)

Instead of piercing through these arms,

Perfidus ensis
Frangitur, in medioq; *ardentem deserit ictu,*
Ni fuga subsidio subeat.

Which is just the case of mens arguing against *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reason*; for when their argumentation is broken, they are forced to save themselves by flight, that is, by *evasions*, and seeking still new ground; and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good service upon the rest of the *Trojans*.

Isq; *diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri*
Suffecit, postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,
Mortalis Mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu
Dissiluit.

It broke like a piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*.

6.

1. The Description of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the application of it) is imitated out of *Claud. L.* 1. *de Raptu Pros.*

Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æstu,
Scit nivibus servare fidem, paritérq; *favillis*
Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis
Arcano defensa gelu, fumoq; *fideli*
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.

Where, methinks, is somewhat of that which *Seneca* objects to *Ovid*, *Nescivit quod benè cessit relinquere*. When he met with a *Phansie* that pleased him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. *Tacitus* has the like expression of *Mount Libanus*, *Præcipuum montium Libanum*, *mirum dictu*, *tantos inter ardores opacum*, *fidúmq*; *nivibus*. Shady among such great heats, and *faithful* to the *Snow*; which is too *Poetical* for the Prose even of a *Romance*, much more of an *Historian*. Sil. Italic. of Ætna. L. 14.

Summo cana jugo cohibet (*mirabile dictu*)
Vicinam flammis glaciem, *æternoq*; *rigore*
Ardentes horrent scopuli, *stat vertice celsi*
Collis hyems, *calidáq*; *nivem tegit atra favillâ*.

See likewise *Seneca*, Epist. 79.

Destinie.

Hoc quoq; *Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum.* Manil.

1.

1 STrange and *unnatural!* lets stay and see
This *Pageant* of a *Prodigie*.
Lo, of themselves th'enlivened *Chesmen* move,
Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd *Pieces* prove,
As full of *Art*, and *Industrie*,
Of *Courage* and of *Policie*,
As *we our selves* who think ther's nothing *Wise* but *We*.
2 Here a proud *Pawn* I'admire
That still advancing higher
At top of all became
Another *Thing* and *Name*.
Here I'm amaz'ed at th'actions of a *Knight*,
That does bold wonders in the fight.
Here I the losing party blame
3 For those false *Moves* that break the *Game*,
That to their *Grave* the *Bag*, the conquered *Pieces* bring,
And above all, th'*ill Conduct* of the *Mated King*.

2.

What e're these *seem*, what e're *Philosophie*
And *Sense* or *Reason* tell (said I)
These Things have *Life*, *Election*, *Libertie*;
'Tis their own *Wisdom* molds their *State*,
Their *Faults* and *Virtues* make their *Fate*.
They do, they do (said I) but strait

Lo from my'enlightned Eyes the Mists and shadows fell
That hinder *Spirits* from being *Visible.*
And, lo, I saw *two Angels* plaid the *Mate.*
With *Man*, alas, no otherwise it proves,
An *unseen Hand* makes all their *Moves.*
And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,
Some climb to *good*, some from *good Fortune* fall,
Some *Wisemen*, and some *Fools* we call,
Figures, alas, of *Speech*, for *Desti'ny plays us all.*

3.

Me from the *womb* the *Midwife Muse* did take:
She cut my *Navel*, *washt me*, and mine *Head*
With her own *Hands* she *Fashioned*;
She did a *Covenant* with me make,
And *circumcis'ed* my tender *Soul*, and thus she spake,
Thou of my *Church* shalt be,
Hate and *renounce* (said she)
Wealth, *Honor*, *Pleasures*, all the *World* for *Me.*
Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,
Nor at th'*Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling *Bar.*
Content thy self with the small *Barren Praise*,
That neglected *Verse* does raise.
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky *Doom.*
Their several ways of *Life* let others *chuse*,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for *Love*, and for a *Muse.*

4.

With *Fate* what boots it to contend?
Such I *began*, such *am*, and so must *end.*
The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,
Was but a *Lambent Flame*,
And some small *Light* it did dispence,
But neither *Heat* nor *Influence.*
No Matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* see,
That *thou* canst *her* despise no less then *she* does *Thee.*

Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumnie,
Murder, Infidelitie,
Rebellion and Hypocrisie.
Do Thou nor *grieve* nor *blush* to be,
As all th'inspired *tuneful Men*,
And all thy great *Forefathers* were from *Homer* down to *Ben.*

NOTES.

1.

1. THis *Ode* is written upon an extravagant supposition of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Chess*; which if they did, the spectators would have reason as much to believe, that the pieces moved themselves, as we can have for thinking the same of *Mankind*, when we see them exercise so many, and so different actions. It was of old said by *Plautus*, *Dii nos quasi Pilas homines habent*. We are but *Tennis Balls* for the *Gods* to play withal, which they strike away at last, and still call for new ones: And S. *Paul* says, *We are but the Clay in the hands of the Potter.*

2. For a *Pawn* being the least of the pieces, if it can get up to such a degree, grows the greatest, and then has both another *name*, and other *Motions* and *Powers*; for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done, if it had not been removed, and carried to such an height.

3. *Manum injicientibus fatis* (says *Amm. Marcellin.*) *hebetantur sensus hominum & obtunduntur.* When the *Fates* lay hold on a Man, when they arrest him, he's confounded, and loses his wits. And *Vell. Paterc.* speaking of the defeat of *Quinctil. Varus. Prævalebant jam fata consiliis omnémq; animi vim perstrinxerant, quippe ità se res habet, ut qui fortunam mutaturus sit, etiam consilia corrumpat. Fatality* grew too strong for *Humane Counsels*, and dazled the sight of his judgment, for so it also happens, that the *designs* and *counsels* are corrupted of the *Man that is to perish.*

2.

1. Ἀεὶ γὰρ εὖ πίπτουσον οἱ θεῶν κύβοι. The *Dice* of the *Gods* never fling out. *Thucydid.* says, with admirable shortness and weight, Δειναὶ γὰρ εὐπραξίαι συγκρύψαι καὶ συσκιάσαι τὰ ἑκάστων ἁμαρτήματα. Which *Sallust* imitating, renders yet shorter; and beats him, as *Seneca* says, at his own weapon. *Res secundæ mirè vitiis sunt obtentui. Faults* are not visible through *Prosperity*: and therefore the old *Greek Verse* is not much mistaken, that says,

Θέλω τύχης σταλαγμὸν, ἢ φρενῶν πίθον.

I had rather have a *Drop* of *Good Fortune*, than a whole *Tun* of *Wisdom.*

Brutus.

1.

EXcellent *Brutus*, of all humane race,
The best till *Nature* was improv'ed by *Grace*,
Till men above *themselves Faith* raised more
Then *Reason* above *Beasts* before.
Virtue was thy *Lifes Center*, and from thence
Did *silently* and *constantly* dispense
The gentle vigorous *Influence*
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:
And all the *parts* upon it lean'd so easilie,
Obey'd the mighty *force* so *willinglie*
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their *Contrarietie*.
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the *Whole* no more *mov'ed* then the *whole World* could be.

2.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
(*Mistaken Honest men*) in *Cæsars* blood;
What *Mercy* could the *Tyrants Life* deserve,
From him who kill'd *Himself* rather then *serve*?
Th'*Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*
Are so far from *Understood*,
We count them *Vice*: alas our *Sight's* so ill,
That things which swiftest *Move* seem to *stand still*.
We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
On her supreme *Idea*, brave and bright,
In the *Original Light*:
But as her *Beams* reflected pass
Through our own *Nature* or ill *Customs Glass*.
And 'tis no wonder so,
If with dejected Ey
In standing *Pools* we seek the *sky*,
That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*.

3.

Can we stand by and see
Our *Mother* robb'ed, and bound, and ravisht be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Ravisher*?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The *cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar who could *Rome* enthrall!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th'exact ballance of true *Virtue* try'de)
Then his *Successor Nero*'s *Parricide*!
There's none but *Brutus* could deserve
That all men else should *wish* to *serve*,
And *Cæsars* usurpt place to him should proffer;
None can deserve't but he who would *refuse* the *offer*.

4.

Ill Fate assum'ed a *Body* thee t'affright,
And wrapt itself i'th' terrors of the *night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the *Spright*;
I'll meet thee there, saidst *Thou*,
With such a *voyce*, and such a *brow*,
As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden flight,
It vanisht as a *Tapers* light
Goes out when *Spirits* appear in sight.
One would have thought t'had heard the *morning crow*,
Or seen her well-appointed *Star*
Come marching up the *Eastern Hill* afar.
Nor durst it in *Philippi's* field appear,
But *unseen* attaqu'ed thee there.
Had it presum'ed in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou wouldst have forc'ed it back upon thy foes:
Or slain't like *Cæsar*, though it be
A *Conqu'eror* and a *Monarch* mightier far then *He*.

5.

What joy can *humane things* to us afford,
When we see perish thus by odde events,
Ill men, and wretched *Accidents*,
The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*?

When we see
The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,
God-like *Brutus*, conquer *Thee*?
What can we say but thine own *Tragick Word*,
That *Virtue*, which had worshipt been by thee
As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Deitie*,
By this fatal proof became
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*,
Hold noble *Brutus* and restrain
The bold voyce of thy generous *Disdain*:
These mighty *Gulphs* are yet
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
The *Time's* set forth already which shall quell
Stiff *Reason*, when it offers to *Rebell*.
Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,
And new *Philosophies* reveal.
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'ed,
Would have confounded *Humane Virtues* pride,
And shew'd thee a *God crucifi'ed*.

To Dr. Scarborough.

1.

HOw long, alas! has our mad *Nation* been
Of *Epidemick War* the *Tragick Scene*,
When *Slaughter* all the while
Seem'd like its *Sea*, *embracing* round the *Isle*,
With *Tempests*, and *red waves*, *Noise*, and *Affright*?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'ed from *white*!
What *Province*, or what *City* did it spare?
It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Aire*.
Sure the unpeopled *Land*
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had *Gods* All-mighty hand
At the same time let loose *Diseases* rage
Their *Civil Wars* in *Man* to wage.
But *Thou* by *Heaven* wert sent
This *Desolation* to prevent,
A *Medi'cine* and a *Counter-poyson* to the *Age*,

Scarce could the *Sword* dispatch more to the *Grave*,
Then *Thou* didst *save*;
By wondrous *Art*, and by successful *care*
The *Ruines* of a *Civil War* thou dost *alone repair*.

2.

1 The *Inundations* of all *Liquid pain*,
And *Deluge Dropsie* thou do'est *drain*.
Feavers so hot that one would say
Thou mightst as soon *Hell-fires* allay
(The *Damn'd* scarce more *incurable* then *They*)
2 Thou dost so *temper*, that we find
Like *Gold* the *Body* but *refin'd*;
No *unhealthful dross* behind.
The subtle *Ague*, that for *sureness* sake
Takes its own times th' *assault* to make,
And at each *battery* the whole *Fort* does shake,
When thy strong *Guards*, and *works* it spies,
Trembles for it *self*, and *flies*.
The cruel *Stone* that restless pain
That's sometimes *roll'd away* in vain,
3 But still, like *Sisyphus his stone*, returns again,
Thou *break'st* and *meltest* by learn'd *Juyces* force,
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
4 Then *Hannibals* by *Vinegar*)
Oppressed *Natures* necessary course
It stops in vain, like *Moses*, Thou
Strik'st but the *Rock*, and straight the *Waters* freely flow.

3.

The *Indian Son* of *Lust*, (that foul *Disease*
Which did on this his *new-found World*, but lately seise;
Yet since a *Tyrannie* has planted here,
As wide and Cruel as the *Spaniard* there)
Is so quite rooted out by Thee,
That thy *Patients* seem to be
Restor'ed not to *Health* onely, but *Virginitie*.
The *Plague* it self, that proud *Imperial* Ill
Which destroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,

If thou but succour the *besieged Heart*,
Calls all its *poysons* forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy *Art*,
Then *Aarons Incense*, or then *Phineas dart*.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous *Lexicon*
Of Mans *Infirmitie*?
At thy strong charms it must be gon
Though a *Disease*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Leagion*.

4.

From creeping *Moss* to soaring *Cedar* thou
Dost all the powers and several *Portions* know,
Which *Father-Sun*, *Mother-Earth* below
On their green *Infants* here bestow.
Can'st all those *Magick Virtues* from them draw,
That keep *Disease*, and *Death* in aw.
Who whilst thy wondrous skill in *Plants* they see,
Fear lest the *Tree of Life* should be found out by Thee.
And Thy well-travell'd knowledge too does give
No less account of th'*Empire Sensitive*,
Chiefly of *Man*, whose *Body* is
That active *Souls Metropolis*.
As the great Artist in his *Sphere* of *Glass*
Saw the whole *Scene* of Heav'enly *Motions* pass,
So thou know'st all so well that's done within,
As if some *living Chrystal Man* thou'dst seen.

5.

Nor does this *Science* make thy *Crown* alone,
But *whole Apollo* is thine owne.
His gentler *Arts*, *belov'ed* in vain by *Mee*,
Are *wedded* and *enjoy'd* by *Thee*.
Thou'rt by this noble Mixture free
From the *Physitians* frequent *Maladie*,
Fantastick Incivilitie,
There are who all their *Patients* chagrin have,
As if they *took* each morn worse *potions* then they *gave*.
And this great race of *Learning* thou hast runne,
E're that of *Life* be half yet done.

Thou see'st thy self still fresh and strong,
And like *t'enjoy* thy *Conquests* long.
2 The first fam'd *Aphorism* thy great *Master* spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of Man report;
For thou do'est make *Life long*, and *Art but short.*

6.

Ah, learned *friend*, it grieves me, when I think
That *Thou* with all thy *Art* must dy
As certainly as *I.*
1 And all thy noble *Reparations* sink
Into the sure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mortality.*
Like *Archimedes*, hon'orably in vain,
2 Thou holdst out *Towns* that must at last be *ta'ne*,
And *Thou* thy self their great *Defender* slain.
Let's ev'en *compound*, and for the *Present Live*,
'Tis all the *Ready Money Fate* can give,
Unbend sometimes thy restless care;
And let thy *Friends* so happy be
T'enjoy at once their *Health* and *Thee.*
Some hours at least to thine own pleasures spare.
Since the whole *stock* may soon exhausted be,
Bestow't not all in *Charitie.*
Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they please,
When all's done, *Life is an Incurable Disease.*

NOTES.

2.

1. *Owts*, and such kind of *Diseases* proceeding from *moysture*, and affecting one or some parts of the Body, whereas the *Dropsie* swells the whole. *Inundation* signifies a less overflowing than *Deluge.*

2. *Find*, *Refind*: These kind of Rhymes the *French* delight in, and call *Rich Rhymes*; but I do not allow of them in *English*, nor would use them at all in any other but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very sparingly, hardly at all without a *third Rhyme* to answer to both; as in the ninth staffe of the *Nemeæan Ode*, *Delight*, *Light*, *Affright.* In the third staffe to Mr. *Hobs*, *Ly*, *Fertility*, *Poverty.* They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our old *Poets*, but that is not good authority for us now. There can be no *Musick* with only *one Note.*

3. The Fable of *S[isy]phus* is so known, that it deserves not to be repeated. He was in his life a most famous *Cozener* and *Robber*. Ovid. Metam. 13.

Quid sanguine cretus
Sisiphio, furtis ac fraude simillimus illi?

For which he was slain by *Theseus*, and condemned in Hell eternally to thrust a great rolling stone up an hill, which still fell down again upon him, alluding perhaps to the ill success of all his subtilties and wicked enterprizes, in which he laboured incessantly to no purpose.

4. *Hannibal* not being able to march with his Army over some Rocks in his passage on the *Alpes*, made fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of Vinegar upon it, by which it being softned and putrified, the *Souldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it. See *Livy* the 1. Book of the 3. *Decade*. Juven.

Et montem rupit aceto.

4.

1. *Archimedes:* of which Sphere see *Claudians Epigram*. The like Sphere of Glass one of the Kings of *Persia* is said to have had, and sitting in the middle of it, as upon the Earth, to have seen round about him all the Revolutions and motions of the heavenly Bodies.

5.

1. For *Apollo* is not only the *God* of *Physick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Florid Learning*.

2. The first *Aphorism* in *Hypocrates*, *Ars longa*, *vita brevis*. Known to all men.

6.

1. For whilst we are repairing the outward seeming *Breaches*, *Nature* is undermining the very *foundations* of *life*, and draining the *Radical moisture*, which is the *Well* that the Town lives by.

2. The great City of *Syracuse* (which *Tully* calls in his fourth against *Verres*, *Urbem omnium pulcherrimam atq*; *ornatissimam*) sustained a Siege of three years against *Marcellus* and the Roman Forces, almost only by the art and industry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archimedes*; but at last, by the treason of some Commanders, it was entred and taken by the Romans, and in the confusion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it so long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of some new Engines to preserve the Town, was slain by a common Souldier, who knew him not; for there had been particular order given by the Roman *General* to save him. See this at large in *Plut.* the life of *Marcellus*, and *Livy* 5. B. of the 3. *Dec.*

Life and Fame.

1.

1 OH Life, thou *Nothings younger Brother*!
So *like*, that one might take *One* for the *other*!
2 What's *Some Body*, or *No Body*?
3 In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmens* trade,

We no such nice *Distinction* woven see,
As 'tis *To be*, or *Not to Be.*
Dream of a *Shadow*! a *Reflection* made
From the false glories of the gay *reflected Bow*,
Is a more *solid* thing then *Thou.*
Vain weak-built *Isthmus*, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt *two Eternities*;
Yet canst nor *Wave* nor *Wind* sustain,
But *broken* and *orewhelm'd*, the endless *Oceans* meet again.

2.

And with what rare *Inventions* do we strive,
Our selves then to *survive*?
Wise, subtle *Arts*, and such as well befit
That *Nothing Mans no Wit.*
Some with vast costly *Tombs* would purchase it,
And by the *proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live.*
Here lies the Great——False *Marble, where*?
Nothing but *small*, and *sordid Dust* lies there.
Some build enormous Mountain-*Palaces*,
The *Fools* and *Architects* to please:
A lasting *Life* in well-hew'en *Stone* they rear:
So he who on th' *Egyptian* shore,
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still (Oh *Life* most *happy* and most *dear*!
Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)
Lives in the *dropping Ruines* of his *Ampitheater.*

3.

His *Father* in *Law* an higher place does claim
In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame.*
He since that *Toy* his *Death*,
Does fill all Mouths, and *breathes* in all mens *Breath.*
'Tis true, the *two Immortal Syllables* remain,
But, Oh ye learned men, explain,
What *Essence*, what *Existence* this,
What *Substance*, what *Subsistence*, what *Hypostasis*
In *Six poor Letters* is?
In those alone does the *Great Cæsar live*,
'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give.

We *Poets* madder yet then all,
With a refin'ed *Phantastick Vanitie*,
Think we not onely *Have*, but *Give Eternitie*.
Fain would I see that *Prodigal*,
Who his *To-morrow* would bestow,
For all old *Homers Life* e're since he *Dy'ed* till *now*.

NOTES.

1.

1. BEcause *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*; which perhaps is the sense of the Distinction of *Days* in the story of the *Creation*, *Night* signifying the *Privation*, and *Day*, the subsequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed first, *Gen.* 1. 5. *And the Evening and the Morning were the first day.*

2. Τί δὲ τις, τί δ' οὔτις; Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος. *Pindar*, *Quid est Aliquis, aut quid est Nemo? Somnium Umbræ Homo est.*

3. The Distinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be likened to *Cobwebs* (I mean many of them, for some are better *woven*) either because of the too much fineness of the work which makes it slight, and able to catch only little Creatures; or because they take not the materials from *Nature*, but spin it out of *Themselves.*

4. The *Rainbow* is in it self of No *Colour*; those that appear are but *Reflections* of the Suns light received differently.

Mille trahit varios adverso Sole Colores.

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows*; And yet this *shadow*, this *almost Nothing* makes sometimes another *Rainbow* (but not so distinct or beautiful) by *Reflection.*

5. *Isthmus* is a neck of Land that divides a *Peninsula* from the *Continent*, and is betwixt two Seas, Γῆ ἀμφιθάλασσα. In which manner this narrow passage of *Life* divides the *Past Time* from the *Future*, and is at last swallowed up into *Eternity.*

2.

1. *Pompey the Great.* 2. An *Irony*; that is, Oh *Life* which *Epicures* laugh at and contemn.

3.

1. *Cæsar*, whose Daughter *Julia* was married to *Pompey*; an Alliance fatal to the Commonwealth; which as *Tully* says, ought never to have been made, or never ended.

[2.] Supernatural, Intellectual, Unintelligible Being.

The Extasie.

1.

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below ;
I have no time in *Complements* to wast,
Farewel to'ye all in hast,
For I am *call'd* to go.
A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,
Th'officious *Clouds* beneath them meet.
And (Lo !) I *mount*, and (Lo !)
How small the biggest Parts of *Earths* proud *Tittle* show !

2.

Where shall I find the noble *Brittish* Land ?
Lo, I at last a *Northern Spec* espie,
Which in the *Sea* does lie,
And seems a *Grain* o'th' *Sand* !
For this will any *sin*, or *Bleed* ?
Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed* ?
And is it this, alas, which we
(Oh *Irony* of *Words* !) do call *Great Britanie* ?

3.

I pass by th'arched *Magazins*, which hold
Th' eternal stores of *Frost*, and *Rain*, and *Snow* ;
Dry, and *secure* I go,
Nor shake with *Fear*, or *Cold*.
Without *affright* or *wonder*
I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*,
And *Lightnings* in my way
Like harmless *Lambent Fiers* about my Temples play.

4.

Now into'a gentle *Sea* of rowling *Flame*
I'm *plung'ed*, and still mount higher there,
As *Flames* mount up through *aire*.
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful *Breast* did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover*.

5.

Through several *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass
The *Hints* of *Galilæos Glass*,
I touch at last the spangled *Sphære*.
Here all th'extended *Skie*
Is but one *Galaxie*,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the *joynt Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*.

6.

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here;
An unexhausted *Ocean* of *delight*
Swallows my *senses* quite,
And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*.
Not *Paul*, who first did thither pass,
And this great *Worlds Columbus* was,
The *tyrannous pleasure* could express.
Oh 'tis *too much* for *Man*! but let it ne're be *less*.

7.

The mighty' *Elijah* mounted so on high,
That second Man, who *leapt* the *Ditch* where all
The rest of Mankind *fall*,
And went not *downwards* to the *skie*.
With much of pomp and show
(As Conquering *Kings* in *Triumph* go)
Did he to *Heav'en* approach,
And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his *Coach*.

8.

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every part,
Of *Essences* of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*
Was its *substantial mold*;
Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels* art.
Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas *silver'd* bright,
There double-*gilt* with the *Suns* light
And mystique Shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a *Vulgar Angels* wit.

9.

The *Horses* were of temper'd *Lightning* made,
Of all that in *Heav'ens* beauteous *Pastures* feed,
The noblest, sprightfulst breed,
And *flaming Mains* their *Necks* array'd.
They all were shod with *Diamond*,
Not such as *here* are found,
But such *light solid* ones as shine
On the *Transparent Rocks* o'th' *Heaven Chrystalline*.

10.

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the skies;
Astonisht Men who oft had seen *Stars fall*,
Or that which so they call,
Wondred from hence to see one *rise*.
The soft *Clouds* melted him a way,
The *Snow* and *Frosts* which in it lay
A while the sacred *footsteps* bore,
The *Wheels* and *Horses Hoofs* hizz'd as they past them ore.

11.

He past by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright
All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'ed,
And their *Astrologers* amaz'd
With th'unexampled sight.
But where he stopt will ne're be known,
Till *Phœnix Nature* aged grown
To'a better *Being* do aspire,
And mount *herself*, like *Him*, to' *Eternitie* in *Fire*.

To the New Year.

1.

1 GReat *Janus*, who dost sure my *Mistris* view
With *all thine eyes*, yet think'st them all too *few*:
If thy *Fore-face* do see
No better things prepar'd for me,
Then did thy *Face behind*,
If still her *Breast* must *shut* against me be

(For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temples Gate* does bind)
Oh let my *Life*, if thou so many *deaths* a coming find,
With thine *old year* its *voyage* take
Born down, that *stream* of *Time* which no *return* can make.

2.

Alas, what need I thus to pray?
Th'old avaritious *year*
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a *part* of *Me* away.
His well-horst *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and *Hours*,
Though never any where they stay,
Make in their *passage* all their *Prey*.
The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours* that march i'th' *Rear* can find
Nought of *Value* left behind.
All the *good Wine* of *Life* our *drunken youth* devours;
Sowreness and *Lees*, which to the bottom sink,
Remain for latter years to *Drink*.
Until some one offended with the taste
The *Vessel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliques* run at last.

3.

If then, *young year*, thou needs must come,
(For in *Times* fruitful *womb*
The *Birth* beyond its *Time* can never tarry,
Nor ever can *miscarry*)
Choose thy *Attendant*s well; for 'tis not *Thee*
We fear, but 'tis thy *Companie*,
Let neither *Loss* of *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Libertie*,
Nor pining *Sickness*, nor tormenting *Pain*,
Nor *Sadness*, nor uncleanly *Povertie*,
Be seen among thy *Train*,
Nor let thy *Livery* be
Either black *Sin*, or gawdy *vanitie*;
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle *Year*,
Let not so much as *Love* be there:
Vain fruitless *Love*, I mean; for, gentle *Year*,
Although I feare,
There's of this *Caution* little need,
Yet, gentle *Year*, take heed

How thou dost make
Such a *Mistake.*
Such *Love* I mean alone
As by thy cruel *Predecessors* has been shown,
For though I have too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if *Life* can *Live* without it.

4.

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,
And seek to *Antedate* our *Misery*?
Like *Jealous men* why are we longing still
To *See* the thing which onely *seeing* makes an *Ill*?
'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd*; for 'twere a *Sight*
That would even *Happiest men* affright,
And something still they'd spy that would destroy
The *past* and *Present Joy*
In whatsoever *Character*;
The *Book* of *Fate* is writ,
'Tis well we *understand* not it,
We should grow *Mad* with *little Learning* there.
Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *Foresee*,
Undecently and foolishlie
We should stand *shivering*, and but slowly venter
The *Fatal Flood* to enter,
Since *willing*, or *unwilling* we must do it,
They feel least *cold* and *pain* who *plunge* at once into it.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Janus* was the *God* to whom the *Year* was dedicated, and therefore it began with his *Festival*; and the first *Month* was denominated from him; for which cause he was represented with *two Faces*, to shew that he looked both *Backward* upon the time past, and *Forward* upon the time to come; and sometimes with four Faces, to signifie (perhaps, for I know other Reasons are given) the *four Seasons* of the year,

Annorum nitidiq; sator pulcherrime Mundi,
Publica quem primum vota precesq; canunt. Mart.

2. This alludes to that most notorious custom of *shutting* up *Janus* his *Temple* in time of an universal *peace*; as was thrice done from *Numa* to *Augustus*'s Reign: and when any War began it was opened again with great Ceremony by the chief *Magistrate*; from which opening and shutting of his Temple Gates, *Janus* is called *Clusius* and *Patulcius*, and esteemed, *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter.*

Life.

Nascentes Morimur. Manil.

1 WE're ill by these *Grammarians* us'd;
We are abus'd by *Words*, grosly abus'd;
From the *Maternal Tomb*,
To the *Graves* fruitful *Womb*,
We call here *Life*; but *Life*'s a *name*
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched *Inn*, where we scarce stay to *bait*:
We call our *Dwelling-place*;
We call one *Step* a *Race*:
But *Angels* in their full enlightned state,
Angels who *Live*, and know what 'tis to *Be*,
2 Who all the *nonsense* of our *Language* see,
Who *speak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn *Pictures* scorn,
When we by'a *foolish Figure* say,
3 *Behold an old man Dead*! then they
Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a man-child born.*

2.

My *Eyes* are opened, and I see
Through the *Transparent Fallacie*:
Because we seem wisely to talk
Like *men* of *business*; and for *business* walk
From place to place,
And mighty *voyages* we take,
And mighty *Journeys* seem to make,
1 O're *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *space.*
Because we *fight*, and *Battels* gain;
Some *Captives* call, and say, *the rest are slain.*
Because we heap up *yellow Earth*, and so,
Rich, valiant, wise, and vertuous seem to grow;
Because we draw a long *Nobilitie*
2 From *Hieroglyphick* proofs of *Herauldrie*,
And *impudently* talk of a *Posteritie*,
3 And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,
Who write of twenty thousand years,

With *Maravedies* make the' *account*,
That *single Time* might to a sum amount,
We grow at last by *Custom* to believe,
That really we *Live*:
Whilst all these *Shadows* that for *Things* we take,
Are but the empty *Dreams* which in *Deaths sleep* we make.

3.

But these fantastique errors of our *Dream*,
Lead us to solid wrong;
We pray God, our Friends torments to prolong,
And wish uncharitably for them,
To be as long a *Dying* as *Methusalem*.
The ripened *Soul* longs from his pris'on to come,
But we would *seal*, and *sow* up, if we could, the *Womb*.
We seek to close and plaster up by Art
The *cracks* and *breaches* of the' extended *Shell*,
And in that narrow *Cell*
Would rudely force to dwell,
The noble vigorous *Bird* already *wing'd* to part.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Plato* in *Timæus* makes this distinction: *That which Is, but is not generated; and That which is generated, but Is not.* Ὃν δὲ οὐδέποτε. This he took from *Trismegistus*, whose *Sentence* of God was written in the Egyptian Temples, Ἐγὼ εἰμὶ πᾶν τὸ γεγονὸς καὶ ὂν καὶ ἐσόμενον, I am all that *Was*, *Is*, or *shall be*. And he drew this from the very *fountain* where he calls himself, *Exod.* 3. 12. Ὁ ὤν, *I am that I am*, or, *That which is*. This doctrine of *Plato*, that nothing truly *Is* but *God*, is approved by all the *Fathers*. *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more degrees of *Privation*, or *Not-Being* then of *Being* (which is the case of all *Creatures*) is not properly said to *Be*; and again, That which is in a perpetual *Fieri* or *Making*, never is quite *Made*; and therefore never properly *Is*. Now because this perpetual *Flux* of *Being* is not in *Angels*, or *Separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title* of *Being* and *Living*, and carry not the *Figure* (for in truth it is no other) so far as *Plato*.

2. That the *Gods* call things by other names than we do, was the fancy of *Homer*.

Ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον,
Ὃν Βριάρευν καλέουσι θεοὶ, θνητοὶ δ' ἄνθρωποι
Αἰγαίωνα.

And the like in several other places, as also in other Authors, *Athenæus, l.* 7. *c.* 9. *Ovid Metam. &c.* and this is likewise drawn from Scripture; for *Isaiah* (Chap. 40. v. 36.) makes it a *Property* of *God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their *Names*.

3. So *Euripid.*

Τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μέν ἐστι κατθανεῖν
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν.

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Dye*; and to *Dye* to *Live*?

2.

1. Isa. 40. 26. *Behold the Nations are as the drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the small Dust of the Ballance, &c.*

2. Because *Heraldry* consists in the *Figures* of Beasts, Stars, Flowers, and such like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient Egyptians.

3. An *uncertain Number* for a *Certain*. The Egyptian Kingdom, according to *Manethon*, had 31 Dynasties before *Alexanders* time, 5355 years; others content not themselves with so small a *Number*; for *Diod.* says, *lib.* 1. from *Osyris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thousand years; or as others will have it, little less than 23 thousand. See the Egyptian Priests discourse to *Solon* in *Plato's Timæus*. But these vast accounts arose from the æquivocal term of a *year* among them, which sometimes they made *Solar*, sometimes of *Four*, sometimes of *Three*, nay, *Two*, or *One month*. *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin. c.* 7. *Plin. l.* 7. *c.* 11. *Macrob.* in *Somn. Scipion. &c.*

4. A Spanish Coyn, one of the least that is.

The 34. Chapter of the Prophet *Isaiah.*

1.

1 AWake, and with attention hear,
Thou *drowsie World*, for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from *God*, I, his *loud Prophet*, tell.
Bid both the *Poles* suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its voyce.
Be still thou *Sea*, be still thou *Air* and *Earth*,
2 Still, as old *Chaos*, before *Motions* birth,
A dreadful *Host* of *Judgments* is gone out;
In strength and number more
Then e're was rais'd by God before,
To scourge the *Rebel World*, and march it round about.

2.

[1] I see the *Sword* of *God* brandisht above;
And from it streams a dismal ray;
2 I see the *Scabbard* cast away.
How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!
How will it *sweat* and *reek* in *blood*!
3 How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be *o'regorged* with his food!
And devour all the mighty *Feast*!
Nothing soon but *Bones* will rest.
God does a solemn *Sacrifice* prepare;
4 But not of Oxen, nor of Rams,
Not of Kids, nor of their Dams,
Not of Heifers, nor of Lams.
The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims* are,
Since wicked *Mens* more guilty blood to spare,
The *Beasts* so long have sacrificed bin,
Since Men their *Birth-right* forfeit still by *Sin*,
5 'Tis fit at last *Beasts* their *Revenge* should have,
And *Sacrificed* Men their better *Brethren* save.

3.

So will they fall, so will they flee;
Such will the *Creatures* wild distraction be,
When at the final Doom,
Nature and *Time* shall both be *Slain*,
Shall struggle with *Deaths pangs* in vain,
And the whole *world* their *Funeral Pile* become.
The wide-stretcht *Scrowl* of *Heaven*, which we
1 Immortal as the *Deity* think,
2 With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it
With such deep *Sense* by *Gods* own *Hand* were writ,
Whose *Eloquence* though we *understand* not, we admire,
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
3 Like *Parchment* in a fire.
4 Th'exhausted *Sun* to th'*Moon* no more shall lend;
But truly then headlong into the *Sea* descend.
The glittering *Host*, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,

Like fearful *Troops* in some strong *Ambush* ta'ne,
5 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slaine,
6 Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,
With such a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree* and *all.*

4.

And Thou, O cursed *Land*,
Which wilt not see the *Præcipice* where thou dost stand,
Though thou standst just upon the brink;
Thou of this poysoned *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* shalt drink.
Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* shall so
With humane blood oreflow;
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corps away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the *Beasts* and *Birds* to give the *Fish* their prey.
The rotting corps shall so infect the aire;
Beget such *Plagues*, and putrid *Venomes* there,
That by thine own *Dead* shall be slain,
All thy few *Living* that remain.
1 As one who buys, *Surveys* a ground,
So the *Destroying Angel measures* it around.
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any *Nook* or *Corner* he should miss.
He walks about the perishing *Nation*,
Ruine behind him stalks and empty *Desolation.*

5.

1 Then shall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*
Be choakt with *Brambles* and oregrown with *grass.*
The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* shall rowl,
And in thy lower rooms the *Wolves* shall howl,
2 And thy gilt Chambers lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*,
And all the wing'd *Ill-Omens* of the aire,
Though no *new-Ills* can be *fore-boded* there.
The *Lyon* then shall to the *Leopard* say,
[3] *Brother Leopard* come away;
Behold a Land which God has giv'en us in prey!
Behold a Land from whence we see
Mankind expulst, *His* and *Our* common *Enemie*!
The *Brother Leopard* shakes himself, and does not stay.

6.

2 The glutted *Vulturs* shall expect in vain
New *Armies* to be slain.
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed *Quarters*, and be gone.
3 Th'unburied *Ghosts* shall sadly moan,
The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan.
The *Evil Spirits* that delight
To dance and revel in the *Mask* of *Night*,
The *Moon* and *Stars*, their sole *Spectators* shall affright.
And if of lost *Mankind*
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any *Reliques* but remain,
They in the *Dens* shall lurk, *Beasts* in the *Palaces* shall raign.

NOTES.

1.

[1.] *COme near ye Nations to hear, and hearken ye people, let the Earth hear*, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. 2. For the Indignation of the Lord is upon all Nations, and his fury upon all their Armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter.*

Isa. chap. 34. ver. 1.

* Terra & plenitudo ejus.

The manner of the *Prophets* writing, especially of *Isaiah*, seems to me very like that of *Pindar*; they pass from one thing to another with almost *Invisible connexions*, and are full of words and expressions of the highest and boldest flights of *Poetry*, as may be seen in this Chapter, where there are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatsoever; and the connexion is so difficult, that I am forced to adde a little, and leave out a great deal to make it seem *Sense* to us, who are not used to that elevated way of expression. The *Commentators* differ, and some would have it to be a *Prediction* of the destruction of *Judæa*, as *Hugo*, *Lyran*, and others; the rest understand it as a *Prophesie* of the Day of *Judgment*. The design of it to me seems to be this, first to denounce great desolations and ruines to *all Countrys*, and then to do it more particularly to *Judæa*, as which was to suffer a greater measure of them than the rest of the world; as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun; and to illustrate these confusions by the similitude of them to those of the last Day, though in the Text there be no Transition from the *subject* to the *similitude*; for the old fashion of writing, was like *Disputing* in *Enthymemes*, where half is left out to be supplyed by the Hearer: ours is like *Syllogisms*, where all that is meant is exprest.

2. For as soon as *Motion* began, it ceased to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confusion*, but *Natural Motion* is *regular*: I think I have read it somewhere called ἀκίνητον χάος. The Scripture says, *And darkness was upon the face of*

the Earth, and the spirit of God moved upon the waters. So that the first *Motion*, was that of the *Spirit* of *God* upon *Chaos*, to which succeeded the *Motion* in *Chaos*. *And God said* (that is, the *motion* of the Spirit of God, for it is a Procession of his *will* to an outward *Effect*) *let there be light, and there was light* (that is, the first *Motion* of *Chaos*.)

2.

[1.] *For my sword* shall be bathed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse to Judgment.* Ver. 5. 6. *The sword of God is filled with blood, *it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the fat of the Kidneys of Rams; for the Lord has a Sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the Land of Idumæa.* * Quoniam inebriatus est in cœlo gladius meus, & sup. populum interfectiones meæ ad judicium— * Incrassatus est adipe.

I have left out the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Verses; in which, where the Prophet says *Unicorns* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a *Metaphor* only of Great *Tyrants*, and men of the mightiest power; the *Horn* signifying that in Hebrew, and other Languages too; as Horace,

Addet cornua pauperi, &c.

And the year of recompences for the controversie of *Sion*, *Annus retributionis judicii Sion*. This makes *Vatabl. Montan. Sanchez*, and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgement which God shall exercise against the *Idumæans* in revenge of *Sion*; but I take it rather to be, This is the year when *Sion* shall be *judged* for her *judgment*; that is, for the condemnation and execution of her *Messias*, who likewise foretels the same things as *Isaiah*, concerning the destruction of *Jerusalem*, and even in the same manner, part of the threatnings seeming to belong particularly to *Jerusalem*, and part being only applicable to the Day of *Judgment*. Observe this remarkable conformity in the 24. of *Matthew*.

2. As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled; in which sense it was said, as I take it, to the great *Duke* of *Guise*, that he who draws his sword against his *Prince*, should fling away the *Scabbard*.

3. For the Text says, it is *made drunk with bloud*, and *made fat with flesh*. Like the rich *Glutton* in the Gospel, who is described to be cloath'd with *Purple*.

4. The Text seems to say quite contrary to this, *It shall be made fat with fatness, and with the bloud of Lambs and Goats, and kidneys of Rams*, &c. But the names of *Beasts* in that place must necessarily be understood, as put for *Men*; all sorts of Men. *Cornel. à Lap.* says, that by *Lambs* are signified the *Common People*; by *Goats*, the *Captains* and *Princes*; by *Rams*, the *Magistrates*. But these two last interpretations of *Goats* and *Rams*, seem very slight and forced; the meaning is, that all sorts of men shall be sacrificed to Gods justice, as Lambs, Goats, and Rams were wont to be. It may be askt, why *Idumæa* and *Bozra* (the *Metropolis* of it) are here particularly mentioned? Is it not with allusion to the Names? for *Idumæa* (or *Edom*) signifies *Red*, a Countrey that shall be *red* with bloodshed; and *Bozra* signifies a *Strong fortified Place*. So that in the *Psalm* 108. *v.* 10. where we read, *Who will bring me into the strong City?* the Hebrew is, *Who will bring me into Bozra?* From which word too by a Metathesis of the Letters, some derive *Byrsa*, the strong *Castle* of *Carthage*, which was founded by the *Phœnicians*, and therefore it is more likely the Castle should have a *Phœnician* (which Language is said to have been little different from the *Hebrew*) than a *Grecian name*, to wit, from Βύρσα, an *Hide*, because *Dido* is reported to have bought of *Iarbas* as much

ground as could be compast with an *Oxes hide*, which cut into very narrow thongs, took up the whole space where she built the *Castle*. Virg.

Mercatiq; solum facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quanto possent circumdare tergo.

Wherefore under the name of *Bozra*, the Prophet threatens all strong Places, and more especially of *Judæa*, which God will make an *Edom*, or *red*, or *bloody Countrey*.

5. Though *Beasts* were first *created* in time, yet because *Man* was first and chiefly designed, and they only in order to him, the right of *Primogeniture* belongs to him; and therefore all Beasts at first obeyed and feared him. We need not be angry, or ashamed to have them called our *Brethren*; for they are literally so, having the same *Creator* or *Father*; and the *Scripture* gives us a much worse *kindred*; *I have said to Corruption, thou art my Father*; *and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister*, Job 17. v. 14.

3.

Verse 4. *And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, * and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all their Host shall fall down as the leaf falleth from the vine, and as a falling fig from the Fig-tree.*

* Et complicabuntur sicut Liber cœli, &c. D. *Thomas Hug.* and divers others, interpret this to be an *Hyperbolical* expression of the calamities of those times; which shall be so great, that men shall think the world at an end, and shall be so distracted, that the heavens shall seem to be rolled together, and the stars to fall. But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real description of the end of the world, but by way of a *Similitude*, to illustrate the confusions that are foretold.

1. The vulgar opinion, and that of *Aristotle*, and most *Philosophers*, has always been, that the Heavens are *Immutable* and *Incorruptible*, nay, even *Immaterial*; in which, though experience it self of visible *Mutations* in them (as the production and extinction two years after of the *New-star* in *Cassiopeâ*, 1572.) might sufficiently by natural reason convince them, yet some men are so given up even to the most *reprobate senses* of *Aristotle*, that not so much as the *Divine Authority* can draw them from it; as in this point *Suarez*, and many others, are so far from the opinion of the *Heavens* being now *Corruptible* and *Mutable*, that they will allow them to be changed only *Accidentally* (as they call it) and not *Substantially* at the last Day. Of which *Maldon.* upon S. *Matth.* says well, That he had rather believe *Christ* who affirms it, than *Aristotle* who denies it.

2. The *Stars* may well be termed *Characters* or *Letters*, where the *Heavens* are called a *Scroul*, or *Book*, in which *perhaps Mens fortunes*, *Gods Glory is certainly* written; and in this sense the *Psalmist* speaks, *The heavens shall declare his righteousness*. *Origen* cites a Book of great authority in his days, called *Narratio Joseph*, in which *Jacob* says to his Sons, *Legi in tabulis cœli quæcunq; contingent vobis & filiis vestris*.

3. The Text is rolled up like a *Scroul*, or rather Book; for the ancient Books were not like ours, divided into leaves; but made of sheets, of skins, or parchment, and rolled upon a *cilinder*, after the fashion of our *Maps*. So that when they had read them, they rolled them up again, as *God* will the *Heavens*, when he has done with them. But I thought that this comparison of *Parchment* that shrivels up in the Fire does more represent the violence of their destruction, which is to be by burning.

4. He supplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that shine by reflection from him, but then shall want light for himself. *In those days the Sun shall be darkened*,

and the Moon shall not give her light. Mat. 24. Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphasis*; even *her own little Light*: for I believe the *Moon* and *Stars* not to be totally opaque and dark bodies.

Truly, is *Emphatical*; for according to the Fables, whensoever he sets, he descends into the Sea, but now he really does so; that is, he will be mingled with the *Sea* and *Earth*, and all other things that must then be dissolved: And the Heathens had both this opinion of the end of the world, and fell almost into the same expressions. As *Lucan.*

Mistis Sidera sideribus concurrent, Ignea pontum
Astra petent—

St. *Matthew* and *Mark*, *And the stars of heaven shall fall*; and here, *Their host shall fall down &c.* Sen. ad Marc. *Sidera sideribus incurrent, & omni flagrante materiâ, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex disposito lucet, ardebit.* And one might cast up a pedantical heap of authorities to the same purpose.

5. It is, I hope, needless to admonish any tolerable *Reader*, that it was not negligence or ignorance of *Number*, that produced this *Stumbling Verse*, no more than the other before, *And truly then headlong into the Sea descend.* And several others in my book of the like kind.

6. That of the *wind* is added to the Text here, but taken out of another just like it in the *Revelations*, *Chap.* 6. *v.* 13. *And the Stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind.* And there follows too the similitude of the *Scroll.*

4.

1. Verse 11. *And he shall stretch out upon it the Line of confusion, and the stones of Emptiness.* The Latine very differently, *Et extendetur super eam mensura, ut redigatur ad nihil, & perpendiculum in desolationem.* The *Metaphor* is, that as a *Carpenter* draws a *Line* to mark exactly the space that he is to *build*, so *God* does here, to mark that which he is to *destroy.*

Our *Translation* follows *Vatabl. Extendet super eam regulam inanitatis, & lapides vacuitatis.* Which *stones* of *Emptiness* may have two interpretations, either making the *Stones*, *Termini*, that is *Bound-stones* of *Desolation*, as if he should say, This is the Land of *Desolation*, and I have set these *bounds* and *limits* to circumscribe it. Or else he says, the *Stones* of *Emptiness*, as an effect of *Desolation*; for when a ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows *stony.* According to the vulgar Latine Translation it is very like another Text of *Isaiah*, Ch. 28. v. 17. *Judgment also will I lay to the Line, and righteousness to the Plummet.* Which is no more in plain language, than, I will be exact in *Judgment* and *Righteousness.* There is a much harder Text with the same *Metaphor* in 2 *Sam.* Ch. 8. Verse 2. *And he smote Moab, and measured them with a Line, casting them down to the ground, even with two lines measured he to put to Death, and with one full Line to keep alive; And so the Moabites became Davids servants, and brought gifts*, Which some interpret, that he put two parts of them to the Sword, and saved the third, who became his servants. And that he did this, not by a just account, or polling of them (for the number was too great) but by measuring out the Land into three parts, and destroying two of them, 2 King. 21. 13. *I will stretch over Jerusalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummet of the House of Ahab, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping and turning it upside down.* The Latine, *Pondus domus Achab*: and instead of a dish, uses a more noble *Metaphor* of a *Table-book. Delebo Jerusalem sicut deleri solent Tabulæ, & delens vertam, & ducam crebriùs stilum super faciem ejus.*

5.

1. Verse 11. *The Cormorant and the Bittern shall possess it, the Owl and the Raven shall dwell in it.* V. [13.] *And thorns shall come up in her Palaces, and Brambles in the Fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls.*

Et possidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericius, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in eâ, *V.* 13. Et orientur in domibus ejus spinæ & urticæ, & paliurus in munitionibus ejus, & erit cubile Draconum & pascua Struthionum. The *Cormorant* is called *Onocrotalus*, from Ὄνος an *Ass*, and κρόταλος, Noise: because it makes a noise like the braying of an Ass. I know not whether we are in the right, who translate it a *Bittern*, or the Latin, which calls it *Ericius*, an *Hedge-Hog*. *Ericius* among the Classick Authors, signifies an Instrument of War, made with iron Pikes, like Palissadoes sticking out of it. Some think a *Percullis*, from the similitude of which, *Echinus* was in the time of corrupted Latine, called *Ericius*. *Ibis* is a Bird like a Stork most known in *Egypt*, and worshipt there, because it kills multitudes of *Serpents*, which would else infest the Countrey. We erroneously translate it *Owl*, for mention of *Owls* is made afterwards. I do not use the same names of Beasts and Birds exactly which the Prophet does: nor is that material; for the meaning only is, that the Land shall be possest by *Beasts* instead of *Men*.

2. Of *Birds* from which the Ancients took *Auguries*: Some were called *Oscines*, from whose *voyces* they drew their Divinations, and other *Præpetes*, from their manner of *flight*, Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls, and such like, were counted inauspicious Birds; and others (as Vultures) in some cases portended good, and in others evil.

3. Though the *Lyon* might call any *Beast Brother*, yet it may more properly the *Leopard*; for the *Leopard* is begot of a *Lyoness*, and a he-*Panther*, which is called *Pardus*.

6.

Verse 14. *The wild beasts of the Desart shall also meet with the wild beasts of the Islands, and the Satyre shall cry to his fellow, the Skrich-Owl shall also rest there, and find for her self a place of rest.* V. 15. *There shall the great Owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow; There shall the Vultures also be gathered every one with her Mate. V.* 14. Et occurrent Dæmonia Onocentauris, & Pilosus clamabit alter ad alterum; Ibi cubavit *Lamia*, & invenit sibi requiem. V. 15. Ibi habuit foveam *Ericius*, & enutrivit catulos, & circumfodit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus; illuc congregati sunt Milvi, alter ad alterum.

Here is a great difference between the two *Translations*; and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly understood the *Hebrew*, neither in this nor many other places. From whence they give the fabulous *Greek* names, as those of *Satyrs*, *Lamiæ*, *Onocentaurs*, *Unicorns*, *Dragons*, *Orion*, *Pleiades*, and the like, to several *Hebrew* words, whose true signification was lost; which is no wonder, for even in the *Greek* and *Latin* we have much ado to translate all the names of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, and Herbs, *&c.* and I am afraid we are often mistaken in them. So the Septuag. in *Job* 42. v. 14. translate the name of *Jobs* third Daughter, *The Horn of Amalthæa*, alluding to a *Græcian* fable born long after *Jobs* time. Κέρας Ἀμαλθείας, which the Latin *Cornu stibii* the *Horn* of *Antimony*, perhaps because *Antimony* is accounted by some the Mother of Metals. We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the signification, but the word of the *Hebrew*. It seems by the *Greek*, that *Jobs* three Daughters names signified *Sweetness*; *Light*, or *Beauty*;

Plenty, or *Fruitfulness*. So in the 15 of *Judith* it is translated; *Nec filii Titan percusserunt eum*: when the meaning is, They were not the Sons of *Gyants* that slew him, but, *&c. Not great strong men*, but a weak *woman*.

2. The Latin says *Milvi*: which Translation is best I know not, nor does it import. The *Vultures* from their devouring of dead Bodies, were called τάφοι ἔμψυχοι, *Living Tombs*. They are said to assemble themselves together by a natural *Divinatory Instinct* in the places where any great slaughters are to be made; which *Tradition* arises, because they use to follow *Armies*; not as foreseeing the day of Battel, but because even in the marches of Armies there are always a great many men, horses, and other beasts, that fall here and there by the way. *Job* has the like description of the *Eagle*, Ch. 39. v. 30. *And where the slain are, there is she.*

3. The *English* mentions only *Satyrs*, the Latin besides that (for *Pilosi*, are the same) *Dæmonia*, and *Lamiæ*, *Hobgoblings*. The Hebrew is said to signifie *Nocturnum spectrum*, An appearance of something in the Night. From whence the Chald. Transl. it, An *Owl*, the English a *Skrich-Owl*. Whether there be any such creatures in Nature as *Satyrs*, &c. I will not determine. S. *Antony* seeking S. *Paul* the *Hermite* is reported by *Athanasius* to have met with a *Monster* half *Man*, and *Beast*, which he drove away with the sign of the *Cross*; and S. *Hierom* in the Life of the *Hermite*, says that such a kind of *Monster* was in his time brought to *Alexandria*. *Pliny* testifies, that he himself saw an *Hippocentaur*, the body of which was preserved in honey, and brought to *Claud. Cæsar*; but I am sorry he does not describe the form of it, *Lib.* 7. *Cap.* 3.

The Plagues of Egypt.

1.

IS this thy *Brav'ery Man*, is this thy *Pride*?
Rebel to *God*, and *Slave* to all beside!
Captiv'ed by everything! and onely *Free*
To fly from thine *own Libertie*!
All *Creatures* the *Creator* said *Were Thine*;
No *Creature* but might since, say, *Man is Mine*!
In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lie;
And sweat and toil in the vile Drudgerie
Of *Tyrant Sin*;
To which we *Trophees* raise, and wear out all our Breath,
In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*;
We, the *choice Race*, to *God* and *Angels Kin*!
In vain the *Prophets* and *Apostles* come
To call us home,

Home to the promis'ed *Canaan* above,
Which does with nourishing *Milk*, and pleasant *Honey* flow;
And ev'en i'th'way to which we should be fed
With *Angels tasteful Bread*:
But, we, alas, the *Flesh-pots* love,
We love the very *Leeks* and sordid *roots* below.

2.

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and *Wonders* see;
In vain did *God* to descend hither dain,
He was his *own Ambassador* in vain,
Our *Moses* and our *Guid* himself to be.
We will not let *our selves* to go,
And with worse hardned hearts do our *own Pharaohs* grow;
Ah, lest at last we perish so!
Think, stubborn Man, think of th'*Egyptian Prince*,
(Hard of *Belief* and *Will*, but not so hard as Thou)
Think with what dreadful proofs *God* did convince
The feeble arguments that humane pow'er could show;
Think what Plagues attend on Thee,
Who *Moses God* dost now refuse, more oft then *Moses He*.

3.

If from some *God* you come (said the proud *King*)
1 With half a smile and half a Frown;
2 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown?)
3 What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you bring?
Behold his *Seal*, behold his *Hand*,
Cryes *Moses*, and casts down th'*Almighty Wand*.
4 Th'*Almighty Wand* scarce toucht the Earth,
When with an undiscerned birth
Th'Almighty Wand a *Serpent* grew
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew.
Upwards his threatning *Tail* he threw;
Upwards he cast his threatning *Head*,
He gap'ed and hist aloud;
With flaming Eyes survey'd the trembling croud,
And like a *Basilisk* almost *lookt* the Assembly dead;
5 Swift fled th'*Amazed King*, the *Guards before* him fled.

4.

1 *Jannes* and *Jambres* stopt their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th'affright.
The *God* of *Slaves* (said they) how can he be
More powerful then their *Masters Deitie*?
And down they cast their *Rods*,
2 And mutter'ed secret sounds that charm the *servile Gods*.
The evil Spirits their charms obey,
And in a subtle cloud they snatch the *Rods* away,
3 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Juglers* lay.
Serpents in *Egypts* monstrous land,
Were ready still at hand,
And all at the *Old Serpents* first command.
And they too gap'ed, and they too hist,
And they their threatning Tails did twist,
But strait on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew;
Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it slew,
And both almost at once devour'ed,
So much was over-power'ed
By *Gods* miraculous *Creation*
His *Servants Natures* slightly-wrought, and feeble *Generation*.

5.

1 On the fame'd bank the *Prophets* stood,
Toucht with their *Rod*, and *wounded* all the *Flood*;
Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.
The helpless *Fish* were found
In their strange *Current* drownd,
The Herbs and Trees washt by the *mortal Tide*
About it *blusht* and *dyed*.
Th'amazed *Crocodiles* made haste to ground;
From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
Thought it their *Own*, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
2 Nor all thy *Priests*, nor *Thou*
Oh *King*, couldst ever show
From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his course;
Of this *new Nile* thou seest the sacred *Sourse*;
And as thy Land *that* does oreflow,
Take heed lest *this* do so.
3 What *Plague* more just could on thy *Waters* fall?

The *Hebrew Infants Murder* stains them all.
The kind, *instructing Punishment* enjoy;
Whom the *Red River* cannot *Mend*, the *Red-sea* shall *Destroy*.

6.

The *River* yet gave one *Instruction* more,
And from the rotting Fish and unconcocted Gore,
Which was but *Water* just before,
A loathsome *Host* was quickly made,
That scale'd the *Banks*, & with loud noise did all the *Country* invade.
As *Nilus* when he quits his sacred *Bed*
(But like a *Friend* he visits all the Land
With welcome *presents* in his hand)
So did this *Living Tide* the Fields orespread.
In vain th'alarmed Countrey tries
To kill their noisome Enemies,
From th'unexhausted *Sourse* still new *Recruits* arise.
Nor does the *Earth* these greedy *Troops* suffice,
The *Towns* and *Houses* they possess,
The *Temples* and the *Palaces*,
Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unsatiate yet they mount up higher,
Where never *Sun-born Frog* durst to aspire;
And in the silken *Beds* their slimy Members place;
A *Luxurie* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*.

7.

The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce;
But both were to no use.
As yet the *Sorcerers mimick power* serv'ed for excuse.
Try what the *Earth* will do (said God) and, Lo!
They stroke the *Earth* a *fertile* blow.
And all the *Dust* did strait to stir begin;
One would have thought some sudden *Wind* t'had bin;
But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within!
And all the little *Springs* did move,
And every *Dust* did an arm'ed *Vermine* prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither *make* nor *find*.

The wretched shameful *Foe* allow'ed no rest
Either to Man or Beast.
Not *Phar*[*ao*]*h* from th'unquiet Plague could be,
With all his change of Rayments free;
The *Devils* themselves confest
This was *Gods Hand*; and 'twas but just
To punish thus mans pride, to punish *Dust* with *Dust.*

8.

Lo the *third Element* does his Plagues prepare,
And swarming Clouds of *Insects* fill the Air.
With sullen noise they take their flight,
And march in *Bodies* infinite;
In vain 'tis *Day above*, 'tis still *beneath* them *Night.*
1 Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberless,
Compos'ed this mighty *Armies* spacious boast;
Of different *Manners*, different *Languages*;
And different *Habits* too they wore,
And different *Arms* they bore.
And some, like *Scythians*, liv'ed on *Blood*,
And some on *Green*, and some on *Flowry Food*,
2 And *Accaron*, the *Airy Prince*, led on this *various Host.*
Houses secure not Men, the populous ill
Did all the Houses fill.
The Country, all around,
3 Did with the cryes of tortured *Cattel* sound;
About the fields enrag'ed they flew,
And wisht the *Plague* that was t'ensue.

9.

1 From *poysonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came
(The mingled *Malice* of their Flame)
A skilful *Angel* did th'Ingredients take,
And with just hands the sad *Composure* make,
And over all the Land did the full *viol* shake.
Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,
And *pining Pains*, and *Shivering Sweats*,
On all the Cattle, all the Beasts did fall;
With *deform'ed Death* the Countrey's covered all.

The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow*;
The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
Sink, and prevent the *lifted blow.*
The generous *Horse* from the *full Manger* turns his Head;
Does his Lov'ed Floods and Pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill Trumpet and the Horn,
Nor can his lifeless Nostril please,
With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled *Mistresses.*
The starving *Sheep* refuse to feed,
They bleat their innocent Souls out into air;
The faithful *Dogs* lie gasping by them there;
Th'astonisht *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his tuneful *Reed.*

10.

Thus did the *Beasts* for *Mans Rebellion* dy,
God did on *Man* a Gentler *Medicine* try,
And a *Disease* for *Physick* did apply.
Warm ashes from the Furnace *Moses* took;
The *Sorcerers* did with wonder on him look;
And smil'ed at th'unaccustom'ed *Spell*
1 Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell.
He flings the *pregnant Ashes* through the Air,
And speaks a mighty Pray'er,
Both which the *Ministring Winds* around all *Egypt* bear.
As gentle western Blasts with downy wings
Hatching the tender *Springs*
To the'unborn *Buds* with vital whispers say,
Ye *living Buds* why do ye stay?
The passionate *Buds* break through the *Bark* their way:
So wheresoere this *tainted Wind* but blew,
Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew;
It from the body call'ed all *sleeping Poysons* out,
And to them added new;
2 A noysome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did sprout.

11.

Heaven it self is angry next;
Wo to *Man*, when *Heav'en* is vext.
With sullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'ed first in an imperfect sound.

Till *Moses* lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
And all the full-charg'ed *clouds* in ranged *Squadrons* move,
And fill the spacious *Plains* above.
Through which the rowling *Thunder* first does play,
And opens wide the *Tempests* noisy way.
And straight a *stony shower*
Of monstrous *Hail* does downwards pour,
Such as nere *Winter* yet brought forth
From all her stormy *Magazins* of the *North.*
It all the *Beasts* and *Men* abroad did slay,
1 O're the defaced corps, like *Monuments*, lay,
The houses and strong-body'ed Trees it broke,
Nor askt aid from the *Thunders* stroke.
The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,
The *Hail* alone the work could do.
The dismal *Lightnings* all around,
Some flying through the *Air*, some running on the *ground*,
Some swimming o're the *waters* face,
Fill'd with *bright Horror* every place.
One would have thought their *dreadful Day* to have seen,
The very *Hail*, and *Rain* it self had *kindled* been.

12.

1 The Infant *Corn*, which yet did scarce appear,
Escap'ed this general *Massacer*
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-stored *Egyptian year*
Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew.
2 When, Lo ! a *scorching wind* from the burnt Countrys blew,
And endless *Legions* with it drew
3 Of greedy *Locusts*, who where e're
With sounding wings they flew,
Left all the Earth depopulate and bare,
As if *Winter* it self had marcht by there.
What e're the *Sun* and *Nile*
Gave with large Bounty to the thankful soil,
The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
And the whole *Summer* was their Prey,

Till *Moses* with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent Western wind,
Which all these *living clouds* did headlong bear
(No *Stragglers* left behind)
4 Into the *purple Sea*, and there bestow
On the luxurious *Fish* a Feast they ne're did know.
With *untaught joy*, *Pharaoh* the News does hear,
And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *Him*, and *His* so near.

13.

What *blindness* or what *Darkness* did there e're
Like this *undocil King's* appear?
What e're but that which now does represent
And paint the *Crime* out in the *Punishment?*
1 From the deep, baleful Caves of *Hell* below,
Where the old *Mother Night* does grow,
Substantial Night, that does disclaime,
Privation's empty Name,
Through secret conduits monstrous *shapes* arose,
Such as the *Suns* whole force could not oppose,
They with a *Solid Cloud*
All Heavens *Eclypsed Face* did shrowd.
Seem'd with large *Wings* spred o're the Sea and Earth
To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed birth.
2 And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*
Did at the dreadful sight *wink* and *expire*,
To th'*Empyrean Sourse* all *streams* of *Light* seem'd to retire.
The *living Men* were in their *standing*-houses *buried*;
But the *long Night* no *slumber* knows,
But the *short Death* finds no *repose.*
[3] Ten thousand terrors through the darkness fled,
And *Ghosts* complain'd, and *Spirits* murmured.
And *Fancies* multiplying sight
View'd all the *Scenes Invisible* of *Night.*

14.

Of *Gods* dreadful anger these
Were but the first light *Skirmishes*;
The *Shock* and bloody *battel* now begins,
The plenteous *Harvest* of full-ripened Sins.

1 It was the time, when the still *Moon*
Was mounted softly to her *Noon*,
And dewy *sleep*, which from *Nights* secret *springs* arose,
Gently as *Nile* the land oreflows.
2 When (Lo!) from the high Countreys of *refined Day*,
The *Golden Heaven* without *allay*,
Whose *dross* in the *Creation* purg'ed away,
Made up the *Suns* adulterate ray,
3 *Michael*, the warlike *Prince*, does downwards fly
Swift as the journeys of the Sight,
Swift as the race of Light,
And with his *Winged Will* cuts through the yielding sky.
He past throw many a Star, and as he past,
Shone (like a *star* in them) more brightly there,
Then *they* did in their *Sphere*.
On a tall *Pyramids* pointed Head he stopt at last,
And a mild look of sacred *Pity* cast
Down on the sinful Land where he was sent,
T'inflict the *tardy punishment*.
Ah! yet (said He) yet stubborn King repent;
Whilst thus unarm'ed I stand,
Ere the keen *Sword* of God fill my commanded *Hand*;
Suffer but yet *Thy self*, and *Thine* to live;
Who would, alas! believe
That it for *Man* (said He)
So hard to be *Forgiven* should be,
And yet for *God* so easie to *Forgive*!

15.

He spoke, and downwards flew,
And ore his shining *Form* a well-cut *cloud* he threw
Made of the blackest *Fleece* of Night,
And close-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
Yet wrought so *fine* it hindred not his *Flight*.
But through the Key-holes and the chinks of dores,
And through the narrow'est *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
He past more swift and free,
Then in wide air the wanton *Swallows* flee.

1 He took a *pointed Pestilence* in his hand,
The *Spirits* of thousand mortal poysons made
The strongly temper'd *Blade*,
The sharpest *Sword* that e're was laid
Up in the *Magazins* of God to scourge a wicked Land.
Through *Egypts* wicked Land his march he took.
2 And as he marcht the *sacred First-born* strook
Of every womb; none did he spare;
3 None from the meanest *Beast* to *Cenchres purple Heire.*

16.

The swift approach of endless *Night*,
Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rowling Eyes;
They'awake the rest with dying cries,
And *Darkness* doubles the affright.
The mixed sounds of *scatter'd Deaths* they hear,
And lose their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear.*
Louder then all the shrieking *Womens* voice
Pierces this *Chaos* of confused noise.
As brighter *Lightning* cuts a way
Clear, and distinguisht through the *Day.*
1 With less complaints the *Zoan Temples* sound,
2 When the adored *Heifer's* drownd,
And no true markt *Successor* to be found.
Whilst *Health*, and *Strength*, and *Gladness* does possess
The festal *Hebrew Cottages*;
The blest *Destroyer* comes not there
To interrupt the sacred cheare
3 That new begins their well-reformed *Year.*
Upon their doors he read and understood,
Gods Protection writ in Blood;
Well was he skild i'th' *Character Divine*;
And though he past by it in haste,
He bow'd and worshipt as he past,
The mighty *Mysterie* through its *humble Signe.*

17.

The *Sword* strikes now too deep and near,
Longer with it's edge to play;
No Diligence or Cost they spare
To haste the *Hebrews* now away,

Pharaoh himself chides their delay;
So kinde and bountiful is *Fear*!
But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we ow,
Is but like *Fire* struck out of *stone*.
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it scarce out-lives the *Blow*.
Sorrow and fear soon quit the *Tyrants* brest;
Rage and *Revenge* their place possest
With a vast Host of *Chariots* and of *Horse*,
And all his powerful Kingdoms ready force
The *travelling Nation* he pursues;
Ten times orecome, he still th'unequal war renewes.
Fill'd with proud hopes, At least (said he)
Th' *Egyptian Gods* from *Syrian Magick* free
Will now revenge *Themselves* and *Me*;
Behold what passless Rocks on either hand
Like *Prison* walls about them stand!
Whilst the *Sea* bounds their Flight before,
And in our injur'ed *justice* they must find
A far worse stop then *Rocks* and *Seas* behind.
Which shall with crimson gore
New paint the *Waters Name*, and *double dye* the *shore*.

18.

He spoke; and all his Host
Approv'ed with shouts th'*unhappy boast*,
A bidden *wind* bore his vain *words* away,
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring Sea.
No means t'escape the faithless *Travellers* spie,
And with degenerous fear to die,
Curse their new-gotten *Libertie*.
But the great *Guid* well knew he led them right,
And saw a *Path* hid yet from humane sight.
He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
Unloose their close *Embraces*, and divide;
And backwards press, as in some solemn show
The crowding *People* do
(Though just before no space was seen)
To let the admired *Triumph* pass between.

The *wondring Army* saw on either hand
The no less *wondring Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Crystal* stand.
They marcht betwixt, and boldly trod
The *secret paths* of God.
And here and there all scatter'd in their way
The Seas old spoils, and gaping *Fishes* lay
Deserted on the sandy plain,
The *Sun* did with astonishment behold
The inmost *Chambers* of the opened *Main*,
For whatsoere of old
By his *own Priests* the *Poets* has been said,
He never sunk till then into the *Oceans Bed.*

19.

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
To th'other shore at Morning Dawn they came,
And saw behind th'unguided Foe
March disorderly and slow.
The *Prophet* straight from th'*Idumæan* strand
Shakes his *Imperious Wand.*
The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
The beckning *Wand* espie.
Straight their first right-hand *files* begin to move,
And with a murmuring wind
Give the word *March* to all behind.
The left-hand *Squadrons* no less ready prove,
But with a joyful louder noise
Answer their distant fellows voice,
And haste to meet them make,
As several *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take.
What tongue th'amazement and th'affright can tell
1 Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,
When on both sides they saw the roaring Main
Broke loose from his *Invisible Chain*?
They saw the *monstrous Death* and *watry War*
Come rowling down loud Ruine from afar.
In vain some backward, and some forwards fly
With helpless haste; in vain they cry
2 To their *Cœlestial Beasts* for aid;
In vain their guilty *King* they'upbraid,

In vain on *Moses he*, and *Moses God* does call,
With a *Repentance true too late*;
They're compast round with a *devouring Fate*
That draws, like a strong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon them All.

NOTES.

3.

1. LIke that of *Virgil*,

Subridens mistâ Mezentius irâ.

And *Mezentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his contempt of the Deity, *Contemptorq; Deûm Mezentius*. Exod. 5. 2. *And (Pharaoh) answered, Who is the Lord, that I should hear his voice, and let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.*

2. For no Nation under the Sun worshipt so many Gods as *Egypt*; so that probably *Pharaoh* would have known the name of any God but the true one, *Jehovah*.

3. That *Pharaoh* askt a sign, appears by *Exod.* 7. 9. *And when Pharaoh shall say to you, Shew me a sign, &c.*

4. *Almighty*, as it was the *Instrument* of the *Almighty* in doing wonders; for which it is called the *Rod* of the *Lord*, as well as of *Moses* and *Aaron*; and in this sense *Fortune* is rightly called by *Virgil Omnipotens*.

5. We may well suppose that the *King* and his *Guards* fled for fear at the sight, since *Moses* himself did so at first, *Exod.* 4. 2. *And it was turned into a Serpent, so that Moses fled from it.*

4.

1. So the *Apostle* calls the chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, 2 Tim. 3. 8. but S. *Hieron.* translates their names *Johannes* and *Mambres*; and they say there is a Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Juhani* and *Mamre*, chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, said to *Moses*, Thou bringest straw into *Æpraim*, which was where abundance of Corn grew; as if they should have said, to bring your Magical Arts hither, is to as much purpose, as to bring water to *Nilus*. *Jannes* was famous even among Heathen Authors. *Plin. lib.* 3. *c.* 1. *Est & alia Magices factio, à Mose, & Janne & Jotape Judæis pendens.* And *Numenius* the *Pythagorean* names him in *Euseb. l.* 9. *Præparat. Evang.* They here are called by several names, in several Translations, by the Septuag. Φαρμακοὶ, *Venefici*, *Poisoners*, and Ἐπαοιδοὶ, *Incantatores*, *Inchanters*; by *Sulpitius Severus*, *Chaldæans*, that is, *Astrologers*; by others, *Sapientes & Malefici*, *Wisemen* (that is, Men esteemed so among the *Egyptians*) *Philosophers* and *Witches*.

2. *Fecerunt etiam ipsi per incantationes Ægyptiacas & arcana quædam similiter.* Their Gods may well be called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we find them *threatned* by the *Conjurers*, and forced whether they will or no, by the power of Spells, to do what they are commanded. *Tiresias* in the 4 *Theb.* because they did not obey him at first word, speaks to them like a Schoolmaster, with a rod in his hand,

——Et nobis sævire facultas.
——An Scythicis quoties armata venenis

Colchis aget trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,
Nostri cura minor? &c.

And *Lucan* says of *Erichtho*,

Omne nefas superi primâ jam voce precantis
Concedunt, carménq; timent audire secundum.

And the *Witches* used alwaies some obscure murmurings in their charms. So of *Erichtho*,

Tum vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum
Dissona, & humanæ multùm discordia Linguæ.

3. There are four opinions concerning this action of the *Magicians*; the first, that their Rods *appeared Serpents* by an *Illusion* of the sight. This was *Josephus* his opinion; for he says, Βακτηρίαι οἱ δράκοντες ἐδόκουν; and *Tertullian*, *Hierom*, *Gregory Nyssen*, are cited for it too. *Sedulius in lib.* 4. *Carm.*

——*Sed imagine falsâ*
Visibus humanis magicas tribuere figuras.

This I like not, by no means; for if the *appearance* of the *Serpents* was an Illusion, so was the *devouring* of them too by *Moses* his Serpent. Therefore the second opinion to salve this difficulty, says, that the Devil for the Magicians, did really on the sudden make up some bodies that looked like *true Serpents*, but were not so, and those bodies were *truly devoured* by *Moses* his *true Serpent*. But it does not fully answer the objection; and besides by this *Deceipt*, they might as well have imitated the other miracles. The third is *Thom. Aquinas*, and *Cajetans*, and *Delrios*, and divers others, That they were *true Serpents*, not *Created* in an instant by the *Devil* (for that is granted by all to exceed his power) but *Generated* in a moment of Time by application of all things required to the generation of *Serpents*, which is *Spontaneous* sometimes. The fourth is of *Pererius*, *Abulensis*, and many more, that the Devil snatcht away the *Rods*, and had *true Serpents* there in readiness to put in their place, and this agrees better with the swiftness of the action, for which, and some other reasons, I follow it.

5.

1. The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the most famous *River* in the world, whether we consider the greatness and length of it (for it runs about 900 German miles) or the things that it produces, or the miraculous flowing and ebbing of it. It is therefore called absolutely in the Scripture, *Machal Misraim*, *The River of Egypt*. From whence the word *Nile* is not unnaturally derived *Nahal*, *Naal*, *Neel*, *Neil*; as *Bahal*, *Baal*, *Beel*, *Bel*, Βῆλος: and *Pompon. Mela* reports, *l.* 5. *c.* 10. That the fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Ethiopians*. Now whereas God says to *Moses*, *Go to Pharaoh in the morning, when he shall go forth to the Water:* I believe, as the *Persians* worshipt every morning the rising *Sun*, so the *Egyptians* did *Nile*; and that this going forth of the *King* to the *River*, was a constant act of *Devotion*, *Theodoret.* μέγα ἐφρόνουν ἐπὶ τῷ ποταμῷ καὶ τὸν θεὸν τοῦτον ἐνόμιζον. Nay I doubt whether *Osyris* (their great Deity) be not worshipped for *Nilus*. *Seld. de Diis Syris.*

2. The Fountain of *Nilus* is now known to be in the mountains called *Lunæ montes*, and one of the Titles of *Prester John* is, *King of Goyome, where Nile begins*; but the Ancients were totally ignorant of it, insomuch that this was reckoned among the famous proprieties of *Nilus*, that it concealed its

Spring, *Fontium qui celat origines*; of which see *Lucan* in the 10. Book; where, among other things, he says most admirably of *Nilus*,

——*Ubicunq*; *videris*,
Quæreris, *& nulli contingit gloria genti*
Ut Nilo sit læta suo.

3. *Theodoret* upon *Exodus*, says thus of this change of *Nilus*, μεταβληθεὶς εἰς τὸ αἷμα τῆς γεγενημένης κατηγορεῖ παιδοκτονίας. Being changed into *Blood*, it accused the Egyptians of the *Infants Murder*; and the Book of *Wisdom* in Chap. 11. makes the same observation.

6.

1. *Computruit fluvius*; and before the Septuag. ὑποζώσει ὁ ποταμὸς where the vulgar Edition says, *Computrescent aquæ*; that is, *fervebit*, *vel effervescet fluvius*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts, *Boils* and burns as it were in the Veins: when the water had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it produced a great number of *Frogs*; but the wonder consists in that the number was so infinite, in that it was so suddenly produced upon the action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their nature, they came to molest the Egyptians in their very houses. The like judgment with this we find in profane Histories, and to be attributed to the same hand of God, though the *Rod* was *Invisible*. *Athenæus* in his 8. Book, Ch. 2. reports, that in *Pæonia* and *Dardanium* (now called *Bulgary*) there rained down so many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is, perhaps they were suddenly produced after great showers) that they filled all the publick ways, and even private houses, that their domestical furniture was covered with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boiled their meat; and that what with the trouble of the *Living*, and the smell of the *Dead ones*, they were forced at last to forsake their Country. And *Pliny* reports in his 8. B. Ch. 29. That a whole *City* in *Gallia* hath been driven away *by Frogs*, and another in *Afrique by Locusts*; and many examples of this kind might be collected.

2. *Sen. l.* 4. *Quæst. Natur. c.* 11 *Nilus* brings both *Water* and *Earth* too to the thirsty and sandy soil; for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the clefts of the parched ground, and covers the dry places with the fatness which he brought with him, so that he does good to the Country two ways, both by *overflowing* and by *manuring* it. So that *Herod.* calls it Ἐργατικὸν, The *Husbandman*. Tibul. *Te propter nullos* Tellus *tua postulat imbres*, Arida *nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi*; for which reason *Lucan* says, that *Egypt* hath no need of *Jupiter*,

——*Nihil indiga mercis*
Aut Jovis, *in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.*

And one in *Athenæus* bolder, yet calls *Nilus* excellently well, Αἰγύπτιε Ζεῦ Νεῖλε. *O Nilus thou Egyptian Jupiter*: nay, it was termed by the *Egyptians* themselves, Ἀντίμιμος τοῦ οὐρανοῦ. *The River that emulates and contends with Heaven.*

7.

1. What kind of *Creature* this was, no man can tell certainly. The Sept. translate it both here, and in the *Psalm* 105. Σκνῖπες. And so *Philo*, and the vulgar edition retains the word, *Sciniphes*, *Ciniphes*, or *Kniphes*, seem to come from the word, κνίζειν, which signifies to *Prick*, and they were a kind of *Gnat*: and *Pliny* renders them *Culices muliones*, and sometimes simply *Culices*; as likewise *Columella*. *Dioscorid. cap.* 112. terms them, θηρία κωνωποειδῆ. And *Hesych.* Κνὶψ ζῶον πτηνὸν, ὅμοιον κώνωπι. So *Isidor. l.* 12.

Origin. and *Oros.* 7, 8. and so *Origen.* Yet *Junius* and *Tremel.* and the *French* and the *English*, and divers other Translations, render it by *Lice*, and *Lice* too might have *wings*; for *Diod. Sicul. l.* 3. *c.* 3. speaking of the *Acridophagi*, or eaters of *Locusts*, says, that when they grow old, their bodies breed a kind of *winged Lice*, by which they are devoured. It seems to me most probable, that it was some new kind of Creature, called analogically by an old known name, which is *Pererius* his conjecture, and is approved by *Rivet*: And this I take to be the reason why the *Magicians* could not counterfeit this *miracle*, as it was easie for them to do those of the *Serpents*, the *Blood*, and the *Frogs*, which were things to be had every where. This I think may pass for a more probable cause than the pleasant fancy of the *Hebrews*, who say, that the *Devils* power is bounded to the producing of no Creature less than a *grain of Barley*, or than S. *Augustines* allegorical reason, and *too poetical* even for *Poetry*, who affirms, that the Magicians failed in the *third Plague*, to shew the defect of humane *Philosophy*, when it comes to the mystery of the *Trinity*; but such pitiful *allusions* do more hurt than good in *Divinity*.

8.

1. A grievous *Swarm of Flies*—So our *English Translation*; St. *Hier. Omne genus muscarum.* All *sorts of Flies.* The Septuag. Κυνόμυιαν, *Canina Musca*, a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog-Fly*, from his biting. If it be not to be read Κυνόμυιαν, which may signifie *Aquila's*, Πάμμυιαν. Some translate this place, *A mixture of Beasts.* The French, *une meslée de bestes.* Jun. and Tremel. *Colluviem*: and it should seem that *Josephus* understood it of several sorts of *wild Beasts* that infested the Country. For he says, θηρίων παντοίων καὶ πολυτρόπων: and *Pagninus*, *Omne genus ferarum*; which is not very probable, for the punishments yet were rather troublesome than mortal, and even this punishment of infinite numbers of *small Tormentors*, is so great a one, that God calls them *his Army*, Joel, 2. 25. nay, his *Great Army*, *The Locust, the Canker-worm, and the Caterpillar, and the Palmer-worm, my great Army, which I sent among you.*

2. *The God of Flies*, *Belzebub*, a Deity worshipped at *Accaron*, *Jupiter*, ἀπόμυιος, either from bringing or driving away of Swarms of *Flies*, Plin. lib. 10. c. 28. Those of *Cyrene* worship the *God Achor*, great multitudes of *Flies* causing there a Pestilence, which presently dy upon the sacrificing to this *God*; where *Achor*, I conceive to be the same with *Accaron*, most of the Sea-Coasts of *Afrique*, being ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar* at the Temple of *Actian Apollo*, they sacrificed an *Ox to Flies*: And *Ælian*, l. 11. *de Animal. c.* 8. θύουσι Βοῦν ταῖς μυίαις. Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrificed the *Ox*, not to the *flies* themselves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter*, ἀπομυίῳ, *Pausan. l.* 5. Ἠλείους θύειν τῷ Ἀπομυίῳ Διΐ, ἐξελαύνοντι τῆς Ἠλείας Ὀλυμπίας τὰς μυίας. The *Eleans* sacrifice to *Jupiter* (the *Driver away of flies*) for the driving away of Flies, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this God not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his *Labours*, *Plin. l.* 29. *c.* 6. No living creature has less of understanding, or is less docile (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympique Games*, upon the sacrificing of an *Ox* to the *God* whom they call *Myiodes*, whole clouds of them fly out of the Territory. And among the *Trachinians*, we read of *Hercules*, κορνωπίων, the *Driver away of Gnats*, with the *Erythræans* of *Hercules* Ἰποκτόνος, the *killer of Worms*, that hurt the Vines, and many more Deities of the like honourable imployment are to be found among the ancients.

3. Many sorts of *Flies* molest the Cattle, none so as the *Asilus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad-Fly*) *Virg. Georg.* 3.

Oestrum Græci vertêre vocantes,
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta——

Wisht the Plague that was to ensue; that is, not in the sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Pluto*'s *Horses*,

Crastina venturæ exspectantes gaudia prædæ.

For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wisht for death.*

9.

1. (i.) *Poisoning.* The conjunction of which produce *Poisons* (i.) Infectious diseases, according to the received opinion of Astrologers. *Virgil* says, By the *sick*, or *Diseased Heaven*; that is, which causes diseases, but *Heaven* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*,

Hic quondam Morbo cœli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totoq; Autumni incanduit æstu, &c.

Where see his most incomparable description of a Pestilence.

10.

1. No Books or Writings of the *Rites* of *Magick* amongst the *Egyptians.*

2. It is called by *Moses*, Chap. 9, 10. *Ulcus inflationum Germinans in homine, &c.* Sprouting out with blains, &c. which *Jun.* and *Tremel. Erumpens multis pustulis.* This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the curses with which the disobedience to God is threatned, *Chap.* 18. 27. *The Lord shall smite thee with the botch of Egypt, &c.* From hence, I believe, came the calumny, that *Trog. Pompeius, Diod. Siculus, Tacitus*, and other Heathens cast upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being scabbed and leprous, which mistake was easie, instead of being dismist for having brought those diseases upon the *Egyptians.*

11.

1. Not each one like a *Monument*, for that *Metaphor* would be too *big*; but many of them together, like a *Monument*, and the most ancient Monuments, we know, were *heaps of stones*, not great *Tomb-stones.*

12.

1. (*i.*) The Wheat and Rye. See *Chap.* 9. *v.* 32.

2. *Ch.* 10. *v.* 13. Our Translation has *East-wind*: *And the Lord brought an East-wind upon the Land all that day, and all the night, &c.* The vulgar has *ventum urentem.* The Septuagint a *South-wind.* And *Eugub.* says, There is no doubt but it was a *South-wind*; which opinion I follow (though the Jews unanimously will have it to be an *East-wind*) because the Southern parts of *Afrique* were most infested with *Locusts*, where they are in some places the chief food of the inhabitants: so that from thence they might easily be fetcht; for I cannot agree with some, who imagine, that the hot wind blowing all day and night produced them.

3. Wonderful are the things which Authors report of these kind of Armies of *Locusts*, and of the order and regularity of their marches. *Aldrovandus* and *Fincelius* (as I find them cited) say thus, That in the year 852. they were seen to fly over twenty miles in *Germany* in a day, in manner of a formed Army, divided into several squadrons, and having their quarters apart when they rested. That the *Captains*, with some few, marcht a days journey before

the rest, to chuse the most opportune places for their *Camp*. That they never removed till Sun-rising, and just then went away in as much order as an *Army* of men could do. That at last having done great mischief wheresoever they past; after prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent wind into the *Belgick Ocean*, and there drown'd, but being cast again by the Sea upon the shore, caused a great Pestilence in the Country. Some adde, that they covered an hundred and forty Acres at a time. St. *Hier.* upon *Joel*, speaks thus, When the Armies of Locusts came lately into these parts, and filled all the air, they flew in so great order, that slates in a pavement cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever stir one inch out of their ranks and files. There are reckoned thirty several sorts of *Locusts*, some in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) three foot long. The same Author adds, of *Locusts* (*Lib.* 11. *cap.* 29.) *That they pass in troops over great Seas, enduring hunger for many days together in the search of forreign food. They are believed to be brought by the anger of the Gods; for they are seen sometimes very great, and make such a noise with their wings in flying, that they might be taken for* Birds. *They overcast the Sun, whilst people stand gazing with terrour, lest they should fall upon their lands——out of* Afrique *chiefly they infest* Italy, *and the people are forced to have recourse to the Sybils Books, to enquire for a remedy. In the Country of* Cyrene, *there is a Law to make war against them thrice a year, first by breaking their eggs, then by killing the young ones, and lastly, the old ones, &c.*

4. The *Red-Sea*, which, methinks, I may better be allowed to call *Purple*, than *Homer* and *Virgil* to term any Sea so;

Εἰς ἅλα πορφυρέην.

Virg. *In Mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Pliny says, *Purpuram irati maris faciem referre.* And *Theophr.* Πορφυροῦται ἡ θάλασσα, ὅταν τὰ κύματα μετεωριζόμενα σκιασθῇ.

13.

1. Chap. v. 21. *Even darkness that may be felt.* The *Vulgar*, *Tam densæ* (*tenebræ*) *ut palpari queant.* Whether this darkness was really in the *air*, or only in their *eyes*, which might be blinded for the time: Or whether a suspension of *Light* from the act of Illumination in that Country: or whether it were by some black, thick, and damp vapour which possest all the air, it is impossible to determine. I fancy that the darkness of Hell below, which is called *Utter Darkness*, arose and overshadowed the Land; and I am authorized by the *Wisdom of Solom. Chap.* 17. *v.* 14. where he calls it a night that came upon them out of the *bottoms of inevitable Hell*; and therefore was the more proper to be (as he says after) An *Image* of that darkness which should afterwards receive them.

2. That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text; for else how could it be truly said, that they could not see one another? and is confirmed by the *Wisdom* of *Solom.* Chap. 17. 5. *No power of the fire might give them light.*

3. See the above-cited, *Chap.* 17.

14.

1. *Midnight*, called also by the Latines *Meridies Noctis.*

2. It is very much disputed what that *Light* was that was created the first day. It seems to me to be the most probable opinion, that it was the *Empyræan heaven*, out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the fourth day: and therefore before I say, that all *Light* seemed to be returned to the *Empyræan* or highest heaven from whence it came at first.

3. Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the Egyptians immediately *himself*, because he says, *Chap.* 11. *v.* 4. *About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt.* And to the same effect, *Chap.* 12. 12. but it is an ordinary manner of speech to attribute that to *God*, which is done by one of his *Angels*; and that this was an *Angel*, appears out of *Chap.* 12. 23. *The Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.* From which place, and *Psalm* 78. *v.* 49 where it is said (of the *Egyptians*) *He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, and indignation, and trouble, by sending evil Angels among them*; Some collect, that God used here the ministry of an *Evil* or *Evil Angels*; but I cannot believe, that *God* and the *Magicians* had the same *Agents*, and that Text of the *Psalm* is perhaps ill translated. *Jun.* and *Tremel.* understand by it *Moses* and *Aaron*, as *Nuntios Malorum*; and if we interpret it (as others) of *Angels*, it were better rendred in English, *Destroying* or *Punishing Angels*, Inflicters of Evil upon them. I attribute this infliction to the *Archangel Michael*: first, because it was he (by name) who fought with the *Dragon*, and smote him and his *Angels*, *Revel.* 12. 7. Secondly, because in *Daniel* too he is mentioned as an *Angel* of *War*, Chap. 10. v. 13. And lastly, because the very name is said to signifie *Percussio Dei.* The *Smiting of God.* The *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chap. 18. v. 14, 15, 16. gives a little hint of the fancy of this *Stanza*: *For whilst all things were in quiet silence, and that the night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word, leapt down from heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce man of war into the midst of a Land of destruction: And brought thine unfeigned command as a sharp sword, and standing up, filled all things with death, &c.*

15.

1. That this Plague was a *Pestilence* is the opinion of *Josephus*, and most Interpreters.

2. The Law of consecrating all *first-borns* to God, seems *Exod.* the 13. to be grounded upon this slaughter of the Egyptian *First-born.* But that was rather the addition of a new cause why the Hebrews should exactly observe it, than that it was the whole reason of it; for even by natural right, the *First-born*, and *First-Fruits* of all things are *Sacred* to God; and therefore anciently, not only among the *Jews*, but also other Nations, the *Priesthood* belonged to the *Eldest Sons.*

3. The Name of that *Pharaoh* who was drowned in the *Red-Sea.* There is great confusion in the succession of the *Egyptian Kings*, and divers named by some *Chronologers*, that are quite omitted by others; as *Amenophis*, whom *Mercator*, and some others, will have to be the King drowned in the Red-Sea; but that it was *Cenchres*, is the most probable, and most received opinion.

16.

1. That *Zoan*, or *Tzoan*, was the place where *Moses* did his miracles, and consequently the City where *Pharaoh Cenchres* lived, we have the Authority of *Psalm.* 78. 12. It was likewise called *Tanis* (by the *Græcians*) and from it that mouth of the *Nile* near which it stood, *Ostium Taniticum.* So that they are mistaken, who make *Noph*, or *Moph*, that is, *Memphis*, the place where *Pharaoh* kept his Court, for that was built afterwards, and lies more Southward.

2. The *Adored Heifer. Apis*, and *Serapis*, and *Osyris* (who was *Misraim*) I conceive to have been the same *Deity* among the *Egyptians*, known by other Nations by the names of *Mithra*, *Baal*, *Tamuz*, *Adonis*, *&c.* and signifying

the *Sun*; the great lamentations for the disappearing or loss of *Osyris, Tamuz*, and *Adonis*, and rejoycing for their return, signifying nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and re-approach of the *Sun* by *Summer*. The Egyptians under *Apis*, or *Osyris*, did likewise worship *Nilus*; and their 'Αφανισμὸς and Εὕρησις signified the overflowing of *Nilus*, and return of it to the Channel. Now owing all their sustenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reason they figured both under the shape of an *Ox*; and not, I believe, as *Vossius*, and some other learned men imagine, to represent *Joseph*, who fed them in the time of the Famine: Besides, the Images of this *Ox* (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Israel*, in the imitation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry) they kept a *living one*, and worshipped it with great reverence, and made infinite lamentations at the death of it, till another was found with the like marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the death or disappearing,

——*Quo se gurgite Nili*
Condat adoratus trepidis pastoribus Apis. Stat.

The *Marks* were these. It was to be a black *Bull*, with a white streak along the back, a white mark like an Half-moon on his right shoulder, two hairs only growing on his tail, with a square blaze in his forehead, and a bunch, called *Cantharus*, under his tongue: By what art the *Priests* made these marks, is hard to guess. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calf*, or *Heifer*, both by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Latines. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calf*, *Psalm.* 106. renders an *Ox*.

3. See *Chap.* 12. 2. From this time the Hebrews had two computations of the beginning of the year; the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*: The *Common* began in *Tisri*, which answers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Æquinoctial*; and all civil matters were regulated according to this, which was the old account of the year. The *Sacred*, to which all Festivals, and all Religious matters had relation, began at the *Vernal Æquinoctial*, and was instituted in commemoration of this deliverance.

17.

1. Give a new occasion for it to be called the *Red-Sea*. Concerning the name of which, the opinions are very different; that which seems to me most probable is, that it is denominated from *Idumæa*, and that from *Edom*, or *Esau*, that signifies *Red*; and the *King Erithra*, or *Erythrus*, from whence the Græcians derive it was *Esau*, and *Erythræa* his Country, *Idumæa*, both signifying the same thing in *Hebrew* and in *Greek*; but because that opinion of the *Redness* of the shore in some places, has bin most received, and is confirmed even to this day by some Travellers, and sounds most poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

[19.]

1. *Plutarch* de Is. & Osyr. testifies, that Χημία was an ancient name of *Egypt*, and that it was called so long after by the most skilful of the *Egyptian Priests*; that is, the Country of *Cham*: As also, the Scripture terms it, *Psalm.* 105. *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham.* From whose son it was afterwards named *Misraim*, and by the *Arabians Mesre* to this day.

2. *Beasts* that were deified by the Egyptians, who chose at first the figures of *Beasts* for the Symbols or Hieroglyphical signs of their Gods, perhaps no otherwise than as the Poets make them of *Constellations*, but in time the worship came even to be terminated in them.

FINIS.

Davideis,

A

SACRED POEM

OF THE

TROUBLES

OF

DAVID.

In FOUR BOOKS.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, Cæliq; vias ac Sidera monstrent.

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

THE

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The Proposition. *The* Invocation. *The entrance into the History from a new agreement betwixt* Saul *and* David. *A Description of* Hell. *The* Devils *Speech.* Envys *reply to him. Her appearing to* Saul *in the shape of* Benjamin, *her Speech and* Sauls *to himself after she was vanisht. A Description of* Heaven. Gods *Speech: he sends an* Angel *to* David, *the* Angels *Message to him.* David *sent for to play before* Saul. *A Digression concerning* Musick. Davids Psalm. Saul *attempts to kill him. His escape to his own house, from whence being pursued by the Kings Guard, by the artifice of his Wife* Michol *he escapes, and flies to* Naioh, *the* Prophets Colledge *at* Ramah. Sauls *speech, and rage at his escape. A long Digression describing the* Prophets Colledge, *and their manner of life there, and the ordinary subjects of their* Poetry. Sauls *Guards pursue* David *thither, and prophesie.* Saul *among the* Prophets. *He is compared to* Balaam, *whose Song concludes the Book.*

DAVIDEIS.

The first Book.

1, 2 I Sing the *Man* who *Judahs Scepter* bore
In that right hand which held the *Crook* before;
Who from best *Poet*, best of *Kings* did grow;
The two chief *gifts Heav'n* could on *Man* bestow.
Much danger first, much toil did he sustain,
Whilst *Saul* and *Hell* crost his strong fate in vain.
Nor did his *Crown* less painful work afford;
Less exercise his *Patience*, or his *Sword*;
So long her *Conque'ror Fortunes* spight pursu'd;
Till with unwearied *Virtue* he subdu'd
All homebred Malice, and all forreign boasts;
Their strength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hosts*.
Thou, who didst *Davids* royal stem adorn, Joh.
And gav'st him *birth* from whom thy self was't *born*.
Who didst in *Triumph* at *Deaths Court* appear,
And slew'st him with thy *Nails*, thy *Cross* and *Spear*,
Whilst *Hells* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold,
The glorious light he forfeited of old,
Who Heav'ns *glad burden* now, and justest pride,
Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great *Fathers* side,
(Where hallowed Flames help to adorn that Head
Which once the *blushing Thorns* environed,
Till crimson drops of precious *blood* hung down
Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*.)
Ev'en *Thou* my breast with such blest rage inspire,
As mov'd the tuneful strings of *Davids Lyre*,
Guid my bold steps with thine old *trav'elling Flame*, Exod
3 In these untrodden paths to *Sacred Fame*;

Lo, with *pure hands* thy heav'enly *Fires* to take,
My well-chang'd *Muse* I a chast *Vestal* make!
From earths vain joys, and loves soft witchcraft free,
I consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee!
Lo, this great work, a *Temple* to thy praise,
On polisht *Pillars* of strong *Verse* I raise!
A *Temple*, where if *Thou* vouchsafe to dwell,
It *Solomons*, and *Herods* shall excel.
Too long the *Muses-Land* have *Heathen* bin;
Their *Gods* too long were *Dev'ils*, and *Vertues Sin*;
But *Thou*, *Eternal Word*, hast call'd forth *Me*
Th' *Apostle*, to convert that *World* to *Thee*;
T' unbind the charms that in slight *Fables* lie,
And teach that *Truth* is *truest Poesie*.
The malice now of jealous *Saul* grew less,
O'recome by constant *Virtue*, and *Success*;
He grew at last more weary to *command*
New dangers, than young *David* to withstand
Or *Conquer* them; he fear'd his mastring Fate,
And envy'd him a *Kings* unpowerful Hate.
Well did he know how *Palms* by 'oppression speed,
Victorious, and the *Victors* sacred Meed!
The *Burden* lifts them *higher*. Well did he know,
How a tame *stream* does wild and dangerous grow
By unjust force; he now with wanton play,
Kisses the smiling Banks, and glides away,
But his known Channel stopt, begins to roare,
And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore.
His mutinous waters hurry to the *War*,
And *Troops* of *Waves* come rolling from afar.
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
And overruns the neighboring fields with violent course.
This knew the *Tyrant*, and this useful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to *David* did renew,
Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For *David* all men *lov'd*, and *Saul* they *fear'd*.
Angels and *Men* did *Peace*, and *David* love,
But *Hell* did neither *Him*, nor *That* approve;

From mans *agreement* fierce *Alarms* they take;
And *Quiet* here, does there new *Business* make.
Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the *Suns* fruitful beams give *metals* birth,
Where he the growth of *fatal Gold* does see,
Gold which above more *Influence* has than *He*.
9 Beneath the dens where *unfletcht Tempests* lye,
And infant *Winds* their tender *Voyces* try,
Beneath the mighty *Oceans* wealthy Caves,
10 Beneath th' eternal *Fountain* of all Waves,
Where their vast *Court* the *Mother-waters* keep,
And undisturb'd by *Moons* in silence sleep,
There is a place deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine *Night* and *Horrour* does o'reflow;
11 No bound controls th' unwearied space, but *Hell*
Endless as those dire *pains* that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the *Suns* lovely face,
Strikes through the *Solid* darkness of the place;
No dawning *Morn* does her kind reds display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the *Day*.
No gentle *stars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*
Offend the tyr'anous and unquestion'd *Night*.
Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* reigns;
Proud, 'midst his *Woes*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*.
Once *General* of a guilded *Host* of *Sprights*,
Like *Hesper*, leading forth the spangled *Nights*.
But down like *Lightning*, which him struck, he came;
And roar'd at his first plunge into the *Flame*.
Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there;
With dropping *Lights* thick shone the singed *Air*.
Since when the dismal *Solace* of their wo,
Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo;
Themselves at first against *themselves* they 'excite,
(Their dearest *Conquest*, and most proud delight)
And if those *Mines* of secret *Treason* fail,
With open force mans *Vertue* they assail;
Unable to *corrupt*, seek to *destroy*;
And where their *Poysons* miss, the *Sword* employ.
Thus sought the *Tyrant Fiend* young *Davids* fall;
And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'erful rage of *Saul*.

He saw the beauties of his shape and face,
His female sweetness, and his manly grace,
He saw the nobler wonders of his *Mind*,
Great *Gifts*, which for Great *Works* he knew design'd.
He saw (t' ashame the strength of *Man* and *Hell*)
How by's young hands their *Gathite Champion* fell.
He saw the reverend *Prophet* boldly shed
12 The *Royal Drops* round his *Enlarged Head.*
13 And well he knew what *Legacy* did place,
The sacred *Scepter* in blest *Judahs* race,
From which th' *Eternal Shilo* was to spring;
A *Knowledge* which new *Hells* to *Hell* did bring!
And though no less he knew himself too weak
The smallest Link of strong-wrought *Fate* to break;
Yet would he rage, and struggle with the *Chain*;
Lov'd to *Rebel* though sure that 'twas *in vain.*
And now it broke his form'd design, to find
The gentle change of *Sauls* recov'ering *Mind.*
He trusted much in *Saul*, and rag'ed, and griev'd
(The great *Deceiver*) to be Himself *Deceiv'd.*
Thrice did he knock his Iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead rowl.
His eyes dart forth red flames which scare the *Night*,
And with worse *Fires* the trembling *Ghosts* affright.
A Troop of gastly *Fiends* compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd sound.
Are we such *Nothings* then (said *He*) Our will
Crost by a *Shepherds Boy?* and you yet still
Play with your *idle Serpents* here? dares none
Attempt what becomes *Furies?* are ye grown
Benum'd with *Fear*, or *Vertues* sprightless cold,
You, who were once (I'm sure) so *brave* and *bold*?
Oh my ill-chang'd condition! oh my fate!
14 Did I lose *Heav'en* for this?
With that, with his long tail he lasht his breast,
And horribly *spoke* out in *Looks* the rest.
The quaking Pow'ers of Night stood in amaze,
And at each other first could only gaze.
A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terrour of *Hells* face;

1 Sam. 16. 12.
1 Sam. 17.
1 Sam. 16. 13. Gen. 49.

Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of *Snakes*, no clanck of *Chains* was known,
The *Souls* amidst their *Tortures* durst not groan.
Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direful'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling *Serpents*; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within,
And at her breast stuck *Vipers* which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day
Sucking black *bloud* from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left fresh *poysons* there.
Her garments were deep stain'd in humane gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall, and juice of wormwood swim.
With which when she was drunk, she furious grew
And lasht *herself*; thus from th' accursed crew,
Envy, the worst of *Fiends*, herself presents,
Envy, *good* only when she herself *torments*.
Spend not, great *King*, thy precious rage (said she)
Upon so poor a cause; shall *Mighty We*
The glory of our wrath to *him* afford?
Are *We* not *Furies* still? and *you* our *Lord*?
At thy dread anger the fixt *World* shall shake,
And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forsake.
Do *Thou* but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
And *Thunder* eccho't to the trembling Sky,
Whilst raging *Seas* swell to so bold an height,
As shall the *Fires* proud *Element* affright.
Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten way,
Shall at thy *Voice* start, and misguide the *day*.
The jocond *Orbs* shall break their measur'd pace,
And stubborn *Poles* change their allotted place.
Heav'ens guilded *Troops* shall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*;
Nay their *God* too——for fear *he* did, when *We*
Took noble *Arms* against his *Tyrannie*,
So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cause* so great,
That *Triumphs* they deserve for their *Defeat*.

There was a *Day*! oh might I see't again
Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thrust us in!
And can such pow'rs be by a *Child* withstood?
Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebles* do him good?
What th' untam'd *Lyon*, whet with hunger too,
And *Gyants* could not, that my *Word* shall do:
I'll soon dissolve this *Peace*; were *Sauls* new *Love*
(But *Saul* we know) great as my *Hate* shall prove,
Before *their Sun* twice be gone about,
I, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out.
16 By Me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brothers* gore, Gen. 4. 8
A *Sacrifice* far worse than that before;
I saw him fling the *stone*, as if he meant,
At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,
And laught to see (for 'twas a goodly show)
The *Earth* by her *first Tiller* fatned so. Ib. v. 2.
I drove proud *Pharaoh* to the parted *Sea*; Exod. 14.
He, and his *Host* drank up cold death by *Me*;
By Me rebellious Arms fierce *Corah* took,
And *Moses* (curse upon that *Name!*) forsook; Num. 16.
17 Hither (ye know) almost *alive* he came Ib. 31.
Through the cleft *Earth*; Ours was his *Fun'eral Flame*.
By *Me*——but I lose time, methinks, and should
Perform new acts whilst I relate the old;
David's the next our fury must *enjoy*;
'Tis not thy *God* himself shall save thee, *Boy*;
No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace*;
May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* cease,
And banisht from this potent Court below,
May *I* a ragged, contemn'd *Vertue* grow.
She spoke; all star'ed at first, and made a pause;
But strait the general murmur of applause
Ran through Deaths Courts; she frown'd still, and begun
To *envy* at the praise *herself* had won.
18 Great *Belzebub* starts from his burning Throne
To' embrace the *Fiend*, but she now furious grown
To act her part; thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;
The *Snakes* all hist, the *Fiends* all murmured.
It was the time when silent night began
T'enchain with *sleep* the busie *spirits* of Man;

And *Saul* himself, though in his troubled breast
The weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle rest:
So did not *Envy*; but with haste arose;
And as through *Israels* stately Towns she goes,
She frowns and shakes her head; shine on (says she)
Ruines e're long shall your sole *Mon'uments* be.
The silver *Moon* with terrour paler grew,
And neighbring *Hermon* sweated flowry dew;
Swift *Jordan* started, and straight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head;
19 Lo, at her entrance *Sauls* strong *Palace* shook;
And nimbly there the reverend shape she took
Of *Father Benjamin*; so long her beard,
So large her limbs, so grave her looks appear'd.
20 Just like his *statue* which *bestrid Sauls* gate,
And seem'd to *guard* the race it did *create*.
In this known form she approacht the *Tyrants* side;
And thus her words the sacred *Form* bely'd.
Arise, lost *King* of *Israel*; can'st thou lie
Dead in *this sleep*, and yet thy *Last* so nigh?
If *King* thou be'est, if *Jesses* race as yit
Sit not on *Israels Throne*! and shall he sit?
Did ye for this from fruitful *Egypt* fly?
From the mild *Brickhils nobler slavery?*
For this did *Seas* your pow'erful *Rod* obey?
Did *Wonders guid*, and *feed* you on your way?
Could ye not there *great Pharaohs* bondage beare,
You who can serve a *Boy*, and *Minstrel* here?
Forbid it *God*, if thou be'st *just*; this shame
Cast not on *Sauls*, on *mine*, and *Israels Name*.
Why was I else from *Canaans Famine* lead?
Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead Gen.
E're my full *Loyns* discharg'd this num'erous race,
This luckless *Tribe*, ev'en *Crown'd* to their *Disgrace!*
Ah *Saul*, thy *Servants Vassal* must thou live?
Place to his *Harp* must thy dread *Scepter* give?
What wants he now but that? can'st thou forget
(If thou be'st *man* thou can'st not) how they met
The *Youth* with Songs? Alas, poor *Monarch!* you 1. Sa
Your *thousand* onely, he *ten thousand* slew!

Him *Isra'el loves*, him neighbring *Countreys fear*;
You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear;
And yet the *Traytor* lives, lives in thy *Court*;
The *Court* that must *be his*; where he shall sport
Himself with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,
Thy costly *robes*, thy *Crown*; Wert thou not told
This by proud *Samuel*, when at *Gilgal* he — 1. Sam. 13.
With bold false threats from *God* affronted Thee? — 13.
The *dotard* ly'd; *God* said it not I know;
Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee so;
Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
Exact the *royal Lot*, and call it forth?
Hast thou not since (my best and greatest *Sonne*) — 1. Sam. 19. 21.
To *Him*, and to his per'ishing *Nation* done
Such lasting ben'efits as may justly claime
A *Scepter* as eternal as thy *Fame*?
Poor Prince, whom *Madmen*, *Priests*, and *Boys* invade!
By thine *own Flesh* thy ingrateful *Son* betray'd!
Unnat'ural *Fool*, who can thus cheated be
By *Friendships* Name against a *Crown* and *Thee!*
Betray not too thy self; take courage, call
Thy 'enchanted Vertues forth, and be *Whole Saul.*
Lo, this great cause makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,
Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tombs* and *Eyes.*
Nor can their jealous *Ashes*, whilst this *Boy*
Survives, the *Priv'iledge* of their *Graves* enjoy.
Rise quickly *Saul*, and take that *Rebels* breath
Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'en our *Death.*
Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only *He*
That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *Thee*,
As *Earths* low Globe robs the High Moon of *Light*;
When this *Eclypse* is past, thy *Fate's* all bright.
Trust me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell;
I 'have seen thy royal *Stars*, and know them well.
Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays*! Is not thy *Breast*
(Yes, *Saul* it is) with noble thoughts possest?
May they beget like *Acts*. With that she takes
One of her worst, her best beloved *Snakes*,
Softly, dear *Worm*, soft and unseen (said she)
Into his bosom steal, and in it be

My *Vice-Roy*. At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the *Night*.
The infected *King* leapt from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
And started back at piec'd up shapes, which fear
And his distracted *Fancy* painted there.
Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace.
Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet; He crys, Oh 'tis confest;
I' have been a *pious fool*, a *Woman-King*;
Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, *every thing*.
Eight hundred years of *Death* is not so deep,
So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick sleep*.
My *Patience* ev'en a *Sacriledge* becomes,
Disturbs the *Dead*, and opes their sacred *Tombs*.
Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father*! who for me
This cursed World endur'st again to see!
All thou hast said, *great Vision*, is so true,
That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do:
Kill him? yes *mighty Ghost* the wretch shall dy,
Though every *Star* in Heav'en should it deny;
Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain.
Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose design
Is to revenge his *own disgrace* by *Mine*,
Should my ingrateful *Son* oppose th' intent,
Should mine *own heart* grow scrup'ulous and relent.
Curse me just *Heaven* (by which this truth I swear)
If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do spare.
No gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still home;
Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* shall come.
If that curst object longer vex my sight,
It must have learnt to 'appear as *Thou* to night.
Whilst thus his wrath with threats the *Tyrant* fed,
The threatned *youth* slept fearless on his bed;
Sleep on, rest quiet as thy *Conscience* take,
For though *Thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God*'s awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,

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Above those petty *Lamps* that guild the *Night*;
There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light*;
Where *Heaven*, as if it left it self behind,
Is stretcht out far, nor its own *bounds* can find:
Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain it self in th' endless space.
For there no twilight of the *Suns* dull ray,
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln beams appear,
Or with dim *Taper* scatters *darkness* there.
On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *seasons* slide,
No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide;
Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,
But an *Eternal Now* does always last.
There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End*;
Whom nothing but *Himself* can comprehend.
Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,
And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.
Only he spoke, and every thing that *Is*
From out the womb of *fertile Nothing* ris.
Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
Thou Great *Three-One*?
There Thou thy self do'st in full presence show,
Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below;
No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would cease,
And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace.
The *Sun* would stop his course, or gallop back,
The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves would crack:
Earths strong foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vast work all ravel out again
To its first *Nothing*; For his *spirit* contains
The well-knit *Mass*, from him each Creature gains
Being and *Motion*, which he still bestows;
From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows.
Round him vast *Armies* of swift *Angels* stand,
Which seven triumphant Generals command,
They sing loud anthems of his endless praise,
And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rayes.
Of these he call'd out one; all Heav'en did shake,
And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.

Are we forgotten then so soon? can He
Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*
That gave it? can he think we did not hear
(Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the *Ear*
To be accounted *deaf?* No, *Saul*, we heard;
And it will cost thee dear; the ills thou'st fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send;
Have *we* not spoke it, and dares *Man* contend!
Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day
When thou must lie in blood at *Gilboa*, 1 Sa
Thou, and thy *Sons*, thou wouldst not threaten still,
Thy trembling Tongue would stop against thy will.
Then shall thine *Head* fixt in curst *Temples* be,
And all their *foolish Gods* shall laugh at Thee.
That hand which now on *Davids* Life would prey,
Shall then turn *just*, and its own *Master* slay;
He whom thou *hat'est*, on thy *lov'ed Throne* shall sit,
And expiate the disgrace thou do'st to it.
Hast then; tell *David* what his *King* has sworn,
Tell him whose blood must paint this rising Morn.
Yet bid him go securely when he sends;
30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.
The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack,
And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back.
He spoke; the *Heavens* seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright *Inhabitants*; and now
The jocond *Sphaeres* began again to play,
Again each *Spirit* sung *Halleluia*.
Only that *Angel* was strait gon; Ev'en so
(But not so swift) the *morning Glories* flow
At once from the bright *Sun*, and strike the ground;
So winged *Lightning* the soft air does wound.
Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call
The *Motion*, having no *Account* so *small*.
So flew this *Angel*, till to *Davids* bed
He came, and thus his sacred Message said,
31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has sworn;
He swore thy blood should paint this rising Morn.
Yet to him go securely when he sends;
'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friends*.

The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack;
And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back.
Up leapt *Jessides*, and did round him stare;
But could see nought; for nought was left but air,
Whilst this great *Vision* labours in his thought,
Lo, the *short Prophesie* t'effect is brought.
In treacherous hast he's sent for to the King, 1 Sam. 18. 10. & 19. 9.
And with him bid his charmful *Lyre* to bring.
The King, they say, lies raging in a Fit,
Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit;
32 And true it was, soft *musick* did appease 1 Sam. 16. 23.
Th'obscure fantastick rage of *Sauls* disease.
33 Tell me, oh *Muse* (for *Thou*, or none canst tell
The mystick pow'ers that in blest *Numbers* dwell,
Thou their great *Nature* know'st, nor is it fit
This noblest *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t' omit)
Tell me from whence these heav'nly charms arise;
Teach the dull world *t'admire* what they *despise*,
As first a various unform'd *Hint* we find
Rise in some god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with just marches *verse* and *musick* make;
34 Such was *Gods Poem*, this *Worlds* new *Essay*;
So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no *Correspondence* knew,
An artless *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew;
Till they to *Number* and fixt Rules were brought
By the *eternal Minds Poetique Thought.*
35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* chose,
Earth made the *Base*, the *Treble Flame* arose,
36 To th' active *Moon* a quick brisk stroke he gave,
To *Saturns string* a touch more soft and grave.
The *motions Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,
And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven so,
Did in such artful *Figures* smoothly fall,
As made this decent measur'd *Dance* of *All.*
And this is *Musick*; *Sounds* that charm our ears,
Are but one *Dressing* that rich *Science* wears.
Though no man hear't, though no man it reherse,
Yet will there still be *Musick* in my *Verse.*

In this *Great World* so much of it we see;
37 The *Lesser*, *Man*, is all o're *Harmonie*.
Storehouse of all *Proportions! single Quire!*
Which first *Gods Breath* did tunefully inspire!
From hence blest *Musicks* heav'nly charms arise,
From *sympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.
Thus they our *souls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,
Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within.
38 Thus the strange *Cure* on our spilt *Blood* apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant *Wound* does guid.
39 Thus when two *Brethren strings* are set alike,
To *move* them *both*, but *one* of them we *strike*,
Thus *Davids Lyre* did *Sauls* wild rage controul.
40 And tun'd the harsh disorders of his *Soul.*

41 When *Israel* was from bondage led, Psal
Led by th' *Almighty's* hand
From out a forreign land,
The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.
As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,
Stop on some higher ground to look behind,
So whilst through wondrous ways
The sacred *Army* went,
The *Waves* afar stood up to gaze,
And their own *Rocks* did represent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament.*

Old *Jordans* waters to their *spring*
Start back with sudden *fright*;
The *spring* amaz'd at sight,
Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.
The *Mountains* shook; and to the *Mountains* side,
The little *Hills* leapt round themselves to hide;
As young affrighted *Lambs*
When they ought dreadful spy,
Run trembling to their helpless *Dams*;
The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
Were glad for their *excuse* to see the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee;

Or why did *Jordans* tyde
Back to his Fountain glide?
Jordans Tyde, what ailed Thee?
Why leapt the *Hills?* why did the *Mountains* shake?
What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forsake?
Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea*!
And *Jordans* Current cease;
Jordan there is no need of thee,
For at *Gods* word, when e're he please,
The *Rocks* shall weep new *Waters* forth instead of these. Exod. 17. 6. Num. 20. 11.

Thus sung the great *Musician* to his Lyre;
And *Sauls* black rage grew softly to retire;
But *Envys Serpent* still with him remain'd,
42 And the wise *Charmers* healthful voice disdain'd. Ps. 58. 5.
Th' unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buryed still in it.
From his past madness draws this wicked use,
To sin disguis'd, and *murder* with *excuse*:
For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
And the soft *Medicine* with kind art renews;
The barb'arous *Patient* casts at him his *spear*, 1 Sam. 18. 11. & 19. 10.
(The usual *Scepter* that rough hand did bear)
Casts it with violent strength, but into th'roome
An *Arm* more strong and sure then his was come;
An *Angel* whose unseen and easie might
Put by the *weapon*, and *misled* it *right*.
How vain Mans pow'er is! unless God command,
The *weapon* disobeys his *Masters* hand!
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so.
One would have thought, *Sauls* sudden rage t'have seen,
He had himself by *David* wounded been.
He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his *Honor* now engag'ed i'th' *Sin*.
A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends
(*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'ed his *Friends*)
To mend his *error* by a surer blow,
So *Saul* ordain'ed, but *God* ordain'ed not so.
Home flies the *Prince* and to his trembling *Wife*

Relates the new-past hazard of his life,
Which she with *decent passion* hears him tell;
For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'ed so well.
43 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row
Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
The *Light* they drank from the *Suns* neighb'ring ray,
(A small, but artful *Paradise*) they walk'd;
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
Here *Michol* first an armed Troop espies
(So faithful and so quick are *loving Eyes*)
Which marcht, and often glister'd through a wood,
That on right hand of her fair *Palace* stood;
She saw them; and cry'd out; They're come to kill
My dearest *Lord*; *Sauls* spear pursues thee still.
Behold his wicked *Guards*; Haste quickly, fly,
For heavens sake haste; My dear *Lord*, do not dy.
Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'ed rage
Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can asswage!
Will he part those he joyn'd so late before?
Were the two-hundred Foreskins worth no more?
He shall not part us; (Then she wept between)
At yonder Window thou mayst scape unseen;
This hand shall let thee down; stay not, but hast;
'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast.
Best of all women, he replies—and this
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a Kiss;
Throw not away (said she) thy precious breath,
Thou stay'st too long within the *reach* of *death*.
Timely he'obeys her wise advice, and streit
44 To unjust Force she'opposes just deceit.
She meets the Murd'erers with a *vertuous Ly*,
And good dissembling Tears; May he not *dy*
In quiet then? (said she) will they not give
That freedom who so fear lest he should *Live*?
Even fate does with your cruelty conspire,
And spares your *guilt*, yet does what you *desire*.
Must he not *live?* for that ye need not *sin*;
My much-wrong'd *Husband* speechless lies within,
And has too little left of vital breath

To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*.
One *hour* will do your work——
Here her well-govern'd Tears dropt down apace;
Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one face
Has such resistless charms that they believe,
And an *unwilling aptness* find to *grieve*
At what they *came* for; A pale *Statues* head
In linnen wrapt appear'd on *Davids* bed;
Two servants mournful stand and silent by,
And on the table med'cinal reliques ly;
In the close room a well-plac'ed Tapers light,
Adds a becoming horror to the sight.
And for th' *Impression God* prepar'ed their *Sence*;
They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts *Sauls* unblest anger tryes,
By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and servants *Eyes!*
It cannot be (said he) no, can it? shall
Our great *ten thousand Slayer* idly fall?
The silly rout thinks *God* protects him still;
But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill*.
Oh may he guard him! may his members be
In as full strength, and well-set harmonie
As the fresh body of the first made Man
E're *Sin*, or Sins just meed, *Disease* began.
He will be else too *small* for our *vast Hate*;
And we must *share* in our revenge with *fate*.
No; let us have him *Whole*; we else may seem
To'have snatcht away but some few days from him,
And *cut* that *Thread* which would have *dropt* in two;
Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
Of our just wrath the solemn *Sacrifice*,
That must not *blemisht* be; let him remain
Secure, and *grow up* to our *stroke* again.
'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
When he shall *strive*, and *wrestle* with his *death*;
Go, let him live——And yet——shall I then stay
So long? good and great actions hate delay.
Some foolish piety perhaps, or He
That has been still mine *honors Enemie*,

Samuel may change or cross my just intent,
And I this *Formal Pity* soon repent.
Besides *Fate* gives him me, and whispers this,
That he can fly no more, if we should miss;
Miss? can we miss again; go bring him strait,
Though gasping out his Soul; if the wisht date 1 Sa 15.
Of his accursed life be almost past,
Some *Joy* 'twill be to *see* him breath his last.
The *Troop* return'd, of their *short Virtue*' asham'ed,
Sauls courage prais'd, and their own weakness blam'ed,
But when the *pious fraud* they understood,
Scarce the respect due to *Sauls* sacred blood,
Due to the sacred *beauty* in it reign'ed,
From *Michols* murder their wild rage restrain'ed.
She'alleag'ed the holiest chains that bind a *wife*,
Duty and *Love*; she alleag'ed that her own Life, 1 Sa 17.
Had she refus'ed that safety to her Lord,
Would have incurr'd just danger from his sword.
Now was *Sauls* wrath full grown; he takes no rest;
A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled brest,
And in fierce *Lightning* from his *Eye* do's break;
Not his own *fav'orites*, and best friends dare speak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this *Cloud* will burst, and *Thunder* fall.
So when the *pride* and *terrour* of the *Wood*,
A *Lyon* prickt with rage and want of food,
Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,
And brustles up preparing for his feast;
If that by swiftness scape his gaping jaws;
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their dens, and *tremble there*;
Trees, though no *wind* stirring, shake with feare;
Silence and *horror* fill the place around.
Eccho it self dares scarce repeat the sound.
46 Midst a large *Wood* that joyns fair *Ramahs* Town 1 S 19.
(The neighbourhood fair *Rama*'s chief renown)
47 A *College* stands, where at great *Prophets feet*
The *Prophets Sons* with silent dili'gence meet,

By *Samuel* built, and mod'erately endow'ed,
Yet more to' his lib'ral *Tongue* then *Hands* they ow'ed:
There himself *taught*, and his blest voice to heare,
Teachers themselves lay proud *beneath* him there.
The *House* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;
Wise *Natures* use *Art* strove not to outgo.
An inward Square by well-rang'd Trees was made;
And midst the friendly cover of their shade,
A pure, well-tasted, wholsome *Fountain* rose;
Which no vain cost of *Marble* did enclose;
Nor through carv'd *shapes* did the forc'ed waters pass,
Shapes gazing on themselves i'th' *liquid glass*.
Yet the chaste stream that 'mong loose peebles fell
48 For *Cleanness*, *Thirst*, *Religion* serv'd as well.
49 The *Schollars*, *Doctors* and *Companions* here,
Lodg'ed all apart in neat small chambers were:
Well-furnisht-Chambers, for in each there stood,
50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of wood;
More is but clog where *use* does bound *delight*;
And those are rich whose *Wealth*'s proportion'ed right
To their *Lifes Form*; more *goods* would but becom
A *Burden* to them, and contract their *room*.
A second *Court* more sacred stood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd:
The *Halls* and *Schools* one side of it possest;
The *Library* and *Synagogue* the rest.
Tables of plain-cut Firre adorn'ed the Hall;
51 And with beasts skins the *beds* were cov'red all.
52 The reverend *Doctors* take their seats on high,
Th' *Elect Companions* in their bosoms ly.
The *Schollars* far below upon the ground,
On fresh-strew'd rushes place themselves around.
With more respect the *wise* and *ancient* lay;
But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* then they,
Nor purer *Waters* drank, their constant feast;
But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encreast.
The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this side extend;
To which their *Synagogue* on th'other side,
And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.

The midst tow'ards their large *Gardens* open lay,
To'admit the joys of *Spring* and *early day.*
I'th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* stood ;
Yet 'twas well stor'ed, for that small store was *good* ;
Writing, Mans *Spir'itual Physick* was not then
It self, as now, grown a *Disease* of Men.
Learning (*young Virgin*) but few *Suitors* knew ;
The common *Prostitute* she lately grew,
And with her *spurious brood* loads now the Press ;
Laborious effects of *Idleness !*
Here all the various forms one might behold
How *Letters* sav'd themselves from *Death* of old ;
53 Some painfully engrav'ed in thin wrought *plates*,
Some cut in *wood*, some lightlier trac'ed on *slates* ;
54 Some drawn on fair *Palm leaves*, with short-live'd toyl,
Had not their *friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oyl.*
55 Some wrought in *Silks*, some writ in tender *barks* ;
Some the sharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks ;
56 Some in beasts *skins*, and some in *Biblos reed* ;
Both new rude arts, with age and growth did need.
The *Schools* were painted well with useful skill ;
Stars, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd wall did fill.
Wise wholesome *Proverbs* mixt around the roome,
57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* some.
Here all the noblest *Wits* of men inspir'ed,
From earths slight joys, and worthless toils retir'ed,
Whom *Samuels Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,
Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.
58 The course and power of *Stars* great *Nathan* thought,
And home to man those *distant Wonders* brought,
How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey bends,
And how the *Year* his *crooked walk* attends.
By what just steps the *wandring Lights* advance,
And what eternal measures guid their *dance.*
Himself a *Prophet* ; but his *Lectures* shew'ed
How little of that *Art* to *them* he ow'ed.
Mahol th'inferior worlds fantastick face,
Though all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,
Great *Natures* well-set *Clock* in pieces took ;
On all the *Springs* and smallest *Wheels* did look

Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal art
Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part.*
The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Dust* designes
Th'immortal solid rules of fanci'ed *Lines.*
Of *Numbers* too th' *unnumbred wealth* he showes,
And with them far their *endless journey* goes.
59 *Numbers* which still encrease more high and wide
From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd Pyramide.*
Of *Men*, and *Ages* past *Seraiah* read;
Embalm'd in long-liv'd *History* the *Dead.*
Show'd the *steep falls*, and slow *ascent of States*;
What *Wisdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates.*
Samuel himself did *Gods* rich *Law* display;
Taught doubting men with *Judgment* to *obay.*
And oft his ravisht *Soul* with sudden flight
Soar'd above *present Times*, and humane sight.
These *Arts* but welcome *strangers* might appear,
Musick and *Verse* seem'd *born* and *bred* up here;
Scarce the blest *Heav'en* that rings with *Angels* voyce,
Does more with constant *Harmony* rejoyce.
The sacred *Muse* does here each brest inspire;
Heman, and sweet-mouth'd *Asaph* rule their *Quire*:
Both charming *Poets*, and all strains they plaid,
By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.
The *Synagogue* was drest with care and cost,
(The onely place where that they'esteem'd *not lost*)
The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
60 The sides refresh't with silks of *sacred blew.*
Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*,
Thrice pray'ers from willing *Heav'en* a blessing draw;
Thrice in glad *Hymns* swell'd with the *Great Ones* praise,
61 The plyant *Voice* on her sev'en steps they raise,
Whilst all th' *enlivened Instruments* around
To the just feet with various concord sound;
Such things were *Muses* then, contemn'd low earth;
Decently proud, and mindful of their *birth.*
'Twas *God* himself that here tun'ed every Toung;
And gratefully of him alone they sung.
62 They sung how *God spoke out* the worlds vast ball;
From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth *All.*

No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to possess,
But an unbottom'ed *Gulf* of *Emptiness.*
Full of *Himself*, th' *Almighty* sat, his own
63 *Palace*, and without *Solitude Alone.*
But he was *Goodness* whole, and all things will'd;
Which ere they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd;
And their astonisht heads o'th' sudden rear'ed;
An unshap'ed kind of *Something* first appear'ed,
Confessing its new *Being*, and undrest
As if it stept in hast before the rest.
Yet buried in this *Matters* darksome womb,
Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ery thing to com.
From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up so high;
Close at its heels the nimble *Air* did fly;
Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fixt *Navel* of the *Universe*,
And was quite lost in *waters*: till God said
To the proud *Sea*, shrink in your ins'olent head,
See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place;
That durst not murmure, but shrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are set, at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer stuff he bad *Heav'ens* fabrick shine,
And from him a quick spring of *Light divine*
Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his cher'ishing flame
Fills the whole world, like *Him* from whom it came.
He smooth'd the rough-cast *Moons* imperfect mold,
And comb'ed her beamy locks with sacred gold;
Be thou (said he) *Queen* of the mournful night,
And as he spoke, she' arose clad o're in *Light*,
With thousand *stars* attending on her train;
With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then *Herbs* peep'ed forth, new *Trees* admiring stood,
And smelling *Flow'ers* painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of *Birds* through the glad ayr did flee,
Joyful, and safe before *Mans Luxurie*,
Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays:
Nay the *mute Fish* witness no less his praise.
For those he made, and cloath'd with silver scales;
From *Minoes* to those *living Islands*, *Whales.*

Beasts too were his command: what could he more?
Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before;
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd;
In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World.*
This, and much more of *Gods* great works they told;
His *mercies*, and some *judgments* too of old:
How when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin;
With an impetuous noyse the waves came rushing in.
Where *birds* e're while dwelt, and securely sung;
There *Fish* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung.
The face of *shi*[*pw*]*rackt Nature* naked lay;
The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea.*
This men forgot, and burnt in lust again;
Till show'rs, strange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,
And scalding brimstone, dropt on *Sodoms* head;
Alive they felt those *Flames* they fry in *Dead.*
No better end rash *Pharaohs* pride befel
When *wind* and *Sea* wag'ed war for *Israel.*
In his gilt chariots amaz'ed *fishes* sat,
And grew with corps of wretched *Princes* fat.
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain;
Nor was it since call'd the *Red-sea* in vain.
Much too they told of faithful *Abrams* fame,
64 To whose blest passage they owe still their *Name*:
Of *Moses* much, and the great seed of *Nun*;
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won.
How many *Kings* they slew or *Captive* brought;
They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels* fought.
Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their days;
And their whole *Life* was their dear *Makers* praise.
No minutes rest, no swiftest thought they sold
To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold.*
Gold for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour towards *Hell*, then those who dig its veins.
Their *wealth* was the *Contempt* of it; which more
They valu'd then rich fools the shining *Ore.*
The *Silk-worm's* pretious death they scorn'd to wear,
And *Tyrian Dy* appear'd but sordid there.
Honor, which since the price of *Souls* became,
Seem'd to these *great ones* a low idle *Name.*

Instead of *Down*, hard beds they chose to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave.*
Their *Board* dispeopled no full *Element*,
Free *Natures* bounty thriftily they spent
And spar'ed the *Stock*; nor could their bodies say
We owe this *Crudeness* t'Excess yesterday.
Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no soiling fear,
But entertain their welcome *Maker there.*
The *Senses* perform nimbly what they're bid,
And *honestly*, nor are by *Reason* chid.
And when the Down of *sleep* does softly fall,
Their *Dreams* are heavenly then, and mystical.
With hasty wings *Time present* they outfly,
And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Destiny.*
There walk and sport among the *years to come*;
And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ery *Causes womb.*
Thus these wise *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;
Free from the spight of *much-mistaken Saul*:
For if mans Life we in just ballance weigh,
David deserv'd his *Envy* less then *They.*
Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voyce.*
But long unknown even here he could not lye;
So bright his *Lustre*, so quick *Envies* Eye!
Th'offended Troop, whom he escap'ed before, 1 Sam 20.
Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more;
Belov'ed revenge fresh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all *promise* to their *Swords.*
They came, but a new spirit their hearts possest,
Scatt'ring a sacred calm through every brest:
The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile.*
Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaste streams with even current glide.
A sudden *day* breaks gently through their eyes,
And *Morning-blushes* in their cheeks arise.
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murther cease;
In peaceful tunes they adore the *God* of *Peace.*
New Messengers twice more the *Tyrant* sent, Ib. v.
And was twice more mockt with the same event.

His heightned rage no longer brooks delay;
It sends him there himself; but on the way
His *foolish Anger* a *wise Fury* grew, Ib. v. 23.
And *Blessings* from his mouth *unbidden* flew.
His Kingly robes he laid at *Naioth* down,
Began to *understand* and *scorn* his *Crown*;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things;
And felt more *solid joys* then *Empire* brings.
Embrac'ed his wondring *Son*, and on his head
The *balm* of all past *wounds*, kind *Tears* he shed.
So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond intent Num. 22.
Of *cursing* the *blest Seed*, to *Moab* went.
But as he went his *fatal tongue* to sell;
His *Ass* taught him *to speak*, *God* to *speak well*. Ib. v. 28.
How comely are thy *Tents*, oh *Israel!* Num. 24. 5.
(Thus he began) what conquests they foretel!
Less fair are *Orchards* in their *autumn* pride,
Adorn'd with *Trees* on some fair *Rivers* side.
Less fair are *Valleys* their green mantles spread!
Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their head!
'Twas *God* himself (thy *God* who must not fear?)
Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Master* here.
Slaughter shall wear out these; new *Weapons* get;
And *Death* in triumph on thy darts shall sit.
When *Judahs Lyon* starts up to his prey,
The *Beasts* shall hang their ears, and creep away.
When he lies down, the *Woods* shall silence keep,
And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *sleep*.
Thy *Cursers*, *Jacob*, shall twice *cursed* be;
And he shall bless *himself* that blesses *Thee*.

NOTES
UPON THE
FIRST BOOK

1. THe custom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Proposition* of the whole work, and an *Invocation* of some God for his assistance to go through with it, is so solemnly and religiously observed by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I should not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no less *Necessary* for a *Christian Poet*. A *Jove principium*, *Musæ*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole work may reasonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be so. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with less state, and made but one part of these *Two*; in which, and almost all things else, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abused the Prayer, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worst of *Men*, their *Princes*: as *Lucan* addresses it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuses *Augustus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little superior to the other two.

2. I call it *Judah*'s, rather than *Israel*'s *Scepter* (though in the notion of distinct *Kingdoms*, *Israel* was very much the greater) First, because *David* himself was of that Tribe. Secondly, because he was first made *King* of *Judah*, and this *Poem* was designed no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, because the *Monarchy* of *Judah* lasted longer, not only in his Race, but out-lasted all the several Races of the Kings of *Israel*. And lastly, and chiefly, because our *Saviour* descended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more considerable than all the rest.

3. I hope this kind of boast (which I have been taught by almost all the old *Poets*) will not seem immodest; for though some in other Languages have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none, that I know of, has in English: So *Virgil* says in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Because none in *Latin* had written of that subject. So *Horace*,

Libera, per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede.——

And before them both *Lucretius*,

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atq; haurire——

And so *Nemesianus*,

——*Ducitq*; *per avia, quà sola nunquam*
Trita rotis——

Though there he does wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the same argument before him. And so *Oppian*, 1. *Ven.*

Ἔρρεο, καὶ τραχεῖαν ἐπιστείβωμεν ἀταρπὸν
Τὴν μερόπων οὔπω τὶς ἐῆς ἐπάτησεν ἀοιδαῖς.

My own allusion here is to the passage of the *Israelites* through the *Wilderness*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar* of *Flame*.

4. Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jerusalem*, the first built by *Solomon*, the second by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod* (for it appears by *Josephus* that *Herod* pluckt down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which were very much superiour to that of *Zorobabel* in riches and magnificence, though that was forty six years a building, whereas *Herods* was but eight, and *Solomons* seven; of all three the last was the most stately; and in that, and not *Zorobabels* Temple, was fulfilled the prophesie of *Hagai*, that the glory of the last House should be greater than of the first.

5. To be made an *Apostle* for the conversion of *Poetry* to *Christianity*, as S. *Paul* was for the conversion of the *Gentiles*; which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Christ* was the Eternal *Word* of his *Father*; but by his becoming a *Particular Word* or *Call* to him. This is more fully explained in the Latin Translation.

6. It was the same case with *Hercules*; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this subject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* speak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

Superat, & crescit malis,
Irâq; *nostrâ fruitur, in laudes suas*
Mea vertit odia, dum nimis sæva impero.
Patrem probavi; *gloriæ feci locum.*

And a little after,

Minorq; *labor est Herculi jussa exequi,*
Quàm mihi jubere——

7. In the publique *Games* of *Greece*, *Palm* was made the sign and reward of *Victory*, because it is the nature of that *Tree* to resist, overcome, and thrive the better for all pressures,

——*Palmaq*; *nobilis*
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor. Od. 1.

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self. And the Greek *Grammarians* say, that νικᾶν (to overcome) is derived from the same sense, *παρὰ τοῦ μὴ εἴκειν, à non cedendo.*

8. *Shore* is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers*: and the same difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*; *Virgil*

Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,

Speaking of *Minëius*.

9. That the *Matter* of *winds* is an *Exhalation* arising out of the concavities of the Earth, is the opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates* his doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux. In those concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moist ones turn into water, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and these are the secret *Treasuries*, out of which God is in the Scripture said to bring them. This was also meant

by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Æolus*, imprisoned in deep caves,

——Hic vasto Rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesq; sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudi; nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, & aeris statio est, omnis in fugâ ventus est:* For though it get not yet out, it is wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. However, my Epithete of *unfletcht Tempests* might pass with him; for as soon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extream resistance (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal Sat.* 5. expresses very well the *South wind*, in one of these dens.

——Dum se continet Auster,
Dum sedet, & siccat madidas in carcere pennas.

10. To give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as Rivers do into the Sea; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of water, like that of *Blood* in mans body: For to refer the original of all *Fountains* to condensation, and afterwards dissolution of vapors under the earth, is one of the most unphilosophical opinions in all *Aristotle*. And this *Abyss* of waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the Blessings of the Heavens above, and with the Blessings of the Deep beneath; that is, with the dew and rain of Heaven, and with the fountains and rivers that arise from the Deep; and *Esdras* conformably to this, asks, What habitations are in the heart of the Sea, and what veins in the root of the *Abyss*? So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that God stopt the windows of Heaven, and the fountains of the *Abyss*.

And undisturb'd by Moons in silence sleep. For I suppose the *Moon* to be the principal, if not sole cause of the *Ebbing and Flowing* of the Sea, but to have no effect upon the waters that are beneath the Sea it self.

11. This must be taken in a Poetical sense; for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the Earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my conscience, where e're it be, it is not so strait, as that *Crowding* and sweating should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin*. *Lessius* in his Book *de Morib. Divinis*, as if he had been there to *survey* it, determines the *Diameter* to be just a *Dutch mile*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of the *Apocalypse*) allows *Pluto* a little more elbow-room, and extends it to 1600 furlongs, that is 200 Italian miles. *Virgil* (as good a Divine for this matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the distance betwixt Heaven and Earth:

Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditq; sub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.

Hesiod is more moderate:

Τόσσον ἔνερθ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης.

Statius puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the distance: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, quorum
Vos estis superi——

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls Τάρταρος νέρθεν ἀΐδου, the *Scripture* terms it *Utter Darkness*, Σκότος ἐξώτερον, & Ζόφον σκότους.

12. There are two opinions concerning *Samuels* annointing of *David*: one (which is *Josephus*'s) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a secret

from *Davids Father* and *Brethren*; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we use the word *Boldly*: nay, I believe, that most of the people, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Sauls* great jealousie of his being appointed to succeed him; and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himself; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High Priests*; and was applyed to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High Priests*, and did often exercise the duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reproved and punished; not so much for offering Sacrifice (as an usurpation of the *Priests* Office) as for his infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is, by *God* himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different; as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Cross* (*decussatim*, like the figure of Ten X) upon the *Priests* heads, and Round in fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*; which I follow here, because it sounds more poetically (*The royal drops round his enlarged head*) not that I have any faith in the authority of those *Authors*.

13. The *Prophesie* of *Jacob* at his death concerning all his Sons, *Gen.* 49. v. 10. The *Scepter* shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Lawgiver* from between his feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant*, τὰ ἀποκείμενα αὐτῷ, *quæ reposita sunt ei*. *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar *Edition*, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the Rabbies, *Filius ejus*; others, *Filius mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others, *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours, and the French Translation retain the word *Shilo*, which I choose to follow.

14. Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half-verses (where the sense seems to invite a man to that liberty) yet his authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully: and I am far from their opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemestiques*: There are some places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his death by the putid officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

——*Moriamur inultæ?*
Sed moriamur, ait.——

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the passion she was then in, then to conclude abruptly with that resolution? nothing could there be well added; but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;

Which is contrary to her sense; for to have dyed revenged, would have been

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Shall we dye (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make death unpleasant to us: but however it is necessary to dye. I remember, when I made once this exception to a friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras:

Which does indeed a little mend the sense; but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of

that age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken verses; yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16. *Controversie*) upon these two verses of *Varro*,

Desierant latrare canes, urbesq; silebant,
Omnia noctis erant placidâ composta quiete,

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant——

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own verses, as most remarkably in that,

Omnia pontes erant, deërant quoq; littora ponto,
All things was *Sea*, nor had the *Sea* a *Shore.*

Where he might have ended excellently with

Omnia pontus erat——

But the addition is superfluous, even to ridiculousness.

15. An *Aposiopœsis*, like *Virgils*

Quos ego——Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

This would ill befit the mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole speech without some lies in it; such are those precedent exaltations of the *Devils* power, which are most of them false, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her boasts more false, than her threatnings vain, where she says afterwards, *'Tis not thy God himself*——yet *Seneca* ventures to make a man say as much in *Her. Fur.*

Amplectere aras, nullus eripiet Deus
Te mihi——

16. *Cain* was the first and greatest example of *Envy* in this world; who slew his *Brother*, because his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own; at which the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angred, and his countenance cast down.* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cains Sacrifice* that displeased *God*; the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, οὐκ, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς προσενέγκῃς, ὀρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλῃς, ἥμαρτες; If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not sinned? but this *Translation*, neither the *Vulgar Edition*, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the cause, since it hath pleased God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his *Brother*: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuse that which I thought most probable; which is, that he knockt him on the head with some great stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural weapons of Anger. That this stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombstone* of *Abel*, is not so *Hyperbolical*, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus*,

——Saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui fortè jacebat
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret agris,
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem:

Which he takes from *Homer*, but addes to the *Hyperbole*,

Ὅ δ' οὐ δύο ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν, ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε δὲ οἷος. Il. 21.

Ovid is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent
Juncta, Pholoeniden à summo vertice fregit.

17. Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to Burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that custom: which if we believe *Statius*, was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War*.

18. *Belzebub*. That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received opinion of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this world*, John 12. 31. *Prince of this age*, Corinth. 11. 6. *Prince of the power of the Air*, Ephes. 11. 2. *Prince of Devils*, Mat. 12. 24. by the express name of *Belzebub*; which is the reason why I use it here. *Porphyrius* says his name is *Serapis*, Μήποτε οὗτοί εἰσιν ὧν ἄρχει ὁ Σάραπις, δὲ τούτων Σύμβολον ὁ τρικάρηνος κύων, τοῦτ' ἐστιν ὁ ἐν τοῖς τρισὶ στοιχείοις, ὕδατι, γῇ, ἀέρι πονηρὸς δαίμων. According to which *Statius* calls him *Triplicis mundi summum*; but names him not: for he addes, *Quem scire nefastum est*. This is the *Spirit* to whom the two verses, cited by the same *Porphyry* address themselves,

Δαῖμον ἀλιτρονόων ψυχῶν διάδημα λελόγχως
Ἠερίων ὑπένερθε μυχῶν, χθονίων τ' ἐφύπερθεν.

O thou *Spirit* that hast the command of guilty *souls*, beneath the vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth; which I should rather read χθονίων τ' ὑπένερθε'; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now for the name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the *Lord* of *Flies*; which some think to be a name of *scorn* given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter* of the *Syrians*, whom they called Βεελσάμην, *id est*, Δία οὐράνιον, because the Sacrifices in his *Temple* were infested with multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar priviledge, notwithstanding the daily great number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Jerusalem*. But others believe it was no mock-name, but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was worshipt at *Ekron*, either from bringing or driving away *swarms* of *Flies*, with which the Eastern Countrys were often molested; and their reason is, because *Ahaziah* in the time of his sickness (when it is likely he would not railly with the *God* from whom he hoped for relief) sends to him under the name of *Belzebub*.

19. That even insensible things are affected with horrour at the presence of *Devils*, is a frequent exaggeration of stories of that kind; and could not well be omitted at the appearance of *Poetical Spirits*,

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit & Triviæ longè lacus, &c.——Virg. Æneid. 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes*: *Sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit——Jam tuum mœstæ pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus linquat, ut regio vacent, &c.* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertere vultum.* When *Statius* makes the *Ghost* of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the war with his *Brother*, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the shape of *Tiresias*, *Longævi vatis opacos Induitur vultus, vocémq; & vellera*, since at his going away he discovers him to be *Laius*,

——Ramos, ac vellera fronti
Diripuit confessus avum——

Neither do I more approve in this point of *Virgils* method, who in the 7. *Æneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at first in the shape of a *Priestess*,

Fit Calybe Junonis anus;——

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her, her own figure of a *Fury*,

and so speak to him; which might have been done, methinks, as well at first, or indeed better not done at all; for no person is so improper to perswade man to any undertaking, as the *Devil* without a disguise: which is the reason why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the likeness of *Benjamin*, who as the first and chief of *Sauls* Progenitors, might the most probably seem concern'd for his welfare, and the easiliest be believed and obeyed.

20. I fancy here that the *statue* of *Benjamin* stood in manner of a *Colossus* over *Sauls Gate*; for which perhaps I shall have some *Criticks* fall severely upon me; it being the common opinion, that the use of all *statues*, nay, even pictures, or other representations of things to the sight, was forbidden the *Jews*. I know very well, that in latter ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the *Letter* of the *Law* (which they began to be about the time when they should have left it) even the *civil use* of *Images* was not allowed, as now among the *Mahumetans*. But I believe that at first it was otherwise: And first, the words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images*, not absolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down, or worshipping them*; and if the *Commandment* had implyed more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Moral one*. Secondly, we have several examples in the *Bible*, which shew that *statues* were in use among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by *God* to be so, as those of the *Cherubins*, and divers other *Figures*, for the ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple*; as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lyons* upon *Solomons Throne*, and the *statue* of *David*, placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Souldiers who came to murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vasques* says, that such *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Erectæ aut constitutæ modo accommodato adorationi*, made, erected, or constituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration*; which *Modus accommodatus adorationis*, he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Per se*, for its own sake, and not as an *Appendix* or addition for the ornament of some other thing; as for example, *Statues* are *Idols*, when *Temples* are made for *them*; when they are only made for *Temples*, they are but *Civil Ornaments*.

21. *Enchanted Vertues*. That is, whose operation is stopt, as it were, by some Enchantment. Like that *Fascination* called by the *French*, *Nouement d'esguillette*, which hinders the natural faculty of Generation.

22. So *Homer*, Ἀχαϊδες, οὐκ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.
And *Virg*. *O verè Phrygiæ, neq; enim Phryges!*

23. The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Sauls* reign; not exactly: but this is the next *whole number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: and indeed, though it were in prose, in so passionate a speech it were not natural to be punctual.

24. In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* parts; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common opinion, though it be false, is so far from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the custom even of the Scripture to do so; and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it; as where it attributes the *members* and *passions* of mankind to *Devils*, *Angels*, and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it *seems*, not as it *Is*, and in too many other places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgils* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,

Says in his 86. *Epistle*, That the Tree will easily grow up to give shade to the *Planter*: but that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *Truly*, but what most *gracefully*; and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing Husbandmen*: Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the description of a *Tempest* (a common place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four winds blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Unà Eurúsq; Notúsq; ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus —— And *Statius*,
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.

And so all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by *Scaliger* himself,

——Facet omne pecus, volucresq; feræque,
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

Hitherto there is no scruple; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod.* He addes,

Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus, occidit horror
Æquoris, & terris maria inclinata quiescunt;

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth.*

25. I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *Vast*; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before, *And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent course.* In the second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all*——and, *And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.* In the 3. *Brass was his Helmet, his Boots Brass, and ove his breast a thick Plate of strong Brass he wore.* In the 4. *Like some fair Pine ore-looking all th'ignobler Wood*; and, *Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong*; and many more: but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the *Greeks* were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our *English Poets* observed it, for ought I can find. The *Latins* (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their *Prince, Virgil*, always. In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

26. *Eternity* is defined by *Boet.* Lib. 5. *de Consolat. Interminabilis vitæ tota simul & perfecta possessio.* The whole and perfect possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans*, a *standing Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a difference of *time*, and is alwaies *in Fluxu.*

27. *Seneca*, methinks, in his 58. *Epist.* expresses this more divinely than any of the *Divines*: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia æterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent, hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materiæ vi suâ vincens.* And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *concourse* of *God* is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the world, and that the nature of things is not left to it self to produce any action, without a concurrent act of God; which when he was pleased to omit, or suspend, the fire could not burn the three young men in the red-hot furnace.

28. The Book of *Tobias* speaks of *Seven Angels* superior to all the rest;

and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Jews* and *Christians*. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.* 6. Ἑπτά τοὺς τὴν μεγίστην δύναμιν ἔχοντας πρωτογόνους ἀγγέλους. The *Seven* that have the greatest power, the *First-born Angels*, *Tob.* 12. 15. I am *Raphael*, one of the *Seven holy Angels*, which present the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one; and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he says, *Chap.* 10. 13. *Lo Michael, one of the chief Princes came to help me.* That some *Angels* were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zechar.* 2. 3. where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, speak to this young man, &c.* and out of *Rev.* 12. 7. where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels*. The number of just *seven* supream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*; but I doubt whether the *seven* there were so ancient as this *Tradition*. Three names of these *seven* the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel*, *Zachariel*, *Samael*, and *Anael*, let the Authours of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *Seven Planets*.

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶδε θρόνῳ πυρόεντι παρεστᾶσιν πολύμοχθοι
Ἄγγελοι, οἵσι μέμηλε βρότοις ὡς πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1. 19. ὁ παρεστηκὼς ἐνώπιον τοῦ θεοῦ. He that *stands* before the face of *God*. And *Daniel* had his vision interpreted by one, τῶν ἑστηκότων, of the *standers* before *God*.

29. The *Poets* are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either *Spoke*, or so much as *Nodded*. Hom.

——Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Virgil. *Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

Stat. ——*Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.*

30. *Friends* in the plural, as an intimation of the *Trinity*; for which cause he uses sometimes *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*.

31. I do not like *Homers* repeating of long Messages just in the same words: but here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from *God*, from whose words no creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*.

32. That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what degrees he pleased, that a *Musician* in *Denmark* by the same art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the striking of all his friends about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same means a woman to stop the fury of a young man, who came to set her House on fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindred another from murdering his Father, when the Sword was drawn for that purpose; that the fierceness of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the spoils of *Ëetion*) that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths; and *Asclepiades*, even seditious multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own flesh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised or supprest (for which cause *Pindar* says to his *Harp*, Τὸν αἰχμάταν κεραυνὸν σβεννύεις. *Thou quenchest the raging Thunder.*) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine

Testimony for it. *Plin. Lib.* 28. *cap.* 1. *Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyssem inhibuisse carmine, Theophrastus Ischiadicos sanari, Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris*; Where *Carmen* is to be understood as joined with *musical* notes. For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving ease to it, *Ut memoriæ proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported. *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus. It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthysiasm*, that *Musick* cures many passions and diseases, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φόβους, δὲ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν, γιγνομένας τῆς Διανοίας ἐκστάσεις. ἰᾶται γὰρ φησὶν ἡ καταύλησις δὲ Ἰσχιάδα δὲ Ἐπιληψίαν. And the same Author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used the *Pipe* for the cure of several sicknesses, which *Galen* calls καταυλεῖν τοῦ τόπου, *Super loco affecto tibiâ canere*; or, *Loca dolentia decantare*. So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured Mad men, *Terpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be in the particular cure of the *Tarantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denyed or eluded, and afford a probable argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet the Art. For the explication of the reason of these cures, the *Magicians* fly to their *Colcodea*; the *Platoniques*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says, that *Madness* is to be cured by the harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciatique* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are so false, that I wonder at the negligence or impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus Mirand.* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural reason to be, that in the same manner as *Musical* sounds move the outward air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the seat of *Diseases*) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*, or *Expulsion* of *Vapours*, and by Vertue of that *Sympathy* of *Proportion*, which I express afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the effect desired, *Athan. Kercherus* requires four conditions: 1. *Harmony*. 2. *Number* and *Proportion*. 3. *Efficacious* and pathetical *words* joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*). And 4. An adapting of all these to the Constitution, Disposition, and Inclinations of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magnâ Consoni & Dissoni.*

33. *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit.* blames *Claudian* for his excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the cause of it in his own person. If he had brought in, says he, any other person making the relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new occasion, by the by to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'ed*, is to be understood as from the person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the digression been upon any subject but *Musick*. *Hom. Il.* 2.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι.
Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστε τε πάντα.
Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν.

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book (Æn. 7.)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato——
Tu Vatem tu Diva mone, &c.——

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Helicona Deæ, cantúsq; ciete——
Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur auras.

34. I have seen an excellent saying of S. *Augustines*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus——sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ità quâdam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiâ contrariorum oppositione sæculi pulchritudo componitur.* And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the world, and not that which *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Tully*, *Macrob.* and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens*. This is their *musical* and loud voice, of which *David* speaks, *Psalm* 19. *The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord——There is no Speech nor Language where their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their words to the end of the world*——Or as our Translation nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) renders it, Their *Line* is gone out, *Linea, vel amussis eorum*: To shew the exactness of their proportion.

35. Even this distinction of sounds in the art of Musick, is thought by some to have been invented from the consideration of the elementary qualities: In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have formed an Harp with four strings, and set them to different Tunes: The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranete*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36. Because the *Moon* is but 28 days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course.

37. There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kercherus* in his 10. Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

38. The *Weapon-Salve*.

39. The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*, which is most easily perceived by laying a straw upon one of the strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40. Here may seem to want connexion between this verse and the *Psalm*. It is an *Elleipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the *Reader*; to wit, *That* David *sung to his Harp, before* Saul, *the ensuing Psalm*. Of this kind is that in *Virgil*,

Jungimus hospitio dextras, & tecta subimus.
Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto.
Da propriam Thymbræe domum, &c.——

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supplyed by any care. Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4. Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some places in *Virgil*, where the sense is discontinued and interrupted by the leaving out of some verses, through the overmuch severity of his judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their

place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his 5. Book, upon the death of *Palinurus*,

Multa gemens casuq; animum percussus amici,
O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb.*

——Ni tu Tritonia Virgo
Consilio dignata virum.——Sate gente superbi
Oeneos, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas
Annuimus——

And why do I instance in these, since the examples are so frequent in all Poets?

41. For this liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no authority or example; and therefore like men who venture upon a new coast, I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere——Hor.

42. Psal. 58. 5. *They are like the deaf Adder, that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely.* So Jerem. 8. 17. *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio:* which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick-mongers* for a proof of the power of *Charms*: For the first is plainly against them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species* of *Serpents*, which alone had a quality of resisting *Incantations*: And the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, Though you practise *Magick Arts*, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can *charm* the very *Serpents*, yet you shall find with all your *Magick*, no remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted of as the power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the creatures most *antipathetical* and terrible to humane nature.

Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis. Virg.
Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces. Ovid.
Inq; pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo,
Viperei coëunt abrupto corpore nodi,
Humanoq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno. Lucan.

43. Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the *wonders* of the *World*) then the κῆπος or παράδεισος κρεμαστὸς, rendred by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis* at *Babylon*, which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, foursquare, and each side containing four Acres of ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorned with many Banquetting-Houses. The particular description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l.* 11. and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l.* 5. It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosar*, for so *Josephus*, *l.* 10. and *Suidas* expresly say) in favour of a *Persian Wife* of his, who as *Q. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorum sylvarumq; in campestribus locis virum compulit naturæ genium amœnitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chrysostome* mentions another of the like kind at *Susæ*, in his *Sermon* of *Riches*, Οὐδ' ἂν γένοιτο ποτὲ ἀνθρωποι εὐδαίμονες ἀνόητοι δὲ ἄφρονες, οὐδ' ἂν τὸν ἐν Σούσοις παράδεισον οἰκοδομήσωσιν, ὃς ἦν, ὡς φασὶ, μετέωρος ἅπας. These were miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the ancients, *Seneca, Trag. Act.* 3. *Thyest.*

Nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat sylva. Sen. Epist. 122.
Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt? quorum

silvæ in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus quò improbè cacumina egissent. Plin. *In tecta olim Romæ scandebant silvæ*; Which luxury, as all others, came out of *Asia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the Hebrews, even in *David's* time, several Texts of Scripture make me conjecture, 2 *Sam.* 26. 22. *They spread for Absalom a Tent upon the Top of the House, and Absalom went unto his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all Israel,* 2 Sam. 11. 2. *And it came to pass in an evening, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself.* And 1 Sam. 9. 25. *Samuel communed with Saul upon the top of the House.* And again, *verse* 26.

44. 1 *Sam.* 19. 13. *And Michol took an image, and put it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a cloath.* An *Image*, the Hebrew is *Theraphim*, a word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good sense but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban*, are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by Εἴδωλον, in other places by Θεραφεὶν, or Θεραφὶν, sometimes by γλυπτὸν, here by κενοτάφιον, the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the representations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herses*. The *Latin* uses *Simulachrum*, or *Statua*, and *Aquila*, μορφώματα. The fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol* put between the cloathes the Liver of a she-Goat, newly cut out, and shewed the palpitation of it under the coverlet to the Souldiers saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all night: How come such men as he to have such odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, What *Statue* was it that she placed in the bed? Certainly no Idol, for those were not to be found in the house of *David*; nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the reception of celestial influences, which *R. Abraham* believes, for those were not allowable among the Jews; but she made some figure like a man, out of several cloaths, which she stuffed with other things, like *Scar-crows*, or those figures presented to wild Bulls in the Theaters, or those that are placed upon great mens *Herses*. And she put the skin of a she-Goat about his head, to represent his red hair; which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a statue of *David* in the house, and laid that in the bed, pretending that he was speechless; & even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th'impression God prepared their sense.* And now concerning the *Civil use* of *Images* among the Jews, I have declared my opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long as it hath any appearance of probability.

45. It was a necessary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit.* 1. and this was observed too among the Heathen.

46. *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several Towns, but *Naioth* was a place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious meetings. *Adricom.*

47. The Description of the *Prophets Colledge* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight, as if I had taken the pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, ours (as many other *Christian* customs) were formed after the example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or foretellers of future things, but Religious persons, who separated themselves from the business of the world, to employ their time in the contemplation and praise of God; their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments: for which cause in 1 *Sam.* 10. 5. they carried with them a *Psaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe*, and *Harp*; These it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for the 19, and 20. they saw the company of Prophets prophesying (that is, saw

them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as appointed over them, *Stantem super eos*; which the Chaldee interprets *Stantem docentem eos*, *Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterward composed *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, because they laboured in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as 2 *King*. 2. 3. The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v*. 5. the *Sons* of the Prophets that were at *Jericho*: out of which may be collected, that *Colledges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons* of the *Prophets*) either because they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the sense that the *Greeks* term *Physitians*, Ἰατρῶν παῖδας, The *Sons* of the *Physitians*; and the *Hebrews Men*, the *Sons of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this appellation. To this alludes S. *Matth*. 11. 19. *Wisdom is justified of her Children*. And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 12. *My Father, my Father, &c.*

48. For the several Sprinklings and Purifications by water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod. Levit. Numb.* and *Deuteron*. the omission of which, in some cases was punished with no less than death, *Exod*. 30. 20.

49. I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the speech of an ancient *Rabbi*; from whence we may collect this distinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the feet of their *Teachers*, from whence S. *Paul* is said to be brought up at the feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* sate at *Jesus* his *feet*, and heard his word, *Luke* 10. 39. After the Scholars had made good progress in learning, they were *Elected* and made, by imposition of hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*. like our *Fellows* of *Colledges* to the *Masters*, which makes me call them *Th'Elect Companions*.

50. The Furniture of the *Prophet Elisha*'s chamber, 2 *Kings* 4. 10.

51. It was the ancient custom to cover the Seats and *Table-Beds* with Beasts skins: So *Eumæus* places *Ulysses*, *Odyss*. 14.

Ἐστόρισεν δ' ἐπὶ δέρμα λουθάδου ἄγριος αἰγός.
Collocavit super pellem villosæ silvestris capræ.

So *Euander Æneas*, 8 *Æneid*.

Præcipuumq; toro & villosi pelle Leonis
Accipit Æneam——

Ovid. *Qui poterat pelles addere, dives erat.*

52. There is a great dispute among the Learned, concerning the antiquity of this custom of *Lying down* at meat; and most of the *Critiques* are against me, who make it here so ancient. That the *Romans* at first used *sitting* at table, is affirmed by *Pliny*; that the *Græcians* did so too, appears by *Athenæus*, *l*. 7. *c*. 15. That in our Saviours time (long before which the *Romans* and *Græcians* had changed *sitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the several words used in the New Testament upon this occasion, as ἀναπίπτειν, *Luke* 22. ἀνακεῖσθαι, *Matth*. 26. κατακεῖσθαι, *Luke* 14. ἀνακλιθῆναι, *Matth*. 14. so *John* is said to lean on *Jesus bosom*, Joh. 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feast; and alluding to this custom, *Christ* is said to be in the *bosom* of his *Father*, and the Saints in the *bosom* of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this fashion from the *Romans* after they were subdued by them, but that is a mistake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eastern people: even in the *Prophets* time we have testimony of this custom, *Ezek*. 23.

41. *Thou satest upon a stately bed, and a table prepared before it*, Amos 2, 8. *They lay themselves upon cloathes laid to pledge by every Altar*; that is, they used garments laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the Altars they eat things sacrificed to *Idols*. What was the fashion in *Samuels* time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice, and long before; for the plucking off their shoes when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strict particular command to have their shoes on their feet at the eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their shoes off at other meals?

53. There is no matter capable of receiving the marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were ingraven in *Brass*; so was the League made with the *Latines*, *Liv. Dec. j. Lib.* 2. and *Talus* among the *Cretans* was feigned to be a Man made of *Brass* by *Vulcan* (of whom they report many ridiculous stories) because he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in brass, and put them severely in execution. *Pausan.* in *Boetic.* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiods* Ἔργων καὶ ἡμερῶν, written in Lead; which kind of plates, *Sueton.* in *Nerone* calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden paper*. This fashion was in use before *Jobs* time; for he says, *Job* 19. 23. 24. *Oh that my words were graven with an Iron pen and Lead in the Rock for ever. Rock*, that is, the *Leaden plates* should be placed upon *Rocks* or *Pillars*. They likewise anciently engraved the very pillars themselves; as those two famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Josephus* his days. And *Iamblicus* avows, that he took the principles of his mystical Philosophy from the *Pillars* of *Mercurie*. *Plin. l.* 7. 56. reports, that the *Babylonians* and *Assyrians* write their Laws in *Coctis lateribus*, that is, *Pillars* of *Brick*. *Moses* his in *Stone*. *Horace*,

Non incisa notis marmora publicis.

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *private Library*. They used also of old *Plates* or Leaves of *Ivory*; from whence they were termed *Libri Elephantini*; not as some conceive, from their *bigness*. Mart.

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.

As for *Wood* and *Slates*, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable materials were written upon. Of thin shavings of wood the *Longobards* at their first coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on: some of which *Pancirollus* had seen and read in his time.

54. See *Plin. l.* 13. 11. From whence *Letters* are called *Phœnicean*, not from the *Country*, but from φοῖνιξ, a *Palm*-tree. But *Guiland. de Papyro*, thinks that *Phœnicea* in *Pliny* is not the same with φοῖνιξ, and has a long discourse to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in use for writing, and that we should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very slight grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Isidor.* and the *Epigram* of *Cinna* cited by him:

Hæc tibi Arateis multùm invigilata lucernis
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo Malvæ descripta libello
Prusiacâ vexi munera naviculâ.

But this was a *raritie*; for *Mallows* are too soft to be proper for that use. At *Athens* the names of those who were expelled the Senate, were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this sentence was called Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις, as the names of those banisht by the people were in *Shells*; but at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called Πεταλισμοὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ πετάλου ἐλαίας. And in this manner wrote *Virgils Sybilla*,

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.

Pliny testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under ground unperished, by having been rubbed over with the Oyl of *Cedar*. *Horace, de Ar. Po.*

——*Speramus carmina fingi*
Posse linenda Cedro, aut lævi servanda Cupresso?

Ovid.——*Nec Cedro charta notetur*; and,

——*Cedro digna locutus*;

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by *Cedar Oyl*; which was likewise used in the Embalming of dead Bodies.

55. Of *Linen Books Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Lintei*, and were *Publique Records*; by others termed too *Lintea Mappæ*, and *Carbasina volumina*, Silken Volumns, *Claud. de B. Get.*

——*Quid carmina poscat*
Fatidico custos Romani carbasus ævi.

And *Sym. l.* 4. *Epist. Monitus Cumanos lintea texta sumpserunt.* And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their cloaths.

55. *Tender Barks.* The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the body of the Tree. The paper used to this day in *China* and some part of the *Indies*, seems to be made of the same kind of stuff. The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the sharp style, &c. These waxen Table-books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library* at *Naioth*. *Iliad.* 6. *Prætus* sent a Letter in such Table-books by *Bellerophon*. The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at first made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome*, and they used *styles* of Bone; it was made sharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *stylum vertere*.

56. *Pliny* says, that *Paper* (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that name in the Marshes of *Egypt*) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria*; and Parchment, not till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena*. In both which he is deceived; for *Herod.* in *Terps.* says, that the *Ionians* still call *Paper-skins*, because formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make use of *skins* instead of it. See *Melch. Guiland. de Pap.* upon this argument. And the *Diptheræ* of the *Græcians* were nothing else but the skins of beasts; that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the she-Goat that gave him milk. And many are of opinion, that the famous *Golden-Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-Skin*. *Diod. Sicul. l.* 2. affirms that the *Persian Annals* were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced: however, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper of Egypt new Arts* here, because they were later than the other.

57. *Hieroglyphicks.* The use of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Egypt* where they had lived so long, *Lucan l.* 3.

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos
Noverat, & saxis tantùm volucresq; feræq;
Sculptaq; servabant magicas animalia linguas.

58. *Nathan* and *Gad* were famous *Prophets* in *Davids* time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his *Colledge*, for their particular *Professorships*, the one of *Astronomy*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them, and I suppose the places were very lawfully at my disposing. *Seraia* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called 1 *Kings* 42. *Sisha*, and 1 *Chron.* 18. 16. *Shausha*. *Mahol* the *Reader* of *Natural Philosophy*, is mentioned, 1 *Kings* 4. 31. *Heman* and *Asaph* are often

spoken of in the Scripture, 1 *Kings* 4. 1 *Chron.* 15. 17, 19. and 16. 5. and 37. 41, 42. and 25.

59. A *Pyramide* is a figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upward, till it end in a point, like our Spire-Steeples. It is so called from Πῦρ, *Fire*, because *Flame* ascends in that Figure. *Number* is here called a *Turn'd Pyramide*, because the bottom of it is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up still larger and larger, just contrary to the nature of *Pyramidical Ascension*.

60. *Sacred Blew*. Because of the use of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the Curtain for the Door, the *Vail*, the *Priests Ephod*, *Breast-Plate*, and briefly all sacred Ornaments. The reason of chusing *Blew*, I suppose to have been in the *Tabernacle*, to represent the seat of *God*, that is, the *Heavens*, of which the *Tabernacle* was an *Emblem*, Numb. 15. 38. The Jews are commanded to make that lace or ribband of *Blew*, wherewith their fringes are bound to their cloaths; and they have now left off the very wearing of Fringes; because, they say, the art is lost of dying that kind of *Blew*, which was the perfectest sky-colour. *Cæruleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cæluleus*.

61. *Virg. l.* 6. *Æn.*

Obloquitur numeris Septem discrimina vocum.

From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now six notes in *Musick*, *Ut. Re. Mi. Fa. So. La.* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to S. *John*, beginning every line with those syllables) so the ancients had *seven*; according to which *Apollo* too instituted the Lyre with seven strings; and *Pindar* calls it Ἑπτάτονον, his Interpreter, Ἑπτάμιτον, and the *Argives* forbad under a penalty, the use of more strings.

62. *Porphyrius* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, 3. *Præpar. Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believed but *one God*, whom they called Κνὴφ (whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is. & Osyr. &* *Strabo*, l. 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the image of that God was made with an *Egg* coming out of his mouth, to shew that he *Spoke out the world*, that is, made it with his *word*; for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *symbol* of the *world*. So was it too in the mystical Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Sympos.* l. 11. *Quæst.* 3. and *Macrob.* l. 7. c. 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, Τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ὠὸν καὶ τὸ τοῦ Πλάτωνος Ὄν, to be the same things. *Voss. de Idol.*

63. *Theophil.* l. 2. *adversus Gent.* Θεὸς οὐ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' αὐτός ἐστι τόπος τῶν ὅλων, God is in no place, but is the *Place* of all things; and *Philo*, Αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ πλήρης. Which is the same with the expression here.

64. Gen. 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew, &c.* which Text hath raised a great controversie among the Learned, about the derivation of the name of the *Hebrews*: The general opinion received of old was, that it came from *Eber*; which is not improbable, and defended by many learned men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more followed by the late Critiques, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the name came from *Abrahams* passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the name of *Welch* is said to signifie no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the people amongst whom they came, an ' ever after retained it) which opinion is chiefly grounded upon the Septuagint Translation in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τῷ περάτῃ, The *Passenger*; and *Aquila*, Περαίτῃ.

65. For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were Students in Colledges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 3, &c.

THE
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THe Friendship betwixt Jonathan *and* David ; *and upon that occasion a digression concerning the nature of* Love. *A discourse between* Jonathan *and* David, *upon which the latter absents himself from* Court, *and the former goes thither, to inform himself of* Sauls *resolution. The Feast of the* New-Moon, *the manner of the Celebration of it ; and therein a Digression of the History of* Abraham. Sauls *Speech upon* Davids *absence from the Feast, and his anger against* Jonathan. Davids *resolution to fly away ; he parts with* Jonathan, *and falls asleep under a Tree. A Description of* Phansie ; *an* Angel *makes up a* Vision *in* Davids *head ; the* Vision *it self, which is, A* Prophesie *of all the succession of his Race till* Christs *time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking,* Gabriel *assumes an humane shape, and confirms to him the truth of his* Vision.

DAVIDEIS.

The second Book.

BUt now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up rose the *Sun* and *Saul*;
Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;
But both, alas, from restless labours rose.
For in *Sauls* breast, *Envy*, the toilsome *Sin*,
Had all that night active and ty'rannous bin,
She'expell'd all forms of *Kindness*, *Vertue*, *Grace*;
Of the past day no footstep left or trace.
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*.
So near a storm wise *David* would not stay,
Nor trust the glittering of a faithless Day.
He saw the *Sun* call in his beams apace,
And angry Clouds march up into their place.
The *Sea* it self smooths his rough brow awhile,
Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a smile;
But he, whose ship-wrackt Barque it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the *Sea*, and such was *Saul*.
But *Jonathan*, his *Son*, and *Only Good*,
Was gentle as fair *Jordans* useful Flood.
Whose innocent stream as it in silence goes,
1 Fresh *Honours*, and a sudden spring bestows
On both his banks to every flower and tree;
The manner *How* lies hid, th'*effect* we see.
But more than *all*, more than *Himself* he lov'ed
The man whose worth his *Fathers* Hatred mov'ed.
For when the noble *youth* at *Dammin* stood

Adorn'd with *sweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,
Jonathan pierce'd him through with greedy Eye
And understood the future *Majestie* 1 Sam. 18. 1.
Then destin'ed in the glories of his look;
He saw, and strait was with amazement strook,
To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs; he saw his comely face
Where Love and Rev'erence so well mingled were;
2 And *Head*, already *crown'd* with *golden haire.*
He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Sp'irit* did tame,
Gentler then *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame.*
He saw his *Valour* by their *Safety* prov'ed;
He saw all this, and as he saw, he *Lov'ed.*
What art thou, *Love*, thou great mysterious thing?
From what hid stock does thy strange *Nature* spring?
'Tis thou that mov'est the *world* through every part
And holdst the vast frame close, that nothing start
From the due *Place* and *Office* first ordain'd.
3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *sustain'd.*
Sometimes we see thee *fully*, and can say
From hence thou took'est thy *Rise*, and went'st that way;
But oftner the short beams of *Reasons* Eye,
See onely, *There thou art*, nor *How*, nor *Why.*
How is the *Loadstone*, Natures subtle pride,
By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride*?
How was the *Weapon wounded?* what hid *Flame*
The strong and conqu'ering *Metal* overcame?
4 *Love* (this *Worlds Grace*) exalts his *Natural* state;
He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight.*
5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy *garlands* grace,
Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace?
The *Oak* for courtship most of all unfit,
And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it?
How does the absent *Pole* the *Needle* move?
How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love*?
Which are the *Wings* of *Lightness* to ascend?
Or why does *Weight* to th' *Centre* downwards bend?
Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy Laws,
And seldom *We*, *they* never know the *Cause.*
In thy large state, *Life* gives the next degree,

Where *Sense*, and *Good Apparent* places thee;
But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans Heart* alone,
Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories shown,
Handsome *Desires*, and *Rest* about thee flee,
Union, *Inhærence*, *Zeal*, and *Extasie*.
Thousand with *Joys* cluster around thine head,
O're which a gall-less *Dove* her wings does spread,
A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter farre
Then *Consciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The mystick *Scepter* of a *Cross* of Gold.
Thus do'est thou sit (like Men e're sin had fram'ed
A guilty blush) *Naked*, but not *Asham'ed*.
What cause then did the fab'ulous Ancients find,
When first their superstition made thee *blind?*
'Twas *They*, alas, 'twas *They* who could not see,
When they mistook that *Monster*, *Lust*, for *Thee*.
Thou art a bright, but not consuming *Flame*;
Such in th'amazed Bush to *Moses* came; Exo. 3
When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling Branches needless fear.
Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall
Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletcht withal.
Such, and no other, were those secret Darts,
Which sweetly toucht this noblest pair of Hearts.
Still to one end they both so justly drew,
As courteous *Doves* together yok'd would do.
No weight of *Birth* did on one side prevaile,
Two *Twins* less even lie in *Natures Scale*.
They mingled Fates, and both in each did share,
They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.
If any Joy to one of them was sent,
It was most his, to whom it least was meant,
And fortunes malice betwixt both was crost,
For striking one, it wounded th'other most.
Never did *Marriage* such true *Union* find,
Or mens desires with so glad violence bind;
For there is still some tincture left of *Sin*,
And still the *Sex* will needs be stealing in.
Those joys are full of dross, and thicker farre,

These, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such sacred *Love* does he'avens bright *Spirits* fill,
Where *Love* is but to *Understand* and *Will*,
With swift and unseen *Motions*; such as We
Somewhat express in heightned *Charitie*.
O ye blest One! whose *Love* on *earth* became
So pure that still in *Heav'en* 'tis but the same!
There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,
Gazing upon great *Loves* mysterious Face,
And pity this base world where *Friendship's* made
A *bait* for sin, or else at best a *Trade*.
Ah wondrous *Prince!* who a true *Friend* could'st be,
When a *Crown Flatter'ed*, and *Saul threatned* Thee!
Who held'st him dear, whose *Stars* thy birth did cross!
And bought'st him nobly at a *Kingdoms loss*!
Isra'els bright *Scepter* far less glory brings;
There have been fewer *Friends* on earth then *Kings*.
To this strange pitch their high affections flew;
Till *Natures* self scarce look'd on them as *Two*.
Hither flies *David* for advice and ayde, 1 Sam. 20. 1.
As swift as Love and Danger could perswade,
As safe in *Jonathans* trust his thoughts remain
As when *Himself* but *dreams* them o're again.
My dearest *Lord*, farewel (said he) farewel;
He'aven bless the *King*; may no misfortune tell
Th'injustice of his hate, when I am dead;
They'are coming now, perhaps; my guiltless head
Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding ly,
And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.
Think me not scar'ed with *death*, howere't appear,
I know thou can'st not think so: tis a fear
From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* speaks me free;
I'have met him face to face, and ne're could see
One terrour in his looks to make me *fly*
When *Vertue* bids me *stand*; but I would *dy*
So as becomes my *Life*, so as may prove
Sauls Malice, and at least excuse your *Love*.
He stopt, and spoke some passion with his eyes;
Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replyes)
Thou hast so prov'd thy Virtues, that they're known

To all good men, more then to each his *own.*
Who lives in *Israel*, that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee.*
Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vast *success*,
That all things but thy *Loyalty* are less.
And should my *Father* at thy ruine aim,
'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame.*
Think them not coming then to slay thee here,
But *doubt* mishaps, as little as you *feare.*
For by thy loving God who e're design
Against *thy Life* must strike at it through *Mine.*
But I my royal *Father* must acquit
From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his softness when from death he freed
The faithless *King* of *Am'alecks* cursed seed; 1 Sam
Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* so bloudy grow,
He who ev'n sin'd but now to spare a *Foe*?
Admit he could; but with what strength or art
Could he so long close, and seal up his heart?
Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
And dare not fix without consent of some.
Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,
Till licens'ed and approv'ed by others too.
No more (believe't) could he hide this from me, 1 Sam
Then *I*, had he discover'd it, from *Thee.*
Here they embraces join, and almost tears;
Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.
The praise you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to spend
Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me *Friend.*
That name alone does dang'erous glories bring,
And gives excuse to th' *Envy* of a *King*,
What did his Spear, force, and dark plots impart
But some eternal rancour in his heart?
Still does he glance the fortune of that day
When drown'd in his own blood *Goliah* lay,
And cover'd half the plain; still hears the sound
How that vast *Monster* fell, and strook the ground:
The *Dance*, and, *David his ten thousand slew*,
Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
Great acts t'ambitious *Princes Treasons* grow,

So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *owe*.
Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place,
From the *Good*, *danger*; from the *Bad*, *disgrace*.
They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *Peoples* hate,
Till *Blood* become a *Principle* of *State*.
Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
But still they *Fear* ev'en more then they *Affright*.
Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and stern:
His *Will* too strong to bend, too proud to learn.
Remember, Sir, the *Honey's* deadly sting;
Think on that savage Justice of the *King*.
When the same day that saw you do before
Things above Man, should see you Man no more.
'Tis true th'accursed *Agag* mov'ed his ruth,
He pitied his tall Limbs and comely youth
Had seen, alas the proof of heav'ens fierce hate,
And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate.
Remember how th'old Seer came raging down,
And taught him boldly to suspect his Crown.
Since then his pride quakes at th' *Almighties* rod,
Nor dares he love the man belov'ed by *God*.
Hence his deep rage and trembling *Envy* springs;
Nothing so wild as *Jealousie* of *Kings*.
Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,
Who *Reason* and *Gods counsel* does despise?
Whose head-strong will no *Law* or *Conscience* daunt,
Dares he not sin, do'you think, without your grant?
Yes, if the truth of our fixt love he knew,
He would not doubt, believe't, to kill ev'en *you*.
The Prince is mov'ed, and straight prepares to find
The deep resolves of his griev'd Fathers mind.
The danger now appears, *Love* can soon show't,
And force his *Stubborn piety* to know't.
They 'agree that *David* should conceal'd abide, 1 Sam. 20. 5. &c.
Till his great friend had the Courts temper tryde,
Till he had *Sauls* most secret purpose found,
And searcht the depth and rancour of his wound.
8 'Twas the years seventh-born *Moon*; the solemn *Feast* Lev. 23. 24. Nu. 26. 1.
That with most noise its sacred mirth exprest.
From op'ening Morn till night shuts in the day,

On *Trumpets* and *shrill Horns* the *Levites* play.
9 Whether by this in mystick *Type* we see
The *New-years-Day* of great *Eternitie*,
When the chang'd *Moon* shall no more changes *make*,
And scatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpets* sound awake;
10 Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ory still, Exo.
Giv'en with like noise on *Sina*'s shining Hill,
11 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
From faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*,
Who whilst the *Ram* on *Isaac*'s fire did fry,
His *Horn* with joyful tunes stood sounding by.
Obscure the *Cause*; but *God* his will declar'ed;
And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'ed.
12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed Tent
Midst a large train of *Priests* and *Courtiers* went;
The sacred *Herd* marcht proud and softly by;
13 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
Hard fate of *Beasts*, more innocent than *We*!
Prey to our *Lux'ury*, and our *Pietie*!
Whose guiltless blood on *boards* and *Altars* spilt,
Serves both to *Make*, and *Expiate* too our guilt!
14 Three Bullocks of free neck, two guilded Rams,
Two well-washt Goats, and fourteen spotless Lambs,
With the three vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
(Small fees to heav'en of all by which we're fed)
Are offer'ed up; the hallowed flames arise,
And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the skies.
15 From thence the *King* to th'outmost Court is brought,
Where heav'enly things an inspir'ed *Prophet* taught,
And from the sacred Tent to 'his Palace gates,
With glad kind shouts th'Assembly on him waites;
The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
And fresh-strew'd flowers paint his triumphant way.
Thus in slow state to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
Rich drest for solemn *Luxury* and *Show*;
16 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'estry* hung the room,
The noblest work e're stretcht on *Syrian* loom;
For wealthy *Adri'el* in proud *Sydon* wrought
And giv'en to *Saul* when *Sauls* best gift he sought 1 Sa. 19.
The bright-ey'd *Merab*; for that mindful day

No ornament so proper seem'd as they.
17 There all old *Abrams* story you might see;
18 And still some *Angel* bore him companie.
His painful, but well-guided Travels, show
The fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.
19 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came, Gen. 21. 14.
He blusht with sudden *passion*, she with *shame*;
Troubled she seem'd, and lab'oring in the strife
'Twixt her own *Honor*, and her *Husbands Life*.
Here on a conqu'ering *Host* that careless lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new gotten prey, Gen. 14.
The *Patriarch* falls; well mingled might you see
20 The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.
21 In the next piece blest *Salems* mystick King Gen. 14. 18.
22 Does sacred Presents to the *Victor* bring;
Like him whose *Type* he bears, his rights receives;
Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*.
Ev'en in his port, his habit, and his face;
The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Priest* and *Prince* had place.
Here all their starry host the heavens display; Gen. 15. 5.
And, Lo, an heav'enly *Youth*, more fair then they,
Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; such, said he,
23 So bright and numberless thy *Seed* shall be.
24 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes, Gen. 17.
And in his flesh the marks of *Homage* takes;
25 Here he the three mysterious *persons* feasts, Gen. 18. 2.
Well paid with joyful tidings by his *Guests*. Ver. 10.
Here for the *wicked Town* he prays, and near Gen. 18. 23.
Scarce did the *wicked Town* through *Flames* appear. Gen. 19. 24.
And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,
26 Since he from **Ur* to **Ephrons* cave was brought. *Gen. 11. 31.
But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes *Gen. 25. 9.
Like faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*. Gen. 22. Ver. 3.
27 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
With *Natures* power triumphant in his face
O're the *Minds* courage; for in spight of all
From his swoln eyes resistless waters fall.
28 The inn'ocent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore Ver. 6.
With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
And sometimes turn'd to talk; above was made

The *Altars* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid Ver. 9
29 The *Hope* of *Mankind*; patiently he lay,
And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey.
The mournful *Syre* lifts up at last the knife,
And on one moments string depends his *life* Ver. 1
In whose young *loyns* such brooding *wonders* ly.
A thousand *Spir'its* peep'd from th'affrighted sky,
Amaz'ed at this strange *Scene*; and almost fear'd,
For all those joyful *Prophesies* they'd heard.
Till *one* leapt nimbly forth by *Gods* command Ver. 1
Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and stopt his hand.
The gentle *Spirit* smil'ed kindly as he spoke,
New beames of joy through *Abrams* wonder broke.
The *Angel* points to'a tuft of bushes near, Ver. 1
Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear,
And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which though but slightly *wrought*, was firmly *set*.
For, lo, anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
The useful *Beast* on *Isaac*'s *Pile* consum'ed;
Whilst on his *Horns* the ransom'ed couple plaid,
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this *Halls* end a *Shittim Table* stood;
Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood.
For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
And cast his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* express,
Which does weak Man intoxicate no less.
Of the same wood the guilded beds were made,
And on them large embroidered *carpets* laid,
From *Egypt* the rich shop of *Follies* brought,
But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* soon are taught.
30 Behold sev'en comely blooming *Youths* appear,
And in their hands sev'en silver *washpots* bear,
31 Curl'd, and gay clad; the choicest Sons that be
Of *Gibeons* race, and *Slaves* of high degree.
Seven beauteous *Maids* marcht softly in behind;
Bright scarfs their cloathes, their hair fresh Garlands bind,
32 And whilst the *Princes* wash, they on them shed
Rich *Oyntments*, which their costly odours spread
O're the whole room; from their small *prisons* free

With such glad haste through the wide ayr they flee.
33 The *King* was plac'ed alone, and o're his head — 1 Sam. 20. 25.
A well-wrought *Heav'en* of silk and gold was spread.
Azure the ground, the *Sun* in gold shone bright,
But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with silver light.
The right hand bed the *Kings* three Sons did grace,
The third was *Abners*, *Adriels*, *Davids* place.
And twelve large Tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men *Sauls Court* and *Camp* could show;
The Palace did with *mirth* and *musick* sound,
34 And the crown'd *goblets* nimbly mov'ed around.
But though bright joy in every guest did shine,
The plenty, state, musick, and sprightful wine
Were lost on *Saul*; an angry care did dwell
In his dark brest, and all gay forms expell.
Davids unusual absence from the feast, — 1 Sam. 20. 26. 27.
To his sick spir'it did jealous thoughts suggest.
Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,
And thus at last his troubled silence broke.
Where can he be? said he; It must be so:
With that he paused awhile; Too well we know
His boundless pride: he grieves and hates to see
The solemn *triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*.
Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
From thousand proofs, th'ambitious *David* now
Does those vast things in his proud soul design
That too much *business* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*.
He's kindling now perhaps, rebellious fire
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conspire
Against *my Crown*, and all *our Lives*, whilst we
Are loth ev'en to *suspect*, what we might *See*.
35 By the *Great Name*, 'tis true.
With that he strook the board, and no man there
But *Jonathan* durst undertake to clear — 1 Sam. 20. 28. 29.
The blameless *Prince*; and scarce ten words he spoke,
When thus his speech th'enraged *Tyrant* broke. — V. 30. 31.
36 Disloyal *Wretch*! thy gentle *Mothers shame*!
Whose cold pale *Ghost* ev'en blushes at thy *name*!
Who fears lest her chast bed should doubted be,
And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of *thee*!

Can'st thou be *Mine?* a *Crown* sometimes does hire
Ev'en *Sons* against their *Parents* to conspire,
But ne're did story yet, or fable tell
Of one so wild, who meerly to *Rebel*
Quitted th'unquestion'd *birthright* of a *Throne*,
And bought his *Fathers* ruine with his *own*:
Thou need'st not plead th'ambitious *youths* defence;
Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.
Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,
Whilst thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'ed so near.
Is this that noble *Friendship* you pretend?
Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worst *En'emies Friend?*
If thy low spirit can thy great *birthright* quit,
The thing's but just, so ill deserv'est thou it.
I, and thy *Brethren* here have no such mind;
Nor such prodigious worth in *David* find,
That we to him should our just rights resign,
Or think *Gods choice* not made so well as *Thine*.
Shame of thy *House* and *Tribe*! hence, from mine Eye,
To thy false *Friend*, and servile *Master* fly;
He's e're this time in arms expecting thee;
Haste, for those arms are rais'ed to ruine *Mee*.
Thy sin that way will *nobler* much appear,
Then to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.
When I think this, *Nature* by thee forsook,
Forsakes me too. With that his spear he took
To strike at him; the mirth and musick cease;
The guests all rise this sudden storm t'appease; Ver. 3
37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *duty* knew; Ver. 3
And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.
To *David* strait, who in a forest nigh Ver. 3
Waits his advice, the royal *Friend* does fly.
The sole advice, now like the danger clear,
Was in some foreign land this storm t'outwear.
All marks of comely grief in both are seen;
And mournful kind discourses past between.
Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain, Ver. 4
Now they begin, and talk all o're again
A reverent *Oath* of constant love they take, Ver. 4
And *Gods* high name their dreaded *witness* make;

Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove;
But 'twas the tedious *zeal* of endless *Love*.
Thus e're they part, they the short time bestow
In all the pomp *Friendship* and *Grief* could show.
And *David* now with doubtful cares opprest,
Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;
When by command divine thick *mists* arise,
And stop the *Sense*, and close the conque'red eyes.
38 There is a place which *Man* most high doth rear,
The *small Worlds Heav'en*, where *Reason* moves the *Sphære*.
Here in a robe which does all colours show,
(The envy of birds, and the clouds gawdy *bow*)
Phansie, wild *Dame*, with much lascivious pride
By twin-*Chamelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of shapes and airy *Forms* an endless rout.
A *Sea* rowls on with harmless fury here;
Straight 'tis a *field*, and trees and herbs appeare.
Here in a moment are vast *Armies* made,
And a quick *Scene* of war and blood displaid.
Here sparkling *wines*, and brighter *Maids* come in,
The *bawds* for *sense* and lying baits of *sin*.
39 Some things arise of strange and quarr'elling kind,
The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind;
Here golden *mountains* swell the cove'tous place,
40 And *Cenatures* ride *Themselves* a painted race.
Of these slight wonders *Nature* sees the store,
And onely then accounts herself but *poore*.
Hither an *Angel* comes in *Davids* trance;
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
And joyns them wisely, and this *Vision* makes.
First *David* there appears in Kingly state,
Whilst the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands await;
Straight to the wars with his joyn'd strength he goes, 2 Sam. 5. 1. 1 Chro. 12. 23. Ver. 6.
Settles new *friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*.
To *Solima*, *Cana'ans* old head, they came,
(Since high in note, then not unknown to *Fame*)
41 The *Blind* and *Lame* th'undoubted wall defend, 2 Sam. 5. 6.
And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend.

The busie *image* of great *Joab* there
Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear.
He climbs the *airy* walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town.
They curse the guards their mirth and bravery chose;
All of them now are slain, or made like *those*.
42 Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
Which with full banners a fair *Fish* display.
From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypts* coast
They seem all met; a vast and warlike *Hoast*.
Thither hasts *David* to his destin'ed prey,
Honor, and noble *Danger* lead the way;
43 The conscious *Trees* shook with a reverent fear
Their *unblown* tops; *God* walkt before him there.
Slaughter the wearied *Riphaims* bosom fills,
Dead corps *imboss* the *vail* with little *hills*.
44 On th'other side *Sophenes* mighty King
Numberless troops of the blest *East* does bring:
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'ne;
45 *Damascus* and rich *Adad* help in vaine.
46 Here *Nabathæan* troops in battel stand,
With all the lusty youth of *Syrian* land;
Undaunted *Joab* rushes on with speed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The *Syrians* leave, or possess *dead* the ground.
On th' other wing does brave *Abishai* ride
Reeking in blood and dust; on every side
The perjur'd sons of *Ammon* quit the field,
Some basely *dye*, and some more basely *yield*.
Through a thick wood the wretched *Hanun* flies,
And far more justly then fears *Hebrew Spies*.
47 *Moloch*, their bloody God, thrusts out his head,
Grinning through a black cloud; him they'd long fed
In his *sev'en Chambers*, and he still did eat
New-roasted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat.
Again they'arise, more ang'red then dismaid;
48 *Euphrates*, and *Swift Tygris* sends them aid:
In vain they send it, for again they're slain,
49 And feast the greedy birds on *Helay* plain.

2 Sam. 18, 19, 21, 22. 1 Chro. 14. 8.

Ver. 2 24. 1 Chro. 14.

2 Sam. 1 Chro. Ver. 5 2 Sam. 1 Chro. 19. 6. & 19.

Ver. 1

2 Sam. 3. 4. 1 Chro.

Ver. 1 1 Chr. 16.

2 Sam. 1 Chr.

50 Here *Rabba* with proud towers affronts the sky,
And round about great *Joabs* trenches ly.
They force the walls, and sack the helpless town; 2 Sam. 12. 30.
51 On *Davids* head shines *Ammons* massy Crown. 1 Chro. 20. 2.
Midst various torments the curst race expires, Ver. 31.
David himself his severe wrath admires. 1 Chro. 20. 3.
Next upon *Isra'els* throne does bravely sit 1 King. 1. 1 Chron. 23. 1.
52 A comely *Youth* endow'ed with wondrous wit. 1 King. 3. 12.
53 Far from the *parched Line* a royal *Dame*, 2 Chro. 1. 12.
To hear his tongue and boundless *wisdom* came. 1 King. 10.
She carried back in her triumphant *womb* Mat. 12. 42. Lu. 11. 31.
The glorious stock of thousand *Kings* to come.
Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display, 2 Chro. 19.
Here they a *Temples* vast foundations lay. 1 King. 6.
A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd. 2 Chro. 3. & 4. 5.
For *God* t'*enhabit*, and that *King* to *build*.
Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,
Some draw it up with cranes, some breathe and grone
In order o're the anvile; some cut down
Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient crown;
Some carve the Truncks, and *breathing shapes* bestow,
Giving the *Trees* more *life* then when they *grow*;
But, oh (alas) what sudden cloud is spread
About this glorious *Kings eclypsed* head? 1 King. 11.
It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round, and now he's seen no more.
When straight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* crown'd. 1 Kin. 12.
With young and heedless *Council* circled round; 2 Chr. 10.
Unseemly object! but a falling state
Has always its *own* errours joyn'd with *fate*.
Ten *Tribes* at once forsake the *Jessian* throne,
And bold *Adoram* at his Message stone;
Brethren of Israel!——more he fain would say, Ver. 18. 2 Chro. 10.
But a flint stopt his mouth, and speech i'th'way. 18.
Here this fond Kings disasters but begin,
He's destin'ed to more shame by'his *Fathers* sin.
Susack comes up, and under his command 1 Ki. 14. 25. 2 Chron.
54 A dreadful *Army* from scorcht *Africks* sand 12. 2.
As *numberless* as *that*; all is his prey,
The *Temples* sacred wealth they bear away;

55 *Adrazars* shields and golden loss they take;
Ev'n *David* in his dream does sweat and shake.
Thus fails this wretched *Prince*; his *Loyns* appear
Of less *weight* now, then *Solomons Fingers* were.
Abijah next seeks *Isra'el* to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his *Fathers* stain;
56 Ne're saw the aged *Sun* so cruel fight,
Scarce saw he *this*, but hid his bashful light.
Nebats curst son fled with not half his men,
Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide;
God *punisht one*, but *blest not* th'other side.
Asan a just and vertuous Prince succeeds;
High rais'd by fame for great and godly deeds;
57 He cut the solemn groves where *Idols* stood,
And *Sacrific'ed* the *Gods* with their *own wood.*
He vanquisht thus the proud weak powers of hell,
Before him next their doating servants fell.
58 So huge an Host of *Zerahs* men he slew,
As made ev'en that *Arabia Desert* too.
59 Why fear'd he then the perjur'd *Baasha's* fight?
Or bought the dangerous ayd of *Syrian's* might?
Conquest Heav'ens *gift*, cannot by man be sold;
Alas, what *weakness* trusts he? *Man* and *Gold.*
Next *Josaphat* possest the royal state;
An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate;
His oft Oblations on Gods Altar made,
With thousand flocks, and thousand herds are paid,
Arabian Tribute! what mad troops are those,
Those *mighty Troops* that dare to be his foes?
He *Prays* them dead; with mutual wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury slays them all.
Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;
Never o'recome but by's Friend *Ahabs* sin;
60 On whose disguise fates then did onely look;
And had almost their *Gods* command *mistook.*
Him from whose danger heav'en securely brings,
And for his sake two ripely wicked *Kings.*
61 Their Armies languish, burnt with thirst at *Seere*,
Sighs all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moisture* there.

1 Kin.
2 Chro
10.
1 Ki. 1
2 Chro
& 13. 3
2 Chro
13. 17.
2 Ki. 1
2 Chr.
ver. 13
2 Chro
2 Chr.
2 Chro
16. 2.
ver. 18
2 Chro
16. 8.
2 K. 1
& 22.
2 Chr.
2 Chro
11.
2 Chro
17.
1 Kin
30.
2 Chro
19.
2 Kin
& 3. 9
& 3 8

They fix their greedy eyes on th'empty sky,
And fansie *clouds*, and so become *more dry*.
Elisha calls for waters from afarre — 2 Ki. 3. 13.
To come; *Elisha* calls, and here they are.
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
And the decrease repair with *Moabs blood*. — 2 Ki. 3. 24.
62 *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng — 2 Ki. 8. 16. & 8. 25.
For *Judahs* Scepter; both *short-liv'd too long*. — 2 Chr. 21. 1. & 22. 1.
63 A *Woman* too from *Murther Title* claims; — 2 Kin. 11. 1.
Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* she shames. — 2 Chron. 22. 10.
Proud cursed *Woman*! but her fall at last
To doubting men *clears* heav'en for what was past.
Joas at first does bright and glorious show; — 2 King. 12. 2 Chro. 24.
In lifes fresh morn his *fame* did early *crow*.
Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
But *Prophets* angry blood o'recast his day. — 2 Chro. 24. 21.
From thence his clouds, from thence his storms begin,
64 It cryes aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in. — 2 Ki. 12. 18. 2 Chro. 24. 23.
65 So *Amaziah* lives, so ends his raign; — 2 Kin. 14.
Both by their *Trayt'erous* servants *justly slain*. — 2 Chro. 25.
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand, — 2 Ki. 14. 7. 2 Chron. 25. 11.
Before him thousand *Captives* trembling stand.
Down a prec'ipice deep, down he casts them all, — & 25. 12.
66 The *mimick shapes* in several postures fall.
But then (mad fool!) he does those *Gods* adore, — 2 Chron. 25. 14.
Which when pluckt down, had *worshipt* him before. — 2 K. 14. 13. 2 Chron. 25. 23.
Thus all his life to come is loss and shame;
No help from *Gods* who themselves helpt not, came.
67 All this *Uzziahs* strength and wit repairs, — 2 Ki. 15. 1. 2 Chr. 26.
Leaving a well-built greatness to his *Heirs*.
68 Till leprous scurff o're his whole body cast, — 2 Ki. 15. 5. 2 Chr. 26. 19.
Takes him at first from *Men*, from *Earth* at last.
69 As vertuous was his *Son*, and happier far; — 2 K. 15. 32. 2 Chr. 27.
Buildings his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'ed his *War*. — 2 Chr. 27. 4.
But *Achaz* heaps up sins, as if he meant — 2 Ki. 16. 1. 2 Chr. 28.
To make his worst forefathers *innocent*. — 2 Ki. 16. 3. 2 Chr. 28. 3.
70 He burns his Son at *Hinon*, whilst around
The roaring child drums and loud Trumpets sound.
This to the boy a *barb'arous mercy* grew,
And snatcht him from all mis'eries to ensue.

Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thousands fall,
Here *Rezin* marches up, and sweeps up all:
71 Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus Son*
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run.
The last of *Adads* ancient stock is slain,
Isra'el captiv'ed, and rich *Damascus* ta'ne.
All this wild rage to revenge *Juda*'s wrong;
72 But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too strong!
Thus *Hezechiah* the torn Empire took,
And *Assurs King* with his worse *Gods* forsook,
Who to poor *Juda* worlds of Nations brings,
There rages; utters *vain* and *Mighty* things,
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames;
Whilst in the midst of their huge *sleepy boast*,
73 An *Angel* scatters death through all the hoast.
Th'affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies,
74 There meets an end far worse then that he flies.
Here *Hezekiahs* life is almost done!
So good, and yet, alas! so short 'tis spunne.
Th'end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old;
Time must go back, and afford better hold
To tye a new thread to'it, of fifteen years;
'Tis done; Th'*almighty power* of *prayer* and *tears*!
75 Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went;
The *Stars* gaz'ed on, and wondred what he meant:
76 *Manasses* next (forgetful man!) begins;
Enslav'ed, and sold to *Ashur* by his sins.
Till by the rod of *learned mis'ery* taught,
Home to his *God* and *Countrey* both he's brought.
It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardness brake;
He's made th'*Example* he refus'd to *take*.
Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* springs;
Josiah best of *Men*, as well as *Kings*.
77 Down went the *Calves* with all their gold and cost;
The *Preists* then *truly* griev'ed, *Osyris* lost,
These mad *Egyptian* rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worser thraldome still retain'd!
78 In his *own Fires Moloch* to ashes fell,
And no more *flames* must have besides his *Hell*.

79 Like end *Astartes horned Image* found,
80 And *Baals spired stone* to dust was ground.
81 No more were *Men* in *female* habit seen,
Or *They* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen.*
82 No lustful *Maids* at *Benos Temple* sit,
And with their bodies *shame* their marriage get.
83 The *double Dagon* neither nature saves,
Nor flies *She* back to th'*Erythræan* waves.
84 The trav'elling *Sun* sees gladly from on high — 2 King. 23 11.
His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched ly.
The Kings impartial Anger lights on all,
85 From *fly-blown Acca'ron* to the *thundring Baâl.*
Here *Davids* joy unruly grows and bold;
Nor could *Sleeps* silken chain its vio'lence hold;
Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his eyes
The humors stirr'd, and bad more mists arise:
When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away,
And in it good *Josiah* bleeding lay.
One hand's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd; alas, *he's slain, he's slain.*
Jehoias and *Jehoikim* next appear; — 2 King. 23. 31.
Both *urge* that vengeance which before was *near.* — Ib. v. 26.
He in *Egyptian* fetters captive dies, — 2 Chr. 36. 1. & 5.
86 Thus by more *courteous* anger murther'd lies. — 2 K. 23. 34. 2 Chro. 36. 4.
87 His Son and Brother next do bonds sustain, — Jer. 36. 30. 2 Ki. 24. 8.
Isra'els now solemn and *imperial Chain.* — 2 Chro. 36.
Her'es the last *Scene* of this proud Cities state;
All ills are met ty'ed in one *knot* of *Fate.*
88 Their endless slavery in this tryal lay;
Great God had heapt up *Ages* in one *Day*:
Strong works around the wall the *Caldees* build,
The *Town* with grief and dreadful bus'iness fill'd. — 2 Kin. 25. 1. Jer. 52. 4.
To their carv'ed *Gods* the frantick women pray,
Gods which as near their *ruine* were as *they.*
At last in rushes the prevailing foe,
Does all the mischief of proud *conquest* show.
The wondring babes from mothers breasts are rent,
And suffer ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant.* — 2 Chr. 36. 17.
No silver rev'erence guards the stooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundless rage.

The glorious *Temple* shines in *flame* all o're,
Yet not so bright as in its *Gold* before.
Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes,
Nothing the *ear* but groans and dismal cryes.
The walls and towers are levi'ed with the ground,
And scarce ought now of that vast *Citie's* found
But shards and rubbish which weak signs might keep
Of forepast glory, and bid *Trav'ellers* weep.
Thus did triumphant *Assur* homewards pass,
And thus *Jerus'alem* left, *Jerusalem that was.*
Thus *Zedechiah* saw, and this not all;
Before his face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
The sport of ins'olent *victors*; this he viewes,
A *King* and *Father* once; ill fate could use
His *eyes* no more to do their master spight;
All *to be seen* she took, and next his *Sight.*
89 Thus a *long death* in prison he outwears;
Bereft of griefs *last solace*, ev'en his *Tears.*
Then *Jeconiahs* son did foremost come,
And he who brought the captiv'ed nation home;
A row of *Worthies* in long order past
O're the short stage; of all old *Joseph* last.
Fair *Angels* past by next in seemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded basquets in their hands.
Some as they went the blew-ey'd *violets* strew,
Some spotless *Lilies* in loose order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown *roses* spread;
Their smell divine and colour strangely red;
Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom *weathers* taint, and winds *rude kisses* tear.
Such, I believe, was the first *Roses* hew,
Which at *Gods* word in beauteous *Eden* grew.
Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay,
The morning blushes of the *Springs new Day.*
90 With sober pace an heav'enly *Maid* walks in,
Her looks all fair; no *sign* of *Native sin*
Through her whole body writ; *Immod'erate Grace*
Spoke things far more then humane in her face.
It casts a dusky gloom o're all the flow'rs;
91 And with *full beams* their *mingled Light* devowrs.

An *Angel* straight broke from a shining clowd,
And prest his wings, and with much reve'rence bow'd.
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his sacred Message sweetly said:
Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole world shall call Lu. 1. 28.
Above all *blest*; *Thee*, who shalt bless them all.
Thy *Virgin womb* in wondrous sort shall shrowd
Jesus the God; (and then again he *bow'd*)
Conception the great *Spirit* shall breathe on thee;
92 Hail thou, who must *Gods wife, Gods mother* be!
With that, his seeming form to heav'n he rear'd;
She low obeisance made, and disappear'd.
Lo a new *Star* three eastern *Sages* see;
(For why should onely *Earth* a *Gainer* be?) Mat. 2. 1.
They saw this *Phosphors* infant-light, and knew
It bravely usher'd in a *Sun* as New.
They hasted all this rising *Sun* t'adore;
93 With them rich myrrh, and early spices bore.
Wise men; no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You'll in a noisome *Stable* find your *King*.
Anon a thousand *Dev'ils* run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful smile deform'edly grin.
Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown and tear
The gaping Snakes from their black-knotted hair.
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
Were *doubled* now, or that just *now* they *fell*.
But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring saw,
All fled with trembling fear and silent aw.
In her chast arms th' *Eternal Infant* lies,
Th'*Almighty voyce* chang'ed into feeble cryes.
Heav'en contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;
Never did *Virgin contain Heav'en* before.
Angels peep round to view this mystick thing,
And *Halleluiah* round, all *Halleluiah* sing.
No longer could good *David* quiet bear,
The *unwieldy pleasure* which ore-flow'd him here.
It broke the fetters, and burst ope his ey.
Away the tim'erous *Forms* together fly.
Fixt with amaze he stood; and time must take,
To learn if yet he were at last awake.

Sometimes he thinks that heav'en this *Vision* sent,
And order'ed all the *Pageants* as they went.
Sometimes, that onely 'twas wild *Phancies* play,
The loose and scatter'd *reliques* of the *Day.*
When *Gabriel* (no blest *Spirit* more kind or fair)
Bodies and cloathes himself with thickned ayr.
All like a comely *youth* in lifes fresh bloom;
Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly loom!
He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That e're the midday Sun pierc'ed through with light:
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spred;
Washt from the morning beauties deepest red.
An harmless flaming *Meteor* shone for haire,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.
He cuts out a silk *Mantle* from the skies,
Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes.
This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime e're they grow *ripe* and *fall.*
Of a new *Rainbow* e're it *fret* or *fade,*
The choicest piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.
Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,
Not Vertuous Lovers sighes more soft then They.
These he gilds o're with the Suns richest rays,
Caught gliding o're pure streams on which he plays.
Thus drest the joyful *Gabriel* posts away,
And carries with him his *own* glorious day
Through the thick woods; the gloomy shades a while
Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile.
The trembling *Serpents* close and silent ly,
The *birds obscene* far from his passage fly.
A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that by which *Creation* rose.
Thus he appears to *David,* at first sight
All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.
In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;
A Sacred calm shines through his peaceful brest.
Hail, *Man* belov'ed! from highest heav'en (said he)
My mighty *Master* sends thee *health* by me.
The things thou saw'est are full of *truth* and *light,*
Shap'd in the *glass* of the divine *Foresight.*

Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the years
To go in order thus; hence empty fears;
Thy Fate's all *white*; from thy blest seed shall spring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*.
Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be *found*.
The *Southern Clime* him her sole *Lord* shall stile,
98 Him all the *North*, ev'en *Albions stubborn Isle*.
99 My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell.
100 Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell.

NOTES
UPON THE
SECOND BOOK.

1. HOnours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*; in which sense *Virgil* often uses the word, and delights in it:

Et lætos oculis afflârat Honores.

And in the 2 *Georg.* (as in this place) for *Leaves.*

Frigidus & silvis Aquilo decussit honorem.

2. *Josephus* calls *David*, Παῖς ξανθὸς. The *yellow*; that is, *yellow-haired Boy*, or rather, *Youth*. *Cedrenus* says, that *Valentinian* the *Emperor* was like *David*, because he had beautiful Eyes, a ruddy complexion, and red, or rather, *yellow* hair.

3. *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (The *Father*, *Power*; the *Son*, *Love*; the *Holy Ghost*, *Wisdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the world: And it is not only preserved by these *Three*, the *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom* of *God*, but by the emanations and beams of them derived to, and imprest in the *Creatures*. Which could not subsist without *Power* to *Act*, *Wisdom* to *direct* those *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their Natures, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual necessary assistances and benefits from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero Cognatio Naturæ*, The *Kindred*, or *Consanguinity of Nature*. And to *Love* the *Creation* of the world, was attributed even by many of the ancient Heathens, the Verse of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτος γενέτωρ καὶ Ἔρως πολυτέρπης.

Wisdom and *Love* were Parents of the world: And therefore *Hesiod* in his mad confused *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the first of all the *Gods*,

Ἦδ' Ἔρος ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι.

Pherecides said excellently, that *God transformed* himself into *Love*, when he began to make the world,

Εἰς Ἔρωτα μεταβλῆσθαι τὸν
Δία μέλλοντα δημιουργεῖν.

4. As *Humane Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, so other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*, and seem *contrary* to their *Nature*, as the ascension of heavy bodies, and the like.

5. *Garlands* of *Ivy* were anciently the ornaments of *Poets*, and other learned men, as *Laurel* of *Conquerors*, *Olive* of *Peace-makers*, and the like. *Horace.*

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis——

Me Ivy the reward of learned brows does mingle with the Gods. *Virg.*

——*Atq; hanc sine tempora circum*
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.

And let this humble *Ivy* creep around thy Temples with triumphant *Laurel* bound. Because *Ivy* is always *green*, and requires the support of some stronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great men.

6. The *Object* of the *Sensitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which *Appears* to be *Good*. There is great caution to be used in English in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Substantives*. I think when they constitute specifical *differences* of the *Substantives*, they *follow* best; for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we must not say, the *Great Pompey*, or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*; sometimes even in other cases the *Epithete* is put last very gracefully, of which a good *ear* must be the *Judge* for ought I know, without any *Rule*. I chuse rather to say *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*.

7. These are the *Effects* of *Love*, according to *Th. Aquinas in Prima Sec. Quæst.* 28. the 1, 2, 3, and 4. *Artic.* to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, *Amor est affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perfectuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8. 1 Sam. 5. *And David said unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new-Moon, and I should not fail to sit with the King at meat, but let me go*, &c. Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, & ego ex more sedere soleo juxtà regem ad vescendum, &c. The first day of every month was a Festival among the *Jews:* for the *First-fruits* of all things, even all distinctions of *Times* were *Sacred* to *God*; In it they neither bought nor sold, *Amos* 8. 4. *When will the new-Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn?* the Vulg. *Quando transibit mensis* (that is, *Primus dies*, or *Festum Mensis*) *& venundabimus merces?* They went to the Prophets to hear the word as upon Sabbaths, 2 Kings 4. 23. *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither New-moon nor Sabbath*; which was likewise a *Custom* among the *Romans:* for the day of the *Calends* the *High Priests* called together the people (from whence the name of *Calends à Calando plebem*) to instruct them in the divine dutys which they were to perform that month, *Macro.* 1. *Saturnal.* And lastly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other ordinary days, *Num.* 28. 11. But of all *New-moons*, that of the *seventh month* was the most solemn, it being also the *Feast of Trumpets*. It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* spoken of in this story of *David*; but that it was so, may probably be conjectured, in that the *Text* seems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the Feast lasted above one day, 1 *Sam.* 20. 27. *And it came to pass, that on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, Davids place was empty.* Now the reason of this greater observation of the Calends of the *Seventh Month* (called *Tisri*, and answering to our *September*) was, because according to the *Civil Computation* (for the Jews had two accounts of the beginning of the year, one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this latter being instituted in memory of their passage out of *Egypt* in the month *Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the beginning of the year; from hence contracts, and the account of *Sabbatical years* and *Jubilees* bare date. It is called by some *Sabbathum Sabbathorum*, because it is the *Sabboth* of *Months*; for as the seventh day, and the seventh year, so the seventh month too was consecrated to God. Of this *New-Moon* it is that *David* speaks, *Psal.* 81. 3. *Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in the time appointed on our solemn Feast-day. In insigni die solennitatis vestræ.* And the Psalm is inscribed, *Pro Torcu-*

laribus; which concurs just with this seventh Moon; which *Philo* in *Decal.* terms, *τὴν ἱερομενίαν ἡν σάλπιγξιν ὑποσημαίνουσι.* And S. *August.* reads, *In initio Mensis Tubæ.* See the Institution of this Festival, *Levit.* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9. The *Priests* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Festivals*, the year of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the sound of Trumpets through the whole Land; nay the *Sabbath* it self was begun with it, as *Josephus* testifies, *l.* 5. *Bel. Jud. c.* 9. But why the *Trumpets* were sounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris.* Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-year*; which opinion is likewise adorned with an allusion to the beginning (or as it were *New-years-Day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great sound of a *Trumpet*, Mat. 24. 31.

10. This was Saint *Basils* opinion, but is not much followed, because when *Festivals* are instituted in memory of any past Blessing, they used to be observed on the same day that the blessing was conferred.

11. This third is the common opinion of the Jews; who therefore call this Festival *Festum Cornu*, and say, that they sounded only upon Rams *Horns*: but that, methinks, if this be the true reason of it, is not necessary.

12. *The Third Hour*; 1. Nine a clock in the morning: For the day began at six a clock, and contained *twelve Little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters.* The first *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*, because that closed up the *Quarter.*

13. *Gay*, because the Beasts to be Sacrificed, used to be *Crowned* with Garlands, and sometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I say afterwards.

14. For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first year without spot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added on this *New-Moon*, one young Bullock, one Ram, seven Lambs of the first year without blemish, and one *Kid*, Numb. 29. which joined, make up my number. *Bullocks* of *Free-neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, implyed in the *Epithete Young. Intactâ cervice Juvenci.*

15. The outmost Court of the Tabernacle.

16. The custom of having Stories wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlits*, nay even wearing Garments, is made to be very ancient by the Poets. Such is the history of *Theseus* and *Ariadne* in the Coverlit of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed.* Catull. Argonaut.

Talibus amplificè vestis variata figuris
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.

So *Æneas* in 5. *Æn.* gives a Coat to *Cloanthus*, in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede*,

Intextusq; puer frondosâ regius Idâ.

And many authorities of this kind might be alleged if it were necessary.

17. *You might see.* That is, *It might be seen*, or, *Any one might see.* This manner of speaking, which puts the second person Indefinitely, is very frequent among the Poets; as *Homer*,

φαίης κεν ζάκοτον τινὰ ἔμμεναι.

Virg. 4. Æn.

Migrantes cernas:

Upon which *Servius* says, *Honesta figura si rem tertiæ personæ in secundam transferas. Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8. Æn.

Credas innare revulsas Cycladas; that is, *Credat quis.*

18. *God* is said to have spoken with *Abraham* Nine times; that is, so many times *Angels* brought him Messages from *God*. An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* Πρόσωπον θεοῦ.

19. Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abrams Brother*; others of *Therah* by another Wife, which marriages were then lawful, but the Scripture *Gen.* 11. calls her *Terahs Daughter in Law*, not *Daughter*; others think she was only *Abrams Kinswoman*; all which the Hebrews called *Sisters*. Ἀδελφιδῆ *non* Ἀδελφή. *Grot.* *Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had, which was above threescore years, but that the Scripture calls her so, and she proved her self to be so, by striking two Kings in love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech*. It is to be believed that people in those days bore their age better than now, and her barrenness might naturally contribute somewhat to it; but the chief reason I suppose to be a *Blessing* of *God* as particular, as that of her *child-bearing* after the natural season.

20. The Scripture does not say particularly, that *Abram* surprised this Army in, or after a debauch, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the case. Of these *Confused marks of death and luxury*, there is an excellent description in the 9 Æneid, where *Nisus* and *Eurialus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy.

Somno vinoq; sepultam.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
Vina refert moriens, &c.

But I had no leisure to expatiate in this place.

21. St. *Hierom* says this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to his *Time*; and that there were then remaining some ruines of the Palace of *Melchisedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jerusalem*; for being a *Type* of *Christ*, that seat was most proper for him, especially since we are sure that *Jerusalem* was once named *Salem*, Psal. *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his habitation in Sion.* And the addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the Jebusites; that is, *Salem of the Jebusites*, *Adric.* The situation of *Jerusalem* agrees very well with this story. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damascus*, passes very near *Jerusalem*, nay nearer then to the other *Salem*. But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchisedec*, the difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *man*, but *God* himself, or the *Holy Ghost*, as the ancient *Melchisedecians* and *Hieracites*; others, to be *Christ* himself; others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the son of *Noah*; which is little more probable then the former extravagant fancies. That which is most reasonable, and most received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Priest* for the *true God*, which makes him so remarkable among those Idolatrous Nations; for which cause he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος, because he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the Scripture; and therefore the better typified or represented *Christ*, as being both a *King* and a *Priest*, without being of the Tribe of *Levi*: But this and the other controversies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22. Ver. 18. *And Melchisedec King of Salem brought forth bread and wine, &c.* The Romanists maintain, that this was only a *Sacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Eucharist*, as *Melchisedec* himself was of *Christ*; others, that it was only a *Present* for the relief of *Abrams* men. Why may we not say that it was both? and that before the men were refresht by bread and wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Priest* of the most *High God*, as he is denominated? for even this oblation of bread and wine (used also among the *Hebrews*) is called θυσία, *Levit.* 2. and *Philo* says of *Melchisedec*

upon this occasion, ἐπινίκια ἔθυε. I therefore name them *Sacred Presents. Like him whose Type he bears*; that is, *Christ*. And the *Dues* he received were *Tenths*, whether of all *Abrams* substance, or of the *present Spoils* (ἀκροθίνια) is a great controversie.

23. Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. *I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand upon the sea shore.* An ordinary Proverb in all languages, for great numbers. Catul. *Aut quot sidera multa cum tacet nox*; and in another place he joyns the sand of the sea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythræi Siderúmq; micantium subducat numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberless* to the similitude.

24. *Gen.* 17. It is called a *Covenant*; and circumcision may well be termed a *Mark* of *Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the flesh, and peculiar dedication of *Abram* and his seed to the service of the true *God*.

25. The received opinion is, that *two* of these persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen.* 18. 22. But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat. Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the Jews have a Tradition, that these *Three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient opinion that these were the *Three persons* of the *Trinity*; from whence arose that notorious saying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit.* This appearing of *Gods* in the manner of *strangers* to punish and reward men was a common tradition too among the Heathens, *Hom. ρ. Odyss.*

Καί τε θεοὶ ξείνοισιν ἐοικότες ἀλλοπαδοῖσι
Παντοῖοι τελέθοντες ἐπιστρωφῶσι πολῆας
Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν τε καὶ εὐνομίην ἐφορῶντες.

The Gods in the habits of strangers went about to several Towns to be eye-witnesses of the justice and injustice of men. So *Homer* makes the Gods to go once a year to feast,

——μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας,

With the *unblameable Ethiopians.* And we find these peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

Summo delabor Olympo——
Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras. 1. Metam.

26. From *Ur*, the place of his *Birth*, to *Ephrons Cave*, the place of his *Burial*. *Ur of the Chaldees*, Gen. 11. 31. Some of the Jews take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, *lib.* 9. *Præpar. Evang.* say *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Josephus* calls οὐρὴν, and *Plin.* l. 5. *c.* 24. makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Usq; quem fertur Euphrates.* It was perhaps denominated from the worship of *Fire* in that Country. The name continued till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib.* 25.

27. *Mounts.* For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis.* Aquila τὴν γῆν τὴν καταφανῆ; which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same reason has Ὀπτασίας, which is the same with the Latine *Visionis*; and the Septuag. call it ὑψηλὴν, the *High Country*; others interpret it, *The Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation.* And it was not perhaps without relation

to this Sacrifice of *Abrahams*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the seat of *Solomons Temple.*

28. *The Boy.* Our English Translation, *Lad*, which is not a word for verse, the Latin *Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time but ten or twelve years old. But that is an age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that reason conceives that he was about 16 years of age, *Josephus* 25. Others 33, because at that age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the word *Boy*; for so all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, Gen. 43. 8. and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliah*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my description agrees most with that opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetical than the others.

29. Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, Gen. 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.

30. The ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the *washing* at least of their *hands* and *feet* before they sat or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is said of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They washt their feet and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, Gen. 18. 4. *Let a little water, I pray you be fetcht, and wash your feet, and rest your selves under the Tree, and I will fetch a morsel of Bread, &c.* So likewise *Josephs Steward* treats his Masters brethren. So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 Sam. 11. 8. *Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet, &c. and there followed him a mess of meat from the King.* It is in vain to adde more authorities of a thing so notorious. And this custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but contract much dirt, and were (of which this custom is some argument) to lie down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the feet of their guests,

——ἀρχαῖον δὲ τοῦτο ἔθος. Athen. L. 1. c. 8.

For this (says he) was the ancient custom; and so the daughters of *Cocalus* washt *Minos* at his arrival in *Sicilie*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful servants for this and the like ministeries. Besides this, it was accounted necessary to have *wash pots* standing by at the *Jewish* feasts, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these reasons six *Water-pots* stood ready at the wedding feast of *Cana* in *Galilee*.

31. Eccles. 2. 8. *I gate men-singers and women-singers, the delights of the sons of men*, οἰνοχόον καὶ οἰνοχόας. He and she servants to fill wine, says the Septuagint: Though I know the Vulgar, and our English Edition translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible, how curious the ancients were in the choice of Servants to wait at *Table*. *Mart.*

Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer esse meos.

32. After *washing* they always *anointed* themselves with precious oyl. So *Judith* 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self*. So *David* after the death of his child, *Rose up and washt, and anointed himself, &c.* So *Hom. Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her maids,

Αἱ δὲ λοεσσάμεναι καὶ χρισάμεναι λίπ' ἔλαίῳ
Δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' εἵλοντο παρ ὄχθῃσιν ποταμοῖο.

But this too is as notorious as the other fashion of *washing*. *Small Prisons*. *Boxes* of Oyntments, such as the woman poured upon the head of our *Saviour*, Mat. 26. 7. ἀλάβαστρον μύρου, that is, as we say, an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter; for this was not of *Alabaster*, S. *Mark* affirming that it was *broken*. Horace,

Nardi parvus Onyx.
Claudian. *Gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum*
Effudêre cadis——

33. The *Roman* custom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Triclinium*) and *three persons* to each bed (though sometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Asiatiques* as well as the very fashion of *discubation*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for state I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two, to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Ishui* and *Melchisua*, 1 Sam. 14. 49. to *Abner* his Cosin German, and Captain of his Hosts, and to his two Sons in Law, *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in use, because it is said here, 1 *Sam.* 20. 25. *And* Saul *sate upon his seat as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall*: because the words of *Session* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at several times, and in several Nations.

34. At the feasts of the ancients, not only the rooms were strewed with *flowers*, but the *Guests* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were *crowned* with them. *Virg.*

Crateras magnos statuunt & vina coronant; and
Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitq; mero——

Which cannot be interpreted as some do *Homers*,

Κρατῆρας ἐπιστέψαντο ποτοῖο.

Which they say are said to be *Crowned*, when they are filled so full, that the liquor standing higher than the brims of the Bowl, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen. l. j. c.* 11. But why may we not construe *Homer*, *They Crowned*, κρατῆρας ποτοῖο, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crowned Bowls with drink*?

35. The name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36. 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious woman, &c.* The Vulg. *Fili mulieris virum ultrò rapientis*; that is as much as to say, *Thou Son of a Whore.* Upon which place *Grotius*. Sons use to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuse himself, casts the fault of his stubbornness and ill nature upon his *Mother*. In which I cannot abide to be of his opinion; the words are so ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince*: I rather think that they import this, thou who art so stubborn and unnatural, that thou mayest seem to be not my son, but a *Bastard*, the son of a whore or rebellious woman; and that which follows in the same verse confirms this to me. *Thou hast chosen the Son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and to the confusion of thy Mothers nakedness*; that is, to her shame, who will be thought to have had thee of some other man, and not of *me*.

37. 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And* Jonathan *arose from the Table in fierce anger*, In irâ furoris. But his passion (it seems) did not overcome his duty or discretion; for he arose without saying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathans* shooting arrows, and sending his Page for them, from the 35 to the 40 verse; By *Horace* his rule,

——Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

And what art or industry could make that story *shine?* besides it was a subtlety that I cannot for my life comprehend; for since he went to *David*, and talked to him himself, what needed all that politique trouble of the shooting?

38. The *Head*, which is the seat of *Fansie*.

39. These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Phantastique Creatures*.

Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus, Lucr. L. 5.

And afterwards,

Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimæra,

Which is out of *Homer*,

Πρόσθε λεὼν δὲ ὄπισθε δράκων.

40. When the Country people in *Thessaly* saw men first that came on horseback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which fancy, they are truly said to ride upon themselves.

41. Unless thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam.* 5. 6. There are some other interpretations of the place, then that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Jebusites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind*. But this carries no probability. Thinking *David* cannot come hither, is a plain proof that they did it in scorn of *David*, and confidence of the extraordinary strength of the place; which without question was very great, or else it could not have held out so many hundred years since the entrance of the *Israelites* into the land, in the very midst of them.

42. *Fish*; *Dagon* the Deity most worshipt by the *Philistims*.

43. The English says *Mulberry* trees; the Latine, *Pear* trees; the safest is to leave it *indefinite*. The sound of a going in the Tops of the Mulberry trees, *v.* 24. Some interpret, The noise of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the *Greek* τοῦ κλαυθμῶνος.

44. *Hadad-Esar* King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Josephus Sophene*, a part of *Cœlosyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses*. This Kingdom is first mentioned, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it seems) it was under several Princes, and against the *Kings* of *Zoba*.

45. *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great lustre.

46. The Children of *Ammon*.

47. *Moloch* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites*, 1 *King.* 11. 5. & 7. *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor* of the *Moabites*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, because the like Worship and like Sacrifices were used to him. *Macrob.* 1. *Saturn. Curt. Lib.* 4. *Diodor. Lib.* 20, &c. I rather believe the *Sun* was worshipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the word signifies *King*; and it is the same Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Assyrians* and *Sidonians*, signifying *Lord*. Some think that children were not *burnt* or sacrificed to him, but only *consecrated* and initiated by passing between two fires; which perhaps might be a custom too. But it is evident by several places of Scripture, that this was not all: And the *Jews* say, that *passing through the Fire*, is but a Phrase for *Burning*. He had *seven Chappels* from the number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which reason the *Persians* likewise made *seven Gates* to him. In the first *Chappel* was offered to him a *Cake* of fine flower, in the second a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the sixth an *Ox*, and the seventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child*. The *Image* was of *Brass*, of wonderful greatness, with his hands spread, and set on fire within, perhaps to represent the heat of the Sun, and not as some think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewise the face of a *Bullock*, in

which figure too *Osyris* among the Egyptians represented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Persians*.

Stat. *Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the worship of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloch*, it was indeed the Devil that they worshipped; which makes me say, *Grinning through a black Cloud, &c.*

48. *Swift Tygris.* Curt. L. 4. No River in the East runs so violently as *Tygris*, from which swiftness it takes the name; for *Tygris* in the *Persian Language* signifies an *Arrow.*

49. *Helam*, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Foords of *Euphrates.*

50. The Metropolis of *Ammon*, since *Philadelphia.*

51. And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his head (the weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious stones) and it was set on *Davids* head, 2 *Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, 1 *Chro.* 20. 2. *Tulit diadema regis eorum de capite ejus, &c.* But the Seventy have it, Καὶ ἔλαβε τὸν στέφανον Μολχὸμ τοῦ Βασιλέως αὐτῶν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, &c. He took the *Crown* of *Molchom their King* from off his head. That is, The crown upon the head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes some of the Greek Fathers say, That *Melchoms Image* had a bright precious stone in form of the *Morning-star*, placed on the top of his forehead. I rather follow the English Translation.

52. Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his reign at *eleven* years old, which is very unreasonable. Sir *W. Raughley*, methinks, convinces that it was in the 19. year of his age; at which time it might truly be said by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wise man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but a young child.*

53. I am not ignorant that I go contrary to most learned men in this point, who make *Saba*, of w^ch^ she was *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Fœlix*,

Virg. *Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.*

And Frankincense was one of her presents to *Solomon*. Psalm 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba.* The City where she lived they say was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariaba*; and her, some name, *Nicanna*; others, *Makeda*; the *Arabians*, *Bulkis.* This consists well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*; for there were two *Ethiopia's*, the one in *Asia*, the other in *Africk.* Nevertheless, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reasons; first because she is called in the *New Testament Queen* of the *South*, which seems to me to be too great a *Title* for the Queen of a small Territory in *Arabia*, lying full East, and but a little *Southward of Judæa*; and therefore the *Wisemen* that came to worship Christ from those parts, are termed *Eastern*, and not *Southern Sages.* Secondly, all the Histories of the *Abyssines* or *African-Ethiopians* affirm, that she was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from *her* and *Solomon*, which the ordinary names of them seem to confirm, and the custom of Circumcision used even to this day, though they be *Christians.* In fine, whatever the truth be, this opinion makes a better sound in *Poetry.*

54. This *Egyptian* Kings name is very variously written. *Shishac* the English, *Sesac* Latine, *Susakim* Septuagint, *Susac Josephus*, *Susesin Cedrenus* also, *Sasuges*, *Sosonchis*, *Sosachis*; and by *Eusebius Smendes*, *Josephus*, *l.* 8. proves that *Herodot.* falsely ascribes the acts of this *Susac* to *Sesostris*, and particularly his setting up of pillars in *Palestine*, with the figures of womens privy parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminateness of those Nations. The Scripture says, his Army was without number, composed of *Lubims*,

i. *Lybians*, the Countreys west of *Egypt*. *Sukkyms*, from *Succoth Tents*, Lat. *Troglodítæ*, a people bordering upon the *Red sea*; by others, *Arabes Egyptii*, or *Ichthyophagi*; and *Ethiopians*, *Cusitæ*, Joseph. which is more probable, then to make them, as some do, the people of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petræa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the Soveraignty of *Judæa*, 2 Chr. 12. 8.

55. *Adadesar*, 1 Chron. 18. 7. I mention rather the golden shields taken by *David*, then those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concerned in them.

56. The story of this great battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the strangest and humanely most hard to believe, almost in the whole Old Testament, that out of a Kingdom, not half so big as *England*, five hundred thousand chosen and valiant men should be slain in one battel; and of this not so much as any notice taken in *Abijahs* or *Jeroboams* lives in the first of *Kings*. It adds much to the wonder, that this defeat should draw no other consequence after it but *Abijahs* recovery of two or three Towns; no more then all the mighty troubles and changes in *Israel*, that hapned afterwards in *Asa*'s time, who had besides, the advantage of being a vituous and victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raughley* makes a good discourse to prove the reason of this to have been, because the successors of *Solomon* still kept up that severity and arbitrariness of Government, which first caused the separation, but that all the *Kings* of *Israel* allowed those liberties to the people, upon the score of which *Jeroboam* possest himself of the Crown; which the people chose rather to enjoy, though with great wars and disturbances, than to return to the quiet which they enjoyed with servitude under *Solomon*. There may be something of this perhaps in the case; but even though this be true, it is so strange that the *Kings* of *Judah* should never (among so many changes) find a party in *Israel* to call them in again, that we must fly to the absolute determination of *Gods* will for a cause of it, who being offended with the sins of both, made both his instruments of vengeance against one another, and gave victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for blessings to that, but for Curses and Scourges to *Israel*. *God punisht one, but blest not the other side.*

57. This Superstition of consecrating *Groves* to *Idols* grew so frequent, that there was scarce any fair green Trec that was not dedicated to some Idol,

——*Lucosq*; *vetustâ*
Religione truces & robora Numinis instar. Claud.

The word it self *Lucus* is conceived by some to come *à Lucendo*, from the constant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning there in honour of them. At last the very Trees grew to be the *Idols*:

——*Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druidæ* had their name from worshipping an *Oak*; and among the *Celtæ* an Oak was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Holm Tree* had no less honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* says the ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the names of the *Gods*, 2 Kings 23. 6. *Josiah* is said to bring out the *Groves* from the house of the Lord; where it seems the *Idols* themselves are called *Groves*: either having gotten that name from standing commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps because they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them, or of *Idols* with Trees represented too about them; as *Acts* 19. 24. the silver similitudes of *Diana*'s *Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58. The number of the Armies is here likewise more than wonderful, *Asa*'s consisting of five hundred and eighty thousand, and *Zerahs* of ten hundred

thousand men, called *Ethiopians, Cusitæ*: Now though I took the *Cusites* of *Susacs* Army to be the *Ethiopians* of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up those as well as *Lybians*, into *Palestine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* should march with such an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*; besides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabout are spoiled by *Asa*, as belonging to *Zera*, but that is in *Arabia Petræa*, which I suppose to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countrys thereabouts; and with the help of his neighbour Princes: for otherwise it is hard to believe, that his Army could be so great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopians* as well as the *Abyssines*, both descending from *Chus*.

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petræa*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*.

59. It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an Army into the field, after his great success against *Zerah*, and his Fathers but a little before against *Jeroboam*, he should be so alarmed with the War of *Baasha* (a murtherer, and an unsetled Usurper; for which cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treasures for the assistance of *Benhadad*: But it was not so much out of fear of *Baasha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha*, if he had not been bought off to join with *Asa*. The Family of the *Adads* then reigned in *Damascus*, were grown mighty Princes, and so continued long after. But the Assistance was very Dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this occasion found the weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Judæa*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and attaque them.

60. The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels*, to whom the *Government* of this *world* is committed. The meaning is, that having a command to kill the *King*, and seeing *Jehosaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the person was) they had like to have caused the *King* of *Judah* to be slain instead of the *King* of *Israel*. He had like to have dyed as *Virgil* says, *Alieno vulnere*.

61. *Seir*, A little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.

62. *Jehoram* is said to have reigned eight years in *Jerusalem*, 2 Kings 8. 17. 2 Chron. 21. 20. but it is apparent by most evident collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehosaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his mistake, who says, *Joram filius regnum tenuit* (*Josaphat rege defuncto*) *annos duo deviginti*: Reigned *eighteen* years. I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in since. *Ochosia*, or *Ahazia* reigned scarce one year.

63. *Athalia*, by some *Gotholia*, Her murder of all that remained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua Possessio*, and belonged to the *first Possessor*. She had been in effect in possession of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochosia*, Ἐσπούδασε μηδένα τῶν ἐκ τοῦ Δαβίδου καταλιπεῖν οἴκου, πᾶν δ' ἐξαφανίσαι τὸ γένος. Joseph. And after these Murders here was a double *Usurpation* of *Athaliah*, first as she was not of the *House* of *David*. And secondly, as she was a *Woman*. For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* say, Fall to the *Distaff*, *Tomber en quenoüille*, *Deut.* 17. 15. Yet she reigned peaceably almost seven years, which was very much to be wondred at, not only in regard of her murders, usurpation, tyranny and Idolatry at home, but because *Jehu* then King of *Israel*, was a sworn enemy of the House of *Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise he effected, except in the person of this

wicked woman, who nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Absolvitq; Deum.*

64. 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invasion of *Hazaels* King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great sum of money. The 2 of *Chronicles* mentions likewise but one, which ended in the loss of a battel by *Joas*, and the slaughter of most of the Princes of *Judah*. Some think that both those places signifie but one war, and that the composition followed the victory. That they were several Invasions appears to me more probable, and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the former of the two, though it be generally otherwise thought; for it is more likely, that *Joas* should be driven to accept of that costly and shameful composition, after the loss of a battel, and of the greatest part of his Nobility, against a small number, then before he had ever tried his fortune in the field against the *Aramites*. Neither is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made that agreement for a vast treasure, should again break it, and invade them with a small company, as that having at first with a party only defeated the *Judæan* Army, they should afterwards enter with greater Forces to prosecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of so hard and dishonourable conditions. But it may be objected, that it is said, 2 Chron. 24. 25. *When they* (the *Syrians*) *departed from him* (for they left him in great diseases) *his own servants conspired against him, and slew him*; as if this followed immediately after the battel. But he that observes the manner of writing used in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Historical parts of the *Scripture*, shall find the relation very imperfect and confused (especially in circumstances of *Time*) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticipation*. So that *When they departed*, *&c.* may relate not to this defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other composition afterwards; which may be here omitted, because that second invasion was but a consequence; and almost *Continuance* of the former: In which respect one Relation (2 *Chronicles*) mentioning the first part, which was the battel only; and the other (2 *Kings*) the second, which was the sending in of new Forces, and the conditions of agreement both have fulfilled the duty of *Epitomies*.

65. That is, In the same manner as his Father *Joas*; both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last; with the same resemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*; and in the consequences of them, which were the loss of all their treasures, and those of the Temple, a dishonourable peace; and their murders, by their own servants.

66. This punishment, I suppose, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *enemies*.

67. *Uzziah*, so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint Ὀζίας, and so *Josephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High Priests* name in his time.

68. *At first from men*, 2 Chron. 26. 21. *Dwelt in an house apart, being a Leper*. So likewise 2 *Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. *From earth at last:* For *Josephus* reports, that the grief caused his death χρόνον μέν τινα διῆγεν ἔξω τῆς πόλεως ἰδιώτην ἀποζῶν βίον—ἔπειτα ὑπὸ λύπης καὶ ἀθυμίας ἀπέθανεν.

69. *Josephus* gives *Jothan* an high Elogy. That he wanted no kind of vertue, but was religious towards God, just to men, and wise in Government.

70. To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the custom to make a great noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Instruments, to the end that his cryes might not be heard. *Hinnon*, a valley full of Trees close by *Jerusalem*, where *Moloch* was wor-

shipped in this execrable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence the word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewise *Tophet*. Some think (as *Theodor. Salia, &c.*) that *Achaz* only made his Son pass between two fires for a *Lustration* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it is said, 2 *Kings* 16. 2. He made his Son to pass through the fire. But 2 *Chron.* 28. 3. Explains it, He burnt his Children in the fire. And *Josephus*, εἰδώλοις ἴδιον ὁλοκαύτωσε παῖδα.

71. *Tiglat-pilleser*, or *Tiglat-phul-asar*. The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Belosus*, by *Diador*, *Beleses*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire*. After which, the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Soveraignty, and made other great additions to it by conquest.

72. For after the spoil of *Syria* and *Israel*, which he destroyed upon *Achas* quarrel, he possest himself also of a great part of *Judæa*, which he came to succour, bore away the chief riches of the Countrey, and made *Achas* his *Tributary* and servant.

73. The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulensis* and *Cajetan* say the *Angel* of God destroyed them by *fire* from Heaven. *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*, λοιμικῇ νόσῳ.

74. He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, Septuagint, Νεσερὰ, *Josephus*, τῷ ναῷ Ἀράσκη λεγομένῳ, by his two eldest Sons *Adramelec* and *Sarasar*, some say, because in his distress at *Pelusium* (of which see *Herodot.*) he had bound himself by vow to sacrifice them to his Gods. Others more probably, because he had declared *Asarhaddon*, their younger brother by another *Mother*, his *Successor*. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacheribs* Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

Εἰς ἐμὲ τὶς ὁράων εὐσεβὴς ἔστω.

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

75. It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *shadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this opinion hath the authority of all the *Greek* and *Latin Fathers*.

76. *Forgetful Man*, which is the signification of his name.

77. The *Egyptians* worshipped *Two Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*; that is in their Sacred *Language*, of *Osyris* and *Isis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Israelites* took this Idolatry, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to worship under the same figure, as they had seen *Osyris* worshipped in *Egypt*. Such was *Aarons Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Jeroboams two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Osyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Osyris*, see before the Note upon the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

78. See Note 47. where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*; how then could it fall to *Ashes* in his own *Fires?* that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to dust, as the graven Image of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, and then stampt to powder; which stamping was not necessary if it had been of wood, for then it would have burnt to ashes. 2 *King.* 23. 6.

79. The *Sydonians* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Ashtaroth*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Astarte* is perhaps the ἡ Βαὰλ, mentioned often in the Septuagint, *Tob.* 1. 5. ἔθυον τῇ Βαὰλ τῇ Δαμάλει. They sacrificed to *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were represented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Deâ Syr.* Ἀστάρτην δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σεληναίαν ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her head the head of a *Bull*.

Syderum Regina bicornis. Hor.

80. *Herodian* testifies, that *Heliogabalus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a Spire, to signifie the nature of *Fire*. In the like Figure *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipped, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*; *Astarte* (for the *Cyprian* superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the Wife of *Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a sirname of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81. *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is, the *Moon*, *Men* sacrificed to her in the habit of *women*, and they in that of *Men*, because the *Moon* was esteemed, ἀῤῥενοθῆλις, both *Male and Female*, Macrob. Saturn. 3. 8. from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*, Jul. Firm. says of these Priests, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebri dedecorant*, which is the occasion of the *Law*, Deut. 22. 5.

82. 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Babylon made Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βῖνος, ὄνομα θεᾶς, (i.) To *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose worship *Herodot.* L. 1. reports, That *Virgins* crowned with Garlands sate in order in her Temple, separated from one another by little cords, and never stirred from thence till some stranger came in, and giving them a piece of money took them out to lie with them; and till then they could not be married.

83. Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτὼν, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, *a Fish*; and was an *Idol*, the upper part *Man*, and the lower *Fish*. *Desinit in Piscem mulier formosa superne.* I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder dagan*, the mighty *Fish*) and *Derceto*, whose *Image* was such, and her Temple at *Ascalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was worshipped. *Diodor.* says of the Image, *L. 3.* τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δὲ ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύος. And *Lucian*, Ἡμισέη μὲν γυνὴ, τὸ δὲ ὁκόσον ἐκ μηρῶν εἰς ἄκρους πόδας ἰχθύος ἀποτείνεται. There is an ancient Fable, that ὠάννης, a Creature *Half-Man* and *Half-Fish*, arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught men several Arts, and then returned again to the *Sea*. *Apollodor.* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several ages had arose out of the *Red-sea*, and that the name of one was ὠδάκων. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this matter. *De D. Syris. Syntag.* 2. *c.* 3.

84. 2 *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots* and *Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the swiftness of his motion. See *Zen.* l. 8. *de Cyro.* 11. Ἀναβὰς. *Pausan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth.* 10. *Justin.* 1. *Herod.* 1. They were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light*. *Nergal*, 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Cuth made Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*; to wit, the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the Romans. The ancient *Persians* worshipt it, and had no other Idol of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a River in *Persia*. *Strabo* says of the *Persians*,

θεῷ πρώτῳ τῷ Πυρὶ εὔχονται, which was the reason they abhorred the *burning* of dead bodies, as a prophanation of their *Deity*.

85. *Belzebub*. The God of *Ekron* or *Accaron*. The *God of Flies*. See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and the Note 18. upon the first Book.

Thundring Baal. The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countrys. See the Note 45. L. 3.

86. Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the *slaughter* of *Jehoiakim* by the *Assyrians*. Nay the second of *Chron.* 36. 6. seems at first sight to imply the contrary. Against him came up *Nebuchadnezar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to *Babylon*. That is, he first bound him with an intent to carry him away captive, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Prophesies* of *Jeremiah*, Jer. 36. 30. and *Josephus* says expresly, that *Nebuchadnezar* commanded him to be slain, and his body to be cast over the walls.

87. *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away captive after three months and ten days, *Zedechia* being set up in his place, the younger brother of *Jehoias* and *Jehoiakim*; The fourth *King* of the Jews successively, that was made a *Bond-slave*. *Israels now solemn and imperial Chain:* for it was the custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis & reges*. Tacit.

88. For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* till their final destruction.

89. In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own eyes. In *Theb*.

Quid hic manes meos detineo?

Why do I keep my *Ghost* alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

Funus extendis meum,
Longasq; vivi ducis exequias patris.

And Oed. Act. 5.

Mors eligatur longa, quæratur via
Quà nec sepultis mistus & vivis tamen
Exemptus errem.——*Seneca* the Philosop.

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philosopher*) calls *Banishment* it self (the least of *Zedechia*'s affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*,

Parce religatis, hoc est, jam parce sepultis.
Vivorum cineri sit tua terra Levis.

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19. *Controvers*. has raised an objection against the next verse, *Bereft of griefs, &c. Cestius* (says he) spoke a most false sense, into which many fall. *She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep her self*. And again, *So much cause, and no more power to weep. As if* (says he) *Blind people could not weep*. Truly, Philosophically speaking, The moysture that falls through the place of the Eyes, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the Eyes were there; yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the Eyes, as to make the expression *Poetically true*, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragœdian* was not frighted with his *Criticism*; for *Oedip*. says in *Theb*.

Cuncta sors mihi infesta abstulit.
Lacrymæ supererant, has quoq; eripui mihi.

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not those kind of *Flowers* so well.

90. I do not mean, that she was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temerariously*; but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*,

which are the effects and footsteps, as it were, of *Sin*, were to be seen in her body.

91. Their *mingled Light*; i. Their *Colours*; which are nothing but the several mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the superficies of opacous bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little darkness; *Green* with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected and shadowed. *Plato* calls them, φλόγα τῶν σωμάτων ἑκάστων ἀπορέουσαν. *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from Bodies; and *Pindar*, *Od.* 6. elegantly attributes to Flowers, Παμπορφύρους ἀκτῖνας. *Purple Beams.*

92. *Gods Wife.* Though the word seem bold, I know no hurt in the figure. And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical word.* The *Church* is called *Christs Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*, till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same reason.

93. *Early*, i. *Eastern Spices.* From *Arabia* which is *Eastward* of *Judæa.* Therefore the Scripture says, that these *Arabian* wise men came ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν. We have seen his Star, ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ. Virg.

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum.

And the Presents which these wise men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia.*

94. *Gabriel*; the name signifies, The *Power of God.* I have seen in some *Magical* Books, where they give barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great persons, as that of *Mathattron* to the *Angel* of *Moses*, that they assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, And this *Gabriel* to *Joseph*, *Josua* and *Daniel.* But I rather use this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no mention of. Especially because *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifestation of *Christ*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary.* The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Minister of *Gods Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water.*

95. *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the second of the Senten. *Distinct.* 9. *Art.* 2. It is necessary that the Air should be *thickned*, till it come near to the propriety of earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a solid body, &c. And this way of *Spirits* appearing in bodies of condensed air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about Witches. But they are beholding for this Invention to the ancient *Poets.* Virg. 12.

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æn. &c.

Which is the reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and best Artificer of *Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantasm* of *Æneas*, 5. *Iliad.*

Αὐτὰρ ὁ εἴδωλον τεῦξ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
Αὐτῷ τ' Αἰνείᾳ ἴκελον καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον.

96. *Obscene* was a word in use among the *Augures*, signifying that which portended *ill-Fortune.* And it is most frequently applyed to *Birds* of *ill Omen.* Virg. 3. Æn.

Sive Deæ, ceu sint Diræ, obscænæq; volucres.
Æn. 12.——*Nec me terrete timentem*
Obscænæ volucres.——
Ovid.——*Obscænæ quo prohibentur aves.*

And *Servius* interprets *Virgils Obscænam famem*, to be, The hunger that drives

men to *Obscene*, that is, unclean or shameful things, or because it was foretold by an *Obscene*; i. *unluckie Bird.*

97. It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for God foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.

98. *Albion* is the ancientest name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *David's* time. But we must content our selves with the best we have. It is found in *Arist. de Mundo*, in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the vanity of those who derive it from a *Latin* word, *Ab Albis Rupibus.*

99. So the Angel to S. *John*, Revel. 19. 10. and 22. 9. calls himself His *Fellow-servant.*

100. Virg. ——*Cum circumfusa repentè*
Scindit se nubes & in aera purgat apertum; and again,
Tenues fugit seu Fumus in auras.
Hom. Σκιῇ ἴκελον ἢ καὶ ὀνείρῳ ἔπτατο.

THE

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DAVIDEIS.

The third Book.

RAis'd with the news he from high Heav'en receives, 1
Straight to his *diligent God* just thanks he gives.
1 To *divine Nobe* directs then his flight,
A small *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* right,
2 Is there with sprightly wines, and hallowed bread, V.
(But what's to *Hunger hallowed*?) largely fed.
3 The good old *Priest* welcomes his *fatal Guest*,
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast.
4 He lends him *vain Goliahs Sacred* Sword, V
(The fittest help *just Fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whose *weight* without a *blow* might slay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hosts* away,
A *Sword* so great, that i[t] was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it.
Thus he arms *David*; I your own restore,
Take it (said he) and use it as before.
I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest sight
That e're these Eyes ow'ed the discov'ering light. 1
When you stept forth, how did the *Monster* rage,
In scorn of your soft looks, and tender age!
Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Presumption* call,
Some piti'ed that such *Youth* should idly fall.
Th'uncircumcis'ed smil'ed grimly with disdain;
I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain.
Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'd to say,
Rapt with his joy; how the two *Armies* lay;
Which way th'amazed Foe did wildly flee,
All that his *Hearer* better knew then *He*.

But *Davids* hast denies all needless stay;
To *Gath* an Enemies Land, he hastes away, 1 Sam. 21. 10.
Not there secure, but where one *Danger's near*,
The more *remote* though *greater* disappear.
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Mans* succour flee,
So from *fir'ed Ships Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
There in disguise he hopes unknown t'abide!
Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?
Stones of small worth may lye unseen by *Day*,
But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray.
5 *Tagal* first spi'ed him, a *Philistian* Knight,
Who erst from *Davids* wrath by shameful flight
Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep sore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*.
Straight with a band of Souldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for scarce he thought that band enough,
On him he seises whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold *Youth* in his *own shape* appear'd.
And now this wisht-for, but yet dreadful prey
To *Achis* Court they led in hast away,
With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
Upon th'*Immod'erate Vulgars Joy* and *Hate*.
His valour now and strength must useless ly,
And he himself must arts unusu'al try;
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
The goodly curles of his rich yellow haire. 1 Sam. 21. 13.
Sometimes a violent laughter scru'd his face,
And sometimes ready tears dropt down apace.
Sometimes he fixt his staring eyes on ground,
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge *Philistians* could not wish,
6 But call't the *Justice* of their *mighty Fish*.
They now in height of anger, let him *Live*;
And *Freedom* too, t'encrease his *scorn*, they give. Ver. 15.
He by *wise Madness* freed does homeward flee,
And *Rage* makes them all that *He seem'd* to be.
7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood, 1 Sam. 22. 1.
An *Hill* part earth, part rocky stone there stood,
Hollow and vast within, which *Nature* wrought
As if by 'her *Scholar Art* she had been *taught*.

Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends*; many his spreading fame,
Many their wants or discontents did call;
Great men in war, and almost *Armies* all!
8 Hither came wise and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *Davids* self must owe his *Crown*,
A mighty man, had not some cunning *Sin*,
Amidst so many *Virtues* crowded in.
With him *Abishai* came by whom there fell
At once three hundred; with him *Asahel*:
9 *Asahel*, swifter then the *Northern wind*;
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*
Outgo his *Feet*; so strangely would he runne,
That *Time it self* perceiv'ed not what was done.
Oft o're the Lawns and Meadows would he pass,
His weight *unknown*, and harmless to the grass;
Oft o're the sands and hollow dust would trace,
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or displace.
Unhappy *Youth*, whose end so near I see!
There's nought but thy *Ill Fate* so swift as *Thee*.
10 Hither *Jessides* wrongs *Benaiah* drew,
He, who the vast *exceeding Monster* slew.
Th'*Egyptian* like an *Hill* himself did rear,
Like some tall *Tree* upon it seem'd his *Spear*.
But by *Benaiahs staff* he fell orethrown;
The *Earth*, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.
Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow pit
He saw a Lyon, and leapt down to it.
As eas'ily there the *Royal Beast* he tore
As that it self did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
Him *Ira* follow'ed, a young lovely boy,
But full of *Sp'irit*, and *Arms* was all his joy.
Oft when a *child* he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'ed *Mother* fright.
Oft would he shoot young *birds*, and as they fall,
Would laugh, and fansie them *Philistians* all.
And now at home no longer would he stay,
Though yet the face did scarce his *Sex* betray.
Dodos great Son came next, whose dreadful hand
Snatcht *ripened Glories* from a conque'ring band;

Who knows not *Dammin*, and that barley field,
Which did a strange and bloody *Harvest* yield?
Many besides did this new Troop encrease;
Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace.
Eliel, whose full quiv'er did alwaies beare — 1 Chro. 11. 46.
As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were.
None from his hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim so well as *Hee*.
Many of *Judah* took wrong'ed *Davids* side, — 1 Chr. 12. 16.
And many of old *Jacobs* youngest *Tribe*;
But his chief strength the *Gathite* Souldiers are, — 1 Chro. 12. 8.
Each *single man* able t'orecome a *Warre!*
Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding air,
And hardy all as the strong *Steel* they bare,
A *Lyons* noble rage sits in their face,
Terrible comely, arm'ed with *dreadful grace!*
Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded here, — 1 Chr. 12. 8.
Yet his stout Soul *durst* for his *Parents fear*;
He seeks for them a safe and qui[et] seat,
Nor trusts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* so great.
So when in hostile fire rich *Asias* pride
For ten years siege had fully satisfi'ed,
Æneas stole an act of higher Fame, — *Virg. 2. Æn.*
And bore *Anchises* through the *wondring flame*,
A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
Then all the *Græcian* forces bore away.
Go pious *Prince*, in peace, in triumph go;
Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overthrow*;
To have sav'd thy *Troy* would far less glorious be;
By this thou *Overcom'est* their *Victorie*.
Moab, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lies;
Jordan their touch, and his *curst Sea* denies.
They see *North-stars* from o're *Amoreus* ground,
Edom and *Petra* their South part does bound.
Eastwards the Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* ly,
The mornings happy beams they first espy.
The region with fat soil and plenty's blest,
A soil too good to be of old possest
By monstrous *Emins*; but *Lots* off-spring came
And conquer'ed both the *People* and the *Name*.

17 Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnons* flood, Nu
And their sad *bounds* markt deep in their own *blood.*
18 In *Hesbon* his triumphant *Court* he plac'ed,
Hesbon by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'ed.
A glorious Town, and fill'ed with all delight
Which Peace could yield, though well prepar'ed for *fight.*
But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord* Nu 24,
Felt the keen rage of *Israels Sacred Sword,*
Whilst *Moab* triumpht in her torn estate,
To see *her own* become her *Conqu'erers* fate.
Yet that small remnant of *Lots* parted Crown
Did arm'ed with *Israels* sins pluck Israel down,
Full thrice six years they felt fierce *Eglons* yoke, Jud Ib.
Till *Ehuds* sword *Gods* vengeful Message spoke;
Since then their *Kings* in quiet held their owne,
Quiet the good of a not envy'd *Throne.*
And now a wise old *Prince* the Scepter sway'd,
Well by his *Subjects* and *Himself* obey'd.
Onely before his *Fathers Gods* he fell;
Poor wretched Man, almost *too good* for *Hell!*
Hither does *David* his blest *Parents* bring,
With humble greatness begs of *Moabs* King, 1 S
A safe and fair abode, where they might live,
Free from those storms with which himself must strive.
The King with chearful grace his suit approv'd,
19 By hate to *Saul,* and love to *Virtue* mov'd.
Welcome great *Knight,* and your fair *Troop* (said he)
Your *Name* found *welcome* long before with me.
20 That to rich *Ophirs* rising *Morn* is knowne,
And stretcht out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone.*
21 Swift *Fame,* when her round journey she does make,
Scorns not sometimes *Us* in her way to take.
Are you the man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
22 Great *Bâal of Phegor*! and how young he's still!
From *Ruth* we heard you came; *Ruth* was born here, R
In *Judah* sojourn'd, and (they say) matcht there R
To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true;
Howe're your *Virtues* here entitle you.
Those have the best *alliance* always bin,
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin.*

He spoke, and straight led in his thankful Guests,
To'a stately Room prepar'ed for *Shows* and *Feasts*.
The Room with golden *Tap'estry* glister'ed bright,
At once to *please* and to *confound* the sight,
23 Th' excellent work of *Babylonian* hands;
24 In midst a Table of rich Iv'ory stands,
By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lyons* born,
Which grin, and *fearfully* the place *adorn*.
Widely they gape, and to the *eye* they roare,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* stood,
26 With coverings dy'ed in *Tyrian Fishes* blood,
They say, th'*Herculean* art; but most delight
27 Some Pictures gave to *Davids* learned sight.
Here several ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go, Gen. 13. 6.
Their too much wealth, vast, and *unkind* does grow.
Thus each extream to equal danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can separate *Friends*;
Here *Sodoms* Towers raise their proud tops on high;
The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the sky.
By it the waves of rev'erend *Jordan* run,
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.
Hither *Lots* Houshould comes, a numerous train,
And all with various business fill the plain. Ib. v. 10.
Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*.
Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce Bullock scorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threatning horns;
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
The *Dogs* stand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high,
With stuff, on top of which the *Maidens* ly.
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Sisters* ride,
And *Lot* talks with them both on either side.
Another *Picture* to curst *Sodom* brings Gen. 14. 11, 12.
28 *Elams* proud *Lord*, with his three *servant Kings*:
They sack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away; Ib. v. 10.
Whilst in a Pit the vanquisht *Bera* lay,
Buried almost alive for fear of *Death*.
29 But heav'ens just vengeance sav'ed as yet his breath.

Abraham pursues, and slays the Victors *Hoast*, Ge
Scarce had their *Conquest* leisure for a *boast*.
Next this was drawn the reckless *Cities* flame, Ge
When a strange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven* there came.
Here the two *Angels* from *Lots* window look
With *smiling anger*; the lewd wretches, strook Ib.
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the dore,
Their *Eyes*, first cause of *Lust*, first *Veng'eance* bore.
Through liquid Air, heav'ns busie Souldiers fly,
And drive on *Clouds* where seeds of Thunder ly.
Here the sad sky gloes red with dismal streaks,
Here *Lightning* from it with short trembling breaks.
Here the blew flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruine all.
The fire of *Trees* and *Houses* mounts on high,
And meets half way new *fires* that showre from sky.
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the *Fathers arms*, and *They*.
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And more to *vex* their fate, are *burnt ev'en* there.
Men thought, so much a *Flame* by Art was shown,
The *Pictures* self would fall in ashes down.
Afar old *Lot* to'ward little *Zoar* hyes,
And dares not move (good man) his weeping eyes. Ge Ib
Behind his *Wife* stood ever fixt alone;
No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*.
A lasting *Death* seiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to speak she strove;
Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move.
One eye was clos'ed, surpris'ed by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light.
The wind admir'ed which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.
To heav'en she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a *Suppliant Pillar* stands.
She try'ed her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe's* rooted there:
Ah foolish woman! who must always be,
A sight more *strange* then that she turn'd to see!

Whilst *David* fed with these his curious eye,
The Feast is now serv'ed in, and down they lye.
Moab a goblet takes of massy gold,
33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes round
In the brisk grape of *Arnons* richest ground.
34 Whilst *Melchor* to his harp with wondrous skill
35 (For such were *Poets* then, and should be still)
His noble verse through *Natures* secrets lead;
He sung what *Spirit*, through the whole *Mass* is *spread*,
Ev'ery where *All*; how *Heavens Gods* Law approve,
And think it *Rest* eternally to *Move*.
How the kind *Sun* usefully comes and goes,
Wants it himself, yet gives to Man repose.
How his *round Journey* does for ever last,
36 And how he baits at every Sea in haste.
He sung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane,
37 Whilst foolish men beat sounding Brass in vain,
Why the *Great Waters* her slight *Horns* obey,
Her changing *Horns*, not constanter than *They*;
38 He sung how grisly *Comets* hang in ayr,
Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *hair*.
Gods Beacons for the world, drawn up so far,
To publish ills, and raise all earth to war.
39 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the cloud,
What *Motions* vex it, till it roar so loud.
40 How *Lambent Fires* become so wondrous tame,
And bear such *shining Winter* in their *Flame*.
41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Watry Bow*:
What *tyes* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*.
What *Palsie* of the *Earth* here shakes fixt *Hills*,
From off her brows, and here whole *Rivers* spills.
Thus did this *Heathen Natures Secrets* tell,
And sometimes mist the *Cause*, but sought it *Well*.
Such was the sawce of *Moabs* noble feast,
Till night far spent invites them to their rest.
Only the good old Prince stays *Joab* there,
And much he tells, and much desires to hear.
He tells deeds *antique*, and the *new* desires;
Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.

Nay gentle *Guest* (said he) since now you're in,
The story of your gallant friend begin.
His birth, his rising tell, and various fate,
And how he slew that man of *Gath* of late,
What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous man?
With that he stopt, and *Joab* thus began:
His birth, great Sir, so much to mine is ty'd,
That praise of that might look from me like *pride*.
Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood
Of the old *Judæan Lyons* richest blood.
From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Esrom* came
Ram, *Nashon*, *Salmon*, *Names* spoke loud by *Fame*.
A *Name* no less ought *Boaz* to appear,
By whose blest match we come no *strangers* here.
From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* sprung,
From *Obed Jesse*, *Jesse* whom fames kindest tongue,
Counting his birth, and high *nobil'ity*, shall
Not *Jesse* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
David born to him sev'enth; the six births past
Brave *Tryals* of a work more great at last.
Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit?
The wings of *Time* flag'd dully after it.
Scarce past a *Child*, all wonders would he sing
Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'er* of *Natures King*.
His *sheep* would scorn their food to hear his lay,
And savage *Beasts* stand by as *tame* as they.
The fighting *Winds* would stop there, and admire;
Learning *Consent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.
Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before;
Mute, as their *Fish*, would listen to'wards the *shore*.
'Twas now the time when first *Saul God* forsook,
God Saul; the room in's heart wild *Passions* took;
Sometimes a Tyrant-Frensie revell'd there,
Sometimes black sadness, and deep, deep despair.
No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
They cure but sometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.
Musick alone those storms of *Soul* could lay;
Not more *Saul* them, then *Musick* they obey.
Davia's now sent for, and his Harp must bring;
His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ery string.

When *Sauls* rude passions did most tumult keep;
With his soft notes they all dropt down asleep.
When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* and *Night*;
He with quick strains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*.
Thus chear'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury swage,
Till *wars* began, and times more fit for *rage*.
To *Helah* Plain *Philistian Troops* are come, 1 Sam. 17.
And Wars loud noise strikes peaceful Musick dumb.
Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,
For this rough work *Saul* his stout *Brethren* chose.
He knew not what his hand in War could do,
Nor thought his *Sword* could cure mens *Madness* too.
Now *Dammin*'s destin'ed for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* stood.
Between a fatal Valley stretcht out wide,
And *Death* seem'd ready now on either side,
When (Lo!) their Host rais'd all a joyful shout,
43 And from the midst an huge & monstrous man stept out. 1 Sam. 17. 4.
Aloud they shouted at each step he took;
We and the *Earth* it self beneath him *shook*,
Vast as the *Hill*, down which he marcht, he'appear'd;
Amaz'ed all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd.
A young tall *Squire* (though then he *seem'd* not so)
Did from the Camp *at first* before him go;
At first he did, but scarce could follow strait,
Sweating beneath a *Shields* unruly weight,
44 On which was wrought the *Gods*, and *Gyants* fight,
Rare work! all fill'd with *terrour* and *delight*.
45 Here a vast *Hill*, 'gainst thundring *Baal* was thrown,
Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down.
One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too
Torn up with't; that *rains back* on him that threw.
Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;
The *Sea* boils round with flames shot thick from sky.
This he *believ'd*, and on his *shield* he bore,
And prais'd *their* strength, but thought his *own* was more.
The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to *fill*;
46 And we (methoughts) *lookt up* to'him from our *Hill*.
47 All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest dress of *War*
(A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar.

The *Sun* himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright.
Brass was his *Helmet*, his *Boots brass*; and o're
His breast a thick plate of strong *brass* he wore,
His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,
Which *Nature* meant some tall *ships Mast* should be,
The huge I'ron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
And of *whole bodies* but *one wound* it made,
Able *Deaths* worst command to overdo,
Destroying *Life* at once and *Carcase* too;
Thus arm'd he stood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,
And round him flung a scornful look away.
So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,
An Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found
Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all his *spots* on ev'ery side.
Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
In choise of some strong neck on which to fall.
Almost he scorns, so weak, so cheap a prey,
And grieves to see them trembling hast away.
Ye men of *Jury*, 'he cries, if *Men* you be,
And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *Me*,
Chuse out 'mongst all your Troops the boldest *Knight*,
To try his *strength* and *fate* with me in fight.
The chance of War let us two bear for all,
And they the *Conqu'eror serve* whose *Knight* shall fall.
At this he paws'd a while; straight, I defie
Your *Gods* and *You*; dares none come down and *dy?*
Go back for shame, and *Egypts* slav'ery bear,
Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.
Alas ye'have no more *Wonders* to be done,
Your *Sorc'erer Moses* now and *Josua*'s gone,
Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take,
And sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.
Spears in your hands and manly *Swords* are vain;
Get you your *Spells*, and *Conjuring Rods* again.
Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were!
In his full strength, and long *Enchanted Hair*.
This *Sword* should be in the weak *Razors* stead;
It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.

Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the *Valleys* round
Flatt'ering his voice *restor'd* the dreadful sound.
We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd
We had behind some new *Goliah* heard.
'Twas Heav'en, Heav'en sure (which *Davids* glory meant 1 Sam. 17. 11.
Through this whole *Act*) such sacred terrour sent
To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,
Who ne're saw *fear* but in his *Enemies face*,
His god-like *Son* there in bright Armour shone,
Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*. 1 Sam. 14.
Fate her own *Book* mistrusted at the sight;
On that side *War*, on this a *Single Fight*.
There stood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliah* slew.
In his pale fright, rage through his eyes shot flame, 1 Chr. 11.
He saw his *staff*, and blusht with *generous shame*.
Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
Men valiant all; nor was *I* us'ed to *Fear*.
Thus forty days he marcht down arm'd to fight,
Once every morn he marcht, and once at night.
Slow rose the Sun, but gallopt down apace,
With more than *Evening blushes* in his face.
When *Jessey* to the Camp young *David* sent;
His purpose *low*, but *high* was *Fates* intent. 1 Sam. 17. 12, &c.
For when the *Monsters* pride he saw and heard,
Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they *fear'd*.
Anger and brave disdain his heart possest,
Thoughts more than *manly* swell'd his *youthful* brest.
Much the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame, 1 Sam. 17. 25.
Sauls Daughter much, and much the voice of *Fame*.
These to their just intentions strongly move,
But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countrys Love*,
Resolv'd for combat to *Sauls* Tent he's brought,
Where thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought:
Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred brest Ib. v. 32.
With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* molest.
This hand alone shall end his cursed breath;
Fear not, the wretch *blasphemes* himself to death,
And cheated with false weight of his own might,
Has challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to single fight.

Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* right is try'd,
The strength of *man* should find just cause for *pride!*
Firm like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,
But *Rocks* we know were op'ed at thy command.
That *Soul* which now does such large members sway,
Through one *small wound* will creep in hast away.
And he who now dares boldly *Heav'en* defie,
To ev'ery *bird* of *Heav'en* a prey shall lie.
For 'tis not humane force we ought to fear;
Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?
Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue?
By that whole *Nations* of *Goliahs* slew?
The *wonders* they perform'd may still be done;
Moses and *Josua* is, but *God's* not gone.
We'have lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *skill:*
Pray'rs and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still.
These are *more tall*, more *Gyants* far then *He*,
Can reach to *Heav'en*, and thence pluck *Victorie.*
Count this, and then, Sir, mine th'advantage is;
He's stronger far then *I*, my *God* then *His.*

Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see,
Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as He.
Brave Youth (replies the *King*) whose daring mind
Ere come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*;
Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright.*
Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
Whose *touch* would wound thee more then him thy *blow.*
Nature his Limbs onely for *war* made fit,
In thine as yet nought beside *Love* she'has writ.
With some less Foe thy unflesht valour try;
This *Monster* can be no *first Victory.*
The *Lyons* royal whelp does not at first
For blood of *Basan Bulls* or *Tygers* thirst.
In timorous *Deer* he hansels his young paws,
And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer claws.
So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd bee,
Fortune would be asham'ed to *second Thee.*

He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
But nought moves *David* from his high intent.

It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,
To be oppos'ed at first, and *conquer here*,
Which he resolves; Scorn not (said he) mine age,
For *Vict'ory* comes not like an *Heritage*, 1 Sam. 37.
At *set-years*; when my Fathers flock I fed, 33.
A *Bear* and *Lyon* by fierce hunger led,
Broke from the wood, and snatcht my *Lambs* away;
From their grim *mouths* I forc'ed the panting prey.
Both *Bear* and *Lyon* ev'en this hand did kill,
On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still.
My *God*'s the same, which then he was, to day,
And this wild wretch almost the same as *They*.
Who from such danger sav'ed *my Flock*, will he
Of *Isra'el*, his *own Flock* less careful be?
Be't so then (*Saul* bursts forth:) and thou on high,
Who oft in *weakness* do'st most *strength* descry,
At whose dread beck *Conquest* expecting stands,
And casts no look down on the *Fighters* hands,
Assist what *Thou* inspir'est; and let all see,
As *Boys* to *Gyants*, *Gyants* are to *Thee*.
Thus; and with trembling hopes of strange success,
52 In his own arms he the bold *Youth* does dress. 1 Sam. 17.
On's head an *helm* of well-wrought brass is place'd, 34.
The top with warlike Plume *severely grace'd*.
His breast a plate cut with rare Figures bore,
A *Sword* much practis'ed in *Deaths* art he wore.
Yet *David* use'd so long to no defence,
But those *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,
No good in fight of that gay *burden* knows,
But fears his *own arms* weight more then his *Foes*.
He lost himself in that *disguise of warre*,
And guarded seems as men by *Prisons* are.
He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous sight,
Prepares now, and *disarms* himself for fight.
'Gainst Shield, Helm, Breast-plate, and instead of those 1 Sam. 17.
Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he chose, 40.
And fits them to his sling; then marches down;
For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he esteem'd his *Own*.
We all with various passion strangely gaz'ed,
Some sad, some 'sham'd, some angry, all amaz'ed.

Now in the Valley'he stands; through's youthful face
Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and sheds manly grace.
Both in his looks so joyn'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love.*
Hot as ripe *Noon*, sweet as the *blooming Day*,
Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May.*
Th'accurst *Philistian* stands on th'other side, Ib
Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and pride.
The *Plagues* of *Dagon!* a smooth *Boy*, said he,
A cursed *beardless foe* oppos'd to *Me!*
Hell! with what arms (hence thou fond *Child*) he's come!
Some friend his Mother call to drive him home.
Not gone yet? if one minute more thou stay,
The birds of heav'en shall bear thee *dead* away.
Gods! a curst *Boy!* the rest then murmuring out,
He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.
David with chearful anger in his Eyes,
Advances boldly on, and thus replies,
Thou com'est, vain Man, all arm'ed into the field, Ib
And trustest those *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*;
Thy *Pride's* my *Spear*, thy *Blasphemies* my *Sword*;
My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool; the mighty *Lord*
Of *Thee* and *Battels*; who hath sent forth me
Unarm'ed thus, not to *Fight*, but *Conquer* thee.
53 In vain shall *Dagon* thy false *Hope* withstand;
In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand.*
Thy fall to man shall heavens strong justice shew;
Wretch! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canst do.
He said; our Hoast stood dully silent by;
And durst not trust their *Ears* against the *Eye.*
As much their *Champions* threats to him they fear'd,
As when the *Monsters* threats to them they heard,
His flaming Sword th'enrag'd *Philistian* shakes,
And hast to'his ruine with loud *Curses* makes.
Backward the Winds his *active Curses* blew,
54 And fatally round his own head they flew.
For now from *Davids* sling the stone is fled, Ib
And strikes with joyful noise the *Monsters* head.
It strook his forehead, and pierc'ed deeply there;
As swiftly as it pierc'ed before the *Ayre.*

Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground;
Blood, *Brain*, and *Soul* crowd mingled through the *Wound*.
So a strong *Oak*, which many years had stood
With fair and flourishing boughs, *it self a Wood*;
Though it might long the *Axes* violence bear,
And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear;
Yet by the *Thunders* stroke from th'root 'tis rent;
So sure the blows that from high heav'en are sent.
What tongue the joy and wonder can express,
Which did that moment our whole Host possess?
Their jocond shouts th'air like a storm did tear,
Th'amazed *Clouds* fled swift away with *Fear*.
But far more swift th'accurs'd *Philistians* fly, 1 Sam. 17. 52.
And their ill fate to perfect, *basely dye*.
With thousand corps the ways around are strown,
Till they, by the days flight secure their own.
Now through the Camp sounds nought but *Davids* name;
All joys of several stamp and colours came
From several passions; some his Valour praise,
Some his free Speech, some the fair pop'ular rayes
Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modest Guise*;
Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'ed the Female Eyes.
Some wonder, some they thought t'would be so swear;
And some saw *Angels* flying through the air.
The basest spi'rits cast back a crooked glance
On this great act, and fain would give't to *Chance*.
Women our Host with *Songs* and *Dances* meet, 1 Sam. 18.
With much joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet.
Hence the Kings politique rage and envy flows, Ib. v. 8.
Which first he hides, and seeks his life t'expose
To *gen'erous dangers* that his hate might clear,
And *Fate* or *Chance* the blame, nay *David* bear.
So vain are mans designs! for *Fate*, and *Chance*,
And *Earth*, and *Heav'en* conspir'ed to his advance;
His Beauty, Youth, Courage and wondrous Wit,
In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love begit. 1 Sam. 18. 16.
Not *Sauls* own house, not his own nearest blood,
The noble causes sacred force withstood.
You'have met no doubt, and kindly us'ed the fame,
Of God-like *Jonathans* illustrious *Name*;

A *Name* which ev'ery wind to heav'en would bear,
Which *Men* to speak, and *Angels* joy to hear.
No *Angel* e're bore to his *Brother-Mind*
A kindness more exalted and refin'd,
Then his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
And scorn'd the false *Alarums* of a *Crown.*
At *Dammin* field he stood ; and from his place
Leapt forth, the *wondrous Conqu'eror* to embrace ;
On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and Bow,
On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did bestow.
Not all that *Saul* could threaten or perswade,
In this close knot the smallest looseness made.
Oft his wise care did the Kings rage suspend.
His own lifes danger shelter'd oft his *Friend*
Which he expos'ed a Sacrifice to fall
By th'*undiscerning rage* of furious *Saul.*
Nor was young *Davids* active vertue grown
Strong and triumphant in one *Sex* alone.
Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
And deeper Prints in the *soft breast* it made,
For there t' *esteem* and *Friendships* graver name,
Passion was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame.*
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'ed,
Sauls Royal house two beauteous *Daughters* grac'ed.
Merab the first, *Michol* the younger nam'ed,
Both equally for different glories fam'ed.
Merab with spatious beauty fill'ed the sight,
But too much *aw* chastis'ed the bold delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to th'enlarged view,
Gives *pleasure*, but gives *fear* and *rev'erence* too.
Michols sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
And no less *strong*, though much more *gentle Love.*
Like virtuous *Kings* whom men rejoyce t'obey,
Tyrants themselves less absolute then *They.*
Merab appear'd like some fair Princely *Tower*,
Michol some *Virgin Queens* delicious *Bower.*
All *Beauties* stores in *Little* and in *Great* ;
But the *contracted Beams* shot fiercest heat.
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merabs* dy,
Such as the *Prouder* colours might envy.

Michols pure skin shone with such taintless *White*,
As scatter'd the weak rays of humane sight.
Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,
Then e're on fruits or flowers Heav'ens Pencil drew.
From *Merabs* eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,
From *Michols* the *Suns mild*, yet active flame;
Merabs long hair was glossy chestnut brown,
Tresses of palest gold did *Michol* crown.
Such was their outward form, and one might find
A difference not unlike it in the *Mind*.
Merab with comely *Majesty* and *state*
Bore high th'advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.
Such humble sweetness did soft *Michol* show,
That none who *reach so high* e're *stoopt so low*.
Merab rejoyc'd in her wrackt *Lovers* pain,
And fortifi'd her *vertue* with *Disdain*.
The griefs she caus'd gave gentle *Michol* grief,
She wisht her *Beauties* less for their relief,
Ev'en to her *Captives civil*; yet th'excess
Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less.
Business and *Power Merabs* large thoughts did vex,
Her *wit* disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.
Michol no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choise*.
In brief, both *Copies* were most sweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*.

The day that *David* great *Goliah* slew,
Not great *Goliahs Sword* was more his due,
Then *Merab*; by *Sauls* publick promise she
Was sold then and betroth'd to *Victory*.
But haughty *she* did this just match despise,
Her *Pride* debaucht her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*.
An unknown *Youth*, ne're seen at *Court* before,
Who *Shepherds-staff*, and *Shepherds* habit bore;
The seventh-born Son of no rich house, were still
Th'unpleasant forms which her high thoughts did fill.
And much aversion in her stubborn mind
Was bred by being *promis'd* and *design'd*.
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn,

Adriel the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,
And could nor set him *free*, nor her *enchain.*
Long liv'ed they thus; but as the hunted *Dear*
Closely pursu'ed quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the nearest waves, which from the shore
She oft with horrour had beheld before.
So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
She leapt to *Adriels* long avoided bed.
The match was nam'd, agreed, and finisht strait;
So soon comply'd *Sauls Envy* with her *Hate.*
But *Michol* in whose breast all virtues move
That hatch the *pregnant seeds* of sacred *Love*,
With juster eyes the noble *Object* meets,
And turns all *Merabs Poyson* into *Sweets.*
She saw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,
Should make all *Fame to come* so soon his own:
She saw, and wondred how a *Shepherds Crook*
Despis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* shook.
Though he seventh-born, & though his House but poor,
She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.
Oft had she heard, and *fansied* oft the sight,
With what a *generous calm* he marcht to fight.
In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.
Greatness, and *Goodness*, and an *Ayr divine*,
She saw through all his *words* and *actions* shine.
She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
Whose artful sounds did violent *Love* inspire,
Though us'd all other *Passions* to relieve;
She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
When those strong thoughts attaqu'd her doubtful brest,
His *Beauty* no less active than the rest.
The Fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
When *Davids* brest reflected back its heat.
Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidden ly
From any sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)
She *Conqu'eror* was as well as *Overcome*,
And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home.*
57 Even the first hour they met (for such a pair,
Who in all mankind else so matchless were,

Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* self does wed)
A mutual warmth through both their bosoms spred.
Fate gave the *Signal*; both at once began
The gentle *Race*, and with just pace they ran.
Ev'en so (methinks) when two Fair *Tapers* come,
From several Doors entring at once the Room,
With a swift flight that leaves the Eye behind;
Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.
Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
Knew not which first *began* the kind embrace.
Michol her modest flames sought to conceal,
But *Love* ev'en th' *Art* to hide it does *reveal.*
Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,
Love past through them, and there such *footsteps* left.
She blusht when he approacht, and when he spoke,
And suddenly her wandring answers broke,
At his names sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she rais'd.
Uncall'd for sighs oft from her bosome flew,
And *Adriels active* friend she'*abruptly* grew.
Oft when the *Courts* gay youth stood waiting by,
She strove to act a cold *Indifferency*;
In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.
On th'other side *David* with silent pain
Did in respectful bounds his Fires contain.
His humble fear t'offend, and trembling aw,
Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*
Then *Modesty* on her, and though he strove
To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love.*
To tell it first the timorous youth made choice
Of *Musicks* bolder and more active voice.
And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
His faithful Lyre; the words and numbers such,
As did well worth my Memory appear,
And may perhaps deserve your princely Ear.

1.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,
And tell thy *silent Masters* humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though so *Exalted* she
And I so *Lowly* be,
Tell her such *diffe'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmonie*.

2.

Hark, how the Strings awake,
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of num'erous *Trembling* make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

3.

Weak *Lyre!* thy vertue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Passion* to remove,
Physick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*.

4.

Sleep, *sleep* again, my *Lyre*;
For thou can'st never tell my humble tale,
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent ly,
Sleeep, *sleep* again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Master dy*.

She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
Toucht with delightful pain her tender wound.
Yet though she joy'd th' *authentique news* to hear,
Of what she guest before with jealous *fear*,

She checkt her forward joy, and blusht for shame,
And did his boldness with forc'ed anger blame.
The senseless rules, which first *False Honour* taught,
And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Custom* brought,
Which Womens *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
Their *Lovers* and *Themselves* too to torment,
Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,
And all her *words*, and all her *looks* constrain
Before the trembling youth; who when he saw
His *vital Light* her wonted beams withdraw,
He curst his voice, his fingers, and his Lyre,
He curst his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Desire*.
In vain he curst the last, for that still grew;
From all things *Food* its *strong Complexion* drew:
His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful motions ceast,
His *Life* decay'd, but still his *Love* encreast.
Whilst she whose Heart approv'd not her *Disdain*,
Saw and endur'd his *pains* with greater *pain*.
But *Jonathan*, to whom both hearts were known
With a concernment equal to their own,
Joyful that Heav'en with his sworn love comply'd
To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd,
With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
Restor'd, and better'd soon the *nice affair*.
With ease a Brothers lawful power o'recame
The *formal decencies* of virgin-shame.
She first with all her heart forgave the past,
Heard *David* tell his flames, and *told her own* at last.
Lo here the happy point of prosperous *Love!*
Which ev'en *Enjoyment* seldom can improve!
Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone,
All *Israels* wish concurrent with their own.
A *Brothers* powerful ayd firm to the side,
By solemn vow the *King* and *Father* tyde:
All jealous fears, all nice disguises past,
All that in *less-ripe Love* offends the *Tast*,
In eithers Breast their *Souls* both meet and wed,
Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
And though the grosser cates were yet not drest,
By which the *Bodies* must supply this *Feast*;

Bold *Hopes* prevent slow *Pleasures* lingring birth,
As *Saints* assur'd of *Heav'en* enjoy't on *Earth.*
All this the *King* observ'd, and well he saw
What scandal, and what danger it might draw
T'oppose this just and pop'ular match, but meant
T' *out-malice* all *Refusals* by *Consent.*
He meant the *pois'onous grant* should mortal prove,
He meant t'ensnare his *Virtue* by his *Love.*
And thus he to him spoke, with more of art
And fraud, then well became the *Kingly part.*
Your valour, *David*, and high worth (said he)
To *praise*, is all mens duty, mine to *see*
Rewarded; and we shall t'our utmost powers
Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
Forbid it *God*, we like those *Kings* should prove,
Who *Fear* the *Vertues* which they're bound to *Love.*
Your *Pi'ety* does that tender point secure,
Nor will my *Acts* such *humble thoughts* endure.
Your neerness to't rather *supports* the *Crown*,
And th'*honours* giv'en to you encrease *our own.*
All that we can we'll give; 'tis our intent
Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*
To place thee next our selves; Heav'en does approve,
And my *Sons Friendship*, and my *Daughters Love*,
Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing choice;
I see, methinks, *Heav'en* in't, and I rejoice.
Blush not, my Son, that *Michols Love* I name,
Nor need *she* blush to hear it; 'tis no *shame*
Nor *secret* now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,
And all men but thy *Rivals* like it well.
If *Merabs* choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine.
And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,
Had I not *Thine* and *Michols* heart descry'd.
Take whom thou lov'est, and who loves thee; the last
And *dearest Present* made me by the chast
Ahinoam; and unless she me deceive,
When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* shall leave,
'Twill be a smaller *Gift.*
If I thy generous thoughts may undertake

58 To guess, they are what *Jointure* thou shalt make,
Fitting her *birth* and *fortune*: and since so
Custom ordains, we mean t'exact it too.
The *Joynture* we exact, is that shall be
No less advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*.
Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land;
Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand.
When thine own hand, which needs must conqu'ror prove,
In this joint cause of *Honour* and of *Love*,
An hundred of the faithless Foe shall slay,
59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay, 1 Sam. 18. 25.
Be *Michol* thy Reward; did we not know
Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,
We should not cheaply that dear blood expose
Which we to mingle with our own had chose.
But thou'rt secure; and since this match of thine
We to the publick benefit design,
A publick good shall its beginning grace,
And give *triumphant Omens* of thy race.
Thus spoke the King: the *happy Youth* bow'd low;
Modest and graceful his great joy did show,
The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind;
And nought t' except against it could he find,
But that his *Mistress* price too *cheap* appear'd,
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.
She with much different sense the news receiv'd,
At her high rate she trembled, blusht, and griev'd.
'Twas a less work the conquest of his Foes,
Than to obtain her leave his life t'expose.
Their kind debate on this soft point would prove
Tedious, and needless to repeat: If *Love*
(As sure it has) e're toucht your princely brest,
'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
All that was done, or said; the grief, hope, fears;
His *troubled joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.
In all the pomp of Passions reign, they part;
And bright prophetique forms enlarge his heart;
Vict'ory and *Fame*; and that more *quick delight*
Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
Tow'ards *Gath* he went; and in one month (so soon

A *fatal*, and a *willing* work is done)
A double *Dowre*, two hundred foreskins brought
Of choice *Philistian* Knights with whom he fought,
Men that in birth and valour did excel,
Fit for the *Cause* and *Hand* by which they fell.
Now was *Saul* caught; nor longer could delay
The two *resistless Lovers* happy day.
Though this days *coming* long had seem'd and slow,
Yet seem'd its *stay* as long and tedious now.
For now the violent *weight* of eager *Love*,
Did with more haste so near its *Centre* move,
He curst the stops of form and state, which lay
In this last *stage* like *Scandals* in his way.
On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall wood,
Neer where the *regal Gabaah* proudly stood,
A *Tent* was pitcht, of green wrought Damask made,
And seem'd but the fresh Forrests nat'ural shade,
Various, and vast within, on pillars born
Of *Shittim* Wood, that *usefully adorn.*
Hither to grace the Nuptial-Feast does *Saul*
Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
And all around the *idle*, *busie* crowd,
With shouts and Blessings tell their joy alowd.
Lo, the press breaks, and from their several homes
In decent pride the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* comes.
Before the *Bride*, in a long double row
With solemn pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
And make a *Moving Galaxy* on earth;
All heav'enly *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth*;
All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,
As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter *Hair*,
All in that new-blown age, which does inspire
Warmth in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders Fire.*
But all this, and all else the *Sun* did ere,
Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say
They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day.*
Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,
Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent,
Vain Gems, and unregarded cost they bore,

For all mens eyes were ty'd to those before.
The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next the place,
66 With thirty comly youths of noblest race,
That marcht before; and Heav'en around his head,
The graceful beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.
67 So the glad *star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
No *Light* of *Heav'en* so chearful or so gay,
Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.
The *King* himself, at the Tents crowned gate
In all his robes of ceremony' and state
Sate to receive the train; on either hand
Did the *High Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.
Adriel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
And all the Chiefs in their due order presse.
First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
Avow'd by' a gene'ral murmur of applause,
68 Then sign'd her *Dow're*, and in few words he pray'd,
And blest, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
T' her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look
And humble gesture the *vast Present* took.
69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks* play,
70 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless day*
To all but to the *wedded*; till at last
The long-wisht night did her kind shadow cast;
At last th' *inestimable hour* was come
To lead his *Conquering prey* in *triumph* home,
71 To' a *Palace* near, drest for the Nuptial-bed
(Part of her Dowre) he his fair *Princess* led,
Saul, the *High-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
Who as they part, their *weighty blessings* give.
72 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the gate
The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the flames they bore,
To light the *Nuptial-pomp*, and march before.
The rest bring home in state the happy Pair,
To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there
All those free joys insatiably to prove
With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love*.
74 But scarce, alas, the first sev'en days were past,

In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* last,
When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
He envy'd the good work himself had done;
Fear'd *David* less his *Servant* than his *Son.*
No longer his wild wrath could he command;
He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
In his *Sons* blood; and that twice cheated too,
With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one life* pursue.
Said I but *One*? his thirsty rage extends
To th' Lives of all his *kindred*, and his *friends*;
Ev'en *Jonathan* had dyed for being so,
Had not just *God* put by th' unnat'ural blow.
You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us here;
No sullen discontent, or groundless fear,
No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home.
Only to breath in peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean space to *Pray*
For *You* who us receive, and *Him* who drives away.

NOTES
UPON THE
THIRD BOOK.

1. A Town not far from *Jerusalem*, according to *S. Hieron.* in his *Commentary* upon *Isaiah*, by which it seems it was re-edified, after the destruction of it by *Saul*; he says that *Jerusalem* might be seen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he should place it in the *Tribe* of *Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulensis* sure is in an errour, placing it in the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Translation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a name.

2. *Panes Propositionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἄρτοι ἐνώπιοι, from the *Hebrew*, in which it signifies *Panes Facierum*, because they were always standing before the *Face* of the *Lord*; which is meant too by the *English* word *Shew-bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they should be eaten by the *Priests* alone, but also eaten in the *holy Place*. *For it is most holy unto him, of the offerings made unto the Lord by fire, by a perpetual statute*, Verse 9. In the *Holy place*; that is, at the door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31. and that which remained was to be burnt, lest it should be eaten by any but the Priests. How comes it then to pass, not only that *Ahimelech* gave of this bread to *David* and his company, but that *David* says to him, 1 *Sam.* 21. 5. *The bread is in a manner common?* The Latine differently, *Porro via hæc polluta est, sed & ipsa hodiè sanctificabitur in vasis.* The words are somewhat obscure; the meaning sure must be, that seeing here are new Breads to be set upon the Table, the publique occasion (for that he pretended) and present necessity makes these as it were *common*. So, what more sacred than the *Sabboth?* yet the *Maccabees* ordained, that it should be lawful to fight against their enemies on that day. *Seneca* says very well, *Necessitas magnum humanæ imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excusat.* And we see this act of *Davids* approved of in the Evangelists.

3. *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the cause of *Ahimelechs* murder, and the destruction of the Town.

4. *Sacred*: made so by *Davids* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophee* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the stuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, Jud. 16. 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδωκε where the Latin commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which should be left out. *Josephus* of this word, τὴν ῥομφαίαν ἀνέθηκε τῷ Θεῷ. And Sulpit. Sever. *Gladium postea in Templum posuit*; i. *In Tabernaculum Nobæ*: where,

methinks, *In Templum* signifies more then if he had said *in Templo*. The reason of this custom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurred in this duty after successes, and called (as *Virgil* says)

In prædam partimq; Jovem.——

So the *Philistims* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Ashtaroth*, and carried the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliah* was not consecrated to *God*: for then *Ahimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had sinned; for it is said, *Levit.* 27. 28. *Whatsoever is devoted is most holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous victory, in a publick place. There is no need of this evasion; for not every thing consecrated to *God* is unalienable (at least for a time) in case of necessity, since we see the very *vessels* of the Temple were often given to *Invaders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumq; Templa nudantur.* Sen. in Controvers.

5. This particular of *Jagal* and *David's* going in disguise into the Land of the *Philistims* (which seems more probable then that he should go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* so soon after the defeat of *Goliah*) is added to the History by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmless, and which therefore I make bold to use upon several occasions.

6. Their *Goddess Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid-Deity*. See on the second Book.

7. *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the *Tribe* of *Judah*, even in *Judah's* time, *Gen.* 38. in *Joshua's* it had a *King*, Josh. 12. 15. the *Cave* still remains; and was used by the *Christians* for their refuge upon several irruptions of the *Turks*, in the same manner as it served *David* now.

8. In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Persons* who came to assist *David*, I choose to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my opinion too large upon this kind of subject, especially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian* Fleet and Army; where he makes a long list of *Names* and *Numbers*, just as they would stand in the *Roll of a Muster-Master*, without any delightful and various descriptions of the persons; or at least very few such. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciously by an excess the other way.

9. 2 Sam. 2. *And Asael was as swift of foot as a wild Roe.* Joseph. says of him, that he would out-run ἵππον καταστάντα εἰς ἄμιλλαν, which is no such great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their expressions upon the swiftness of some persons. *Virgil* upon *Nisus Æn.* 5.

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that is *Modest* with them. Hear him of *Camilla*, Æn. 7.

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

From whence I have the hint of my description, *Oft o're the Lawns, &c.* but I durst not in a Sacred Story be quite so bold as he. The walking over the waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer.* 20. *Iliad.*

Αἱ δ' ὅτε μὲν σκιρτῷεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν
Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θέον, οὐδε κατέκλων.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σκιρτῷεν, ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης
Ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have satisfied any moderate man; yet *Scal.* 5. *de Poet.* prefers *Virgils* from the encrease of

the *miracle*, by making *Camilla*'s flight over a tenderer thing then *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suspensa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Apollon*. 1. *Argonaut*. has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monster, that one would believe should rather sink the *Earth* at every tread, then run over the *Sea* with dry feet,

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ καὶ πόντου ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
Οἴδματος, οὐδὲ θοοὺς βάπτεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκροις
Ἴχνεσι τεγγόμενος διερῇ πεφόρητο κελεύθῳ.

And *Solinus* reports historically of *Ladas* (the man so much celebrated by the *Poets*) *cap*. 6. That he ran so lightly over the dust (*suprà cavum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος
The swiftness of a *God*.

All which, I hope, will serve to excuse me in this place.

10. *Jessides*, the Son of *Jesse*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* form.

11. *Moab*, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was possest by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, so *Judah* is not here taken in a precise sense for that Tribe only.

12. *His*: because *Jordan* runs into it, and is there lost. It is called promiscuously a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

13. *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended East and West between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, North and South between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally destroyed by the *Israelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen*. 10. 14. *Numb*. 21. 32. *Deut*. 3. *Josh*. 13. *Judg*. 12.

14. *Edom*: called by the *Greeks Idumæa*: denominated from *Esau*. *Josephus* makes *two Idum*[*æ*]*a's*, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the upper was possest by the Tribe of *Judah*, and the Lower by *Simeon*: but still the *Edomites* possest the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodom* towards the *Red*, *or*, *Idumæan Sea*. The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom* & *Montes Seir*, a little North of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a mistake. The *Greeks* under the name of *Idume* include sometimes all *Palestine* and *Arabia*.

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petræa*. Adric. 77.

Petræa autem dicta à vetustissimo oppido Petra deserti ipsius Metropoli suprà mare mortuum sitâ.

It is hard to set the bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in those parts;) for sometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: but here it is taken in a more contracted signification, for that part of *Arabia* which lies near the *Metropolis Petra*, and denominates the *whole*. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric*. makes to be the same, were not another City of the same name. *Adric*. is very confused in the description of the Countries bordering upon the Jews, nor could well be otherwise, the matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important.

15. *Cush*. *Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red-sea* (for *Jethro*'s daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are called sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusitæ* at other times mentioned in the Scripture.

Ammon is by some accounted a part of *Arabia Fœlix*, and the Country called since *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that name, conceived by *Adricom.* to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*.

16. Accounted of the race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, strong, and warlike sort of people; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, As tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks*. These *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaom*, Gen. 14. and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*.

17. *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquered the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all westward of *Arnon*, and possest it himself till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroyed his people. *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives the name to the *River*, and that to the *City Arnon*, or *Arear* seated upon it. Or,

18. *Esebon.* A famous and strong City seated upon an hill, and encompassed with brick-walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it. It was twenty miles distant from *Jordan.* Adric.

19. For *Saul* had made war upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

20. I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not as some imagine in the *West-Indies*; for in *Solomons* time, where it is first mentioned, those Countrys neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that voyage from some Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-sea*. I therefore without any scruple say, *Ophirs rising Morn*, and make it a Country in the *East-Indies*, called by *Josephus* and S. *Hierom*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town seated in the *Arabian* Bay, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolomy Sapphara*, *Stephanus Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetcht from thence by the Merchants of the more Western Countrys. But that small similitude of the name is not worth the change of a received opinion.

21. Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,

Non obtusa adeò gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

And in *Stat.* of *Adrastus* to *Polynices*,

Nec tam aversum fama
Mycœnis Volvit iter.

22. *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which *Balaam* was desired by *Balac* to curse, but did bless *Israel*. This place was chosen perhaps by *Balac*, because upon it stood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites Chemos*; only denominated *Baâl Phegor*, from that particular place of his worship, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal Peor* was the same with *Priapus* the *obscene Idol*, so famous in ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made after that fashion, to signifie that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or *Lord of Generation*.

23. The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came first from *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonica*, Plin. l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diversos picturæ intertexere Babylon maximè Celebravit, & nomen imposuit.* Plaut. in Sticho.

Tum Babylonica peristromata consutaq; tapetia
Advexit minimùm bonæ rei.

He calls the like Hangings in Pseud.

Alexandria belluata conchiliata peristromata.

Mart. l. 8. *Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbè*
Texta Semiramiâ quæ variantur acu.

And long before, *Lucret. l.* 4.

Babylonica magnifico splendore.

24. These kind of Ivory Tables born up with the Images of Beasts, were much in esteem among the Ancients. The Romans had them, as also all other instruments of *Luxury*, from the *Asiatiques*,

——*Putere videntur*
Unguenta atq; rosæ latos nisi sustinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno sublimis Pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis quos mittet porta Sienes
Et Mauri celeres. Juven. 11.

Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum stent dentibus orbes.*

25. *Citron*: It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though that be in Latine called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citronnier*) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cypress*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: it is very famous among the Roman Authors, and was most used for banquetting *Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more precious than Gold.

Accipe fœlices, Atlantica munera, mensas,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin. l.* 13. *c.* 15. The spots and crispness of the wood, was the great commendation of it: From whence they were called, *Tygrinæ* and *Pantherinæ Mensæ*. Virg. Ciris.

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur Lectulus ostro.

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an Ivory, or a Citron Bed.

26. *Purple* Coverlets were most in use among great persons. *Hom. Il.* 9.

Εἶσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισι.

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian purple*. Stat. Theb. 1.

——*Pars ostro tenues auróq; sonantes*
Emunire toros.——

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen.* 2.) ἐν κλίναις ἐλεφαντόποσι καὶ στρώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shell-fish* called *Purpura*; where it was found in a white vein running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boyled; and the blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the colour *Nigrantis rosæ sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the *true Purple*, though there were other sorts too of it, as the colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, *&c.* Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus*. The greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; there likewise was the invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the shore, saw his Dog bite one of those Fishes, and found his mouth all stained with that excellent colour, which gave him the first hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this colour is called in Greek Ἅλουργος, *Aristot. quasi* ἁλὸς ἔργον, the work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Ἁλουργοῦν to be Red mingled with White and Black.

27. So *Æneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the story of all the *Trojan War* painted upon the walls of *Juno*'s *Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuse here the history of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.

28. *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general opinion, was King of

Persia, but to me it seems altogether improbable that the King of *Persia* should come so far, and joyn with so many Princes to make a war upon those five little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce so big as the least shire in *England*, and whose very names are unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia*. Besides *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, but *Assyria* under *Ninias* or *Zamæis*, who succeeded *Semiramis*; which makes me likewise not doubt but that they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninias*, since *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and S. *Hierome* translate it; or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be the *Hellespont*. *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Celosyria*, others on the borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more appearance. But for my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellasar* and *Tidal*, were the names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings such as the thirty three that *Joshua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwise how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating miracles) with his own family onely? perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Ellasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were *Colonies* brought from those Countreys; which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latine, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμφυλίας, to wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of people from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm*, which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

29. That he might be consumed presently after with his whole people and Kingdom, by fire from Heaven.

30. For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which cause the Apostle *Jude*, *v.* 7. says that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are set forth for an example, πυρὸς αἰωνίου δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire; So our English; the Latine, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting Δίκην *adverbially*; for, *Instar habentes ignis æterni*, Suffering the similitude of eternal, that is, *Hell* Fire. So Δίκην is used *Arist. de Mund.* καὶ ῥέουσι πολλάκις ποταμῶν δίκην, nay even Δίκη, the subst. is taken sometimes in that sense, as *Homer*, *Ulyss. ξ.*

Ἡ γὰρ δμώων δίκη ἐστί.

For this is the *Manner* or fashion of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this Raining of Fire and Brimstone was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath sulphur in it, which (*Grotius* says) is therefore called Θεῖον, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, *L.* 5. *Histor. Fulminum ictu arsisse*, *&c.* and by and by, *Igne cœlesti flagrasse*, *&c.*

31. The *blindness* with which these wretches were strooken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *sight*, but either such a sudden darkness in the ayr as made them grope for the door, or a sudden failing of the sight, as when men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Ebloüissement*; or that which the Greeks term ἀορασία, when men see other things, but not the thing they look for. For says S. *Augustine*, *De Civit. Dei Lib.* 22. *c.* 19. If they had been quite blind, they would not have fought for the Door to go into *Lots* House, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

32. I describe her not after she was changed, but in the very act or moment of her changing, *Gen.* 19. 26. Our English says, she became a *Pillar*

of *Salt*, following the Greek στήλη ἁλός. The Latine is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. Sulpit. Sever. *Reflexit oculos, statimq; in molem conversa traditur.* It is pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, omitted the description of it. Likely it is, that it retained her form. So *Cyprian* in better verse than is usual among the *Christian Poets*,

Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum,
Ipsaq; Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.

Some with much subtlety, and some probability, understand a *Pillar* of *Salt*, to signifie only an *Everlasting Pillar*, of what matter soever, as *Numb.* 18, 19. A *Covenant* of *Salt*. But we may very well too understand it *Literally*; for there is a *Mineral kind* of *Salt* which never melts, and serves for building as well as stone; of which *Pliny* speaks, *l.* 31. *c.* 7. besides, the conversion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is such abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God had, as it were, *sowed with salt*, in token of eternal barrenness, of which this *Statue* was set up for a *Monument*. The *Targum* of *Jerusalem* is cited, to give this reason why she looked back; it says, she was a woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to see what became of her friends and *Country*. The moral of it is very perspicuous, but well exprest by S. *August. Uxor Loth in Salem conversa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem in vitâ liberationis suæ præterita desiderare debere.*

33. *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and first King of *Moab* mentioned in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vaheb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more authentical, and better sounding *Name*. Among the Ancients there was always some *hæreditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the *Gods*, and entertained *Strangers*. Virg.

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; poposcit
Implevitq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes
A Belo soliti——

And presently she begins to the *Gods*. So *Stat. l.* 1. *Theb.*

Signis perfectam auroq; nitentem
Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Quâ Danaus libare Deis, seniorq; Phoroneus
Assueti——

And then he addes the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been so proper for me in this place, because of the *Pictures* before. *Sen. Thyest. Poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho.* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural custom of paying the *First Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whose bounty they enjoyed them.

34. This too was an ancient custom that never failed at solemn Feasts, to have *Musick* there (and sometimes *dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαιτὸς.

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heisich* interpretes, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feast*. And as for wise and honorable persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, then that they spent at *Table*; for either they held then some profitable and delightful discourses with Learned men, or heard some remarkable pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or reported before them; or if they were Princes, had some eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philosopher* and *Musician*) to entertain them with *Musick* and *Verses*, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest subjects. So does *Jopas* in *Virg.*

Cythârâ crinitus Iopas
Personat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas
Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisq; labores, &c.

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon. 1. Argonaut.*

Ἥειδεν δ' ὡς γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μιῇ συναρήροτα μορφῇ
Νείκεος ἐξ ὁλοοῖο διέκριθεν, &c.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; though there the subject, methinks, be not so well chosen.

35. See *Athen. L. 1. c. 12.* upon this matter, where among other things, he speaks to this sense, The *Poets* were anciently a race of *wise men*, both in learning and practice *Philosophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemnestra*, as a *Guardian* and *Instructer* to her, who by laying before her the vertues of women, might give her impressions of goodness and honour, and by the delightfulness of his conversation, divert her from worse pleasures. So *Ægysteus* was not able to corrupt her till he had killed her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to sing before *Penelopes Lovers*, though he had them in detestation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in especial reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, sings the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous people from such unlawful appetites, &c. The old *Scholiast* upon *Homer*, says, *3. Odyss.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἀοιδοὶ φιλοσόφων τάξιν ἐπεῖχον.

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philosophers*. See *Quintil. l. 1. c. 10. Strab. l. 1. Geogr. &c.*

36. By drawing up vapours from them, with which the Ancients believed that the *Stars* were nourished. *Virg.*

Polus dum sidera Pascit.

37. This was an ancient fashion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* says of a loud scolding woman, that she alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse.*

Sola laboranti poterat succurrere Lunæ.

This superstition took the original from an opinion, that *Witches* by muttering some charms in verse, caused the *Eclipses* of the *Moon*, which they conceived to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddess* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the virtue of those enchantments; and therefore they made a great noise by the beating of Brass, sounding of Trumpets, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the Witches murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual. *Ovid.*

Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores
Æra tuos minuant.——

Tib. *Cantus & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,*
Et faceret, si non æra repulsa sonent.

Stat. 6. Theb. *——Attonitis quoties avellitur astris*
Solis opaca soror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.

Sen. in Hippol. *Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis*
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit.
At nos solliciti lumine turbido
Tractam Thessalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.

38. The world has had this hard opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no reason for it, though they search it, and yet follow the vulgar belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the extraction of vapors from the earth to generate and feed them; and droughts

more certainly produce sicknesses: but his authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets* but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the supernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the ancients had,

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*
Claud. *Et nunquam cœlo spectatum impunè Cometem.*
Sil. Ital. *Regnorum eversor rubuit læthale Cometes.*

39. For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry shut up in a cold and moist Cloud, out of which striving to get forth, it kindles it self by the agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40. *Lambent* fire is, A thin unctuous exhalation made out of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without consuming any thing but it self. Called *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*. *Virg.* describes the whole nature of it excellently in three verses, Æn. 2.

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iúli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora pasci.

41. *Fleecy Snow*, Psal. 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool. Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniously for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philosopher*. The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Aristotle* defines it truly and shortly. *Snow* is a *Cloud congealed*, and *Hail Congealed Rain.*

42. Gen. 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyons whelp; from the prey my son thou art gone up, he stooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who shall rouse him up?*

43. 1 Sam. 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliah, &c.* wherein we follow the Septuagint, who render it, δυνατὸς, a *Strong man*: but the Latine *Translation* hath, *Et egressus est vir spurius*, a *Bastard*. *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* called the *Gyants* so; because being contemners of all Laws, they lived without matrimony, and consequently their Fathers were not known. It is probable he might be called so, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which seated themselves in *Gath*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44. See *Turnus* his shields, 7. Æn. and *Æneas* his 8. Æn. with the stories engraven on them.

45. For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter*. *Baalsemen Jupiter Olympius*. But I like not in an *Hebrew* story to use the *Europæan* names of Gods. This *Baal* and *Jupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at first taken for the *Sun*, which raising vapours out of the earth, out of which the *Thunder* is engendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης· and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God so much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter-Sol*.

The Fable of the *Gyants* fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Græcians*, but came from the Eastern people, and arose from the true story of the building of the Tower of *Babel*.

46. This perhaps will be accused by some severe men for too swelling an *Hyperbole*; and I should not have endured it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Methought*; for in a great apprehension of fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant species that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many sayings of this kind, even without such excuse

or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine *Poet* himself. He calls tall young men,

Patriis & montibus æquos.

Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He says of *Polyphemus*,

——Graditurq; per æquor
Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

That walking in the midst of the Sea, the waves do not wet his sides. Of *Orion*,

——Quam magnus Orion
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam scindens humero supereminet undas.
Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum,
Ingrediturq; solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And in such manner (says he) *Mezentius* presented himself. He says of another, that he flung no small part of a Mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he addes to the greatness, he does not impudently recede from truth. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen.* 1. *Suasor.* makes that defence which will serve better for me,

——Credas innare revulsas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, speaking of great ships, but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Soveraign*; you would think the *Cyclades* loosned from their roots were floating, or that high *Mountains* encountred one another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur.* He does not say it *Is*, but *Seems* to be (for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excused before it be spoken. Which will serve to answer for some other places in this Poem; as,

Th' Egyptian like an Hill himself did rear;
Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his spear.

Like an Hill, is much more modest then *Montibus æquus.*

47. Because *Gold* is more proper for the ornaments of *Peace* then *War.*

48. Sen. in Thyest. *Jejuna silvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusq; prædæ cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morsus, flectit hùc rictus suos, Illo reflectit, & famem dubiam tenet.* And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is angred.

Stat. 2. Theb. *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris*
Horruit in Maculas, &c.——

Nay *Virgil* attributes the same marks of Passion to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculisq; trementes
Interfusa genas.——

49. See the like conditions of a publick duel in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Æneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii.*

50. The *Egyptian-Goliah*; *i.* The *Egyptian-Gyant*, whom he slew only with his *staff*, and therefore at the sight of it might well be ashamed, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliah.* This is that shame which *Virgil* calls *Conscia Virtus.*

51. They were 33. but *Poetry* instead of the broken number, chuses the next entire one, whether it be more or less then the truth.

52. It appears by this, that *David* was about 20 years old (at least) when he slew *Goliah*; for else how can we imagine that the *Armor* and Arms of *Saul* (who was the tallest man in all *Israel*) should fit him? neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accustom'd to the use of them; besides he handled dextrously the Sword of *Goliah*, and not long after said, *There is none like it.* Therefore though *Goliah* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth.*

53. For the men who are so proud and confident of their own strength, make that a *God* to themselves, as the humane Polititians are said in the Scripture to *sacrifice* to their own *Nets.* That is, their own *Wit.* Virg. of Mezent.

Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod missile libro.

And *Capaneus* is of the same mind in *Statius*;

Illic Augur ego, & mecum quicunq; parati
Insanire manu——

54. The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the prayers that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were. *Virg.*

Audiit, & voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.

Ovid. de Trist.

Terribilisq; Notu[s] jactat mea verba, precesque;
Ad quos mittuntur non sinit ire Deos.

Virg. *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures, &c.*

55. *i.* To another *Angel.*

56. 1 Sam. 18. 4. *And Jonathan stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his Sword, and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some understand this gift *exclusively*, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper marks of a Souldier, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this occasion. *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of Military honour; for *Joab* promises to him that should kill *Absalom*, ten shekels of silver, and a *Girdle*, 2 *Sam.* 18. 12. But it was besides that, a necessary part of every mans dress, when they did any work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow* and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been said, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a loose garment not exactly fitted to their bodies (for the profession of Taylors was not so ancient, but clothes were made by the wives, mothers & servants even of the greatest persons) & so might serve for any size or stature.

57. 1 Sam. 18. 20. Septuagint. Καὶ ἠγάπησεν Μελχὸλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαοὺλ τὸν Δαυείδ, which our English Translation follows, but the Latine Translations vary; for some have, *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David. Michol Sauls daughter loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram. David loved Michol Sauls daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58. The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Espoused* certain *Gifts*, as pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abrahams* Steward in the name of *Isaac* gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of silver, and of gold, and raiment, *Gen.* 24. 53. which custom the Greeks too used, and called the Presents Ἕδνα. But at the day of the marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Joynture* or *Dowre.*

59. *Josephus* says, *Saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which word he uses instead of *Foreskins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans. Heads* I confess, had been a better word for my turn too, but *Foreskins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish Story.* Besides the other varies too much

from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the heads of *Hebrews*, instead of *Philistines*.

60. If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Souldiers as he pleased, and so make an inroad into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowre* for a Princess, and would not have exposed *David* to that hazard for which *Saul* chose this manner of *Joynture*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own hands.

61. As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move the swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a reason for it from the *Medium* through which they pass, that still presses them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive power of the *Centre* is much received, and is consonant to many other experiments in Nature.

62. *Scandals* in the sense of the *New Testament*, are *Stumbling blocks*, λίθοι προσκόμματος, Stops in a mans way, at which he may fall, however they retard his course.

63. *Jansenius* in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Brides* house, and that the Virgins came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Brides* nor *Bridegrooms* house, but in publick houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hos.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5, *&c.* Whatever the ordinary custom was, I am sure the ancients in great Solemnities were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the fields for celebration of them. See the description of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus in Athen. l.* 5. *c.* 6. and perhaps *Psal.* 19. 4, 5. alludes to this. He hath set a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

64. Habits of divers colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See Judges 5. 30. *Ezek.* 16. 10. & 26. 16. such was *Josephs* coat, *Gen.* 37. 3. Septuagint χιτὼν ποικίλη; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minervæ*, *vestes Polymitæ*.

65. It appears by several places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their feasts, and especially *Nuptials*, *Isa.* 61. 10. The Latine reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis.* 2. 8. *Ezek.* 16. 12. *Lam.* 5. 15. *Eccles.* 32. 1, *&c.*

66. I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty young Men* from the story of *Sampsons* marriage-feast, *Judg.* 14. 11. where *Thirty Companions* were sent to him, whom I conceive to have been υἱοὶ τοῦ νυμφίου, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by S. *Matthew*.

67. *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,*
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cælo sacrum, tenebrasq; resolvit. Virg.

Which Verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter then *Ambrosia*. *Homer* led him the way.

Ἀστὲρ' ὀπωρινῷ ἐναλίγκιον, ὅς τε μάλιστα
Λαμπρὸν παμφαίνῃσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο, and,
Οἷος δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
Ἓσπερος, ὅς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ.

68. The *Bride* also brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with

his daughter *Sara* half his goods, servants, cattel and money, *Tob.* 10. 10. See *Exod.* 22. 17, *&c.*

69. The *Marriage-Song* was called *Hillalim*, *Praises*, and the house it self *Beth-hillula*, the *House of Praise*, Psalm. 78. 63. Their Maidens were not given to marriage; the Chald. Paraphras. reads, Are not celebrated, with *Epithalamiums.* So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, *οὐχ ὑμνήθησαν.*

70. See *Gen.* 29. 22. *Tob. c.* 7. *Esth.* 2. 18. *Luke* 14. 1. *Judg.* 14. 17. *Apoc.* 19. 9.

71. The custom seems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his house, 2 *King.* 11. 27. *Judg.* 12. 9. *Gen.* 24. 67. *Cant.* 3. 4. but because *Michol* was a Princess, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I chose rather to bring them to one of the *Kings houses* assigned to them by the *Dowre.*

72. The *Bride* when she was delivered up to her Husband, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule) in token of her subjection, *Gen.* 24. 65, *&c.*

73. See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, Mat. 25.

74. The time of the *Marriage-feast* appears clearly to have been usually *seven days.* See *Judg.* 14. 10. and [Gen.] 29. 27. *Fulfil her week*, *&c.* It was a Proverb among the Jews, *Septem dies ad convivium*, *&* *Septem ad Luctum.*

THE

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MOab *carries his* Guests *to hunt at* Nebo, *in the way falls into discourse with* David, *and desires to know of him the reasons of the* Change *of* Government *in* Israel, *how* Saul *came to the* Crown, *and the story of* Him *and* Jonathan. Davids *Speech, containing, The state of the* Commonwealth *under the* Judges, *the* Motives *for which the people desired a* King; *their* Deputies *speech to* Samuel *upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the* People *at the* Tabernacle *to enquire Gods pleasure. Gods Speech. The* Character *of* Saul, *his* Anointing *by* Samuel, *and Election by Lot*; *the defection of his people. The war of* Nahas King *of* Ammon *against* Jabes Gilead; Saul *and* Jonathans *relieving of the Town.* Jonathans Character, *his single fight with* Nahas, *whom he slays, and defeats his Army. The confirmation of* Sauls Kingdom *at* Gilgal, *and the manner of* Samuels *quitting his office of* Judge. *The war with the* Philistins *at* Macmas, *their strength, and the weakness of* Sauls *Forces, his exercising of the* Priestly *function, and the judgment denounced by* Samuel *against him.* Jonathans *discourse with his* Esquire; *their falling alone upon the enemies out-guards at* Senes, *and after upon the whole Army, the wonderful defeat of it*; Sauls *rash vow, by which* Jonathan *is to be put to death, but is saved by the* People.

DAVIDEIS.

The fourth Book.

THough *state* and kind *discourse* thus rob'd the *Night*
Of half her natural and more just delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'erance* did still vig'orous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'erate sleep,
1 Up with the *Sun* arose, and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
And thrice to'wards *Phegor*, his *Baals* holiest Hill,
(With *good* and pious prayers *directed ill*)
Call'd to the Chase his Friends, who for him stay'd;
The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horses* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
2 The best and noblest that fresh *Zerith* breeds,
3 All white as *Snow*, and sprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarlet* trapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
He into it young *David* with him took,
Did with respect and wonder on him look
Since last nights *story*, and with greedier ear,
The *Man*, of whom so much he *heard*, did *hear*.
The well-born *Youth* of all his flourishing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the sport.
Some arm'd with Bows, some with strait Javelines ride;
4 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their side.
Midst the fair Troop *Davids* tall *Brethren* rode,
5 And *Joab* comely as a *Fanci'ed God*;
They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,
With loose and various talk that chance affords,
Whilst they pac'ed slowly on; but the wise *King*

Did *Davids* tongue to weightier subjects bring.
Much (said the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.
'Twas drawn in little, but did acts express
So great, that largest *Histories* are less.
I see (methinks) the *Gathian Monster* still,
His shape last night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
Strange *Tyrant Saul* with Envy to pursue
The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!
I'have heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
Has his lifes hazard for your friendship run;
His matchless *Son*, whose worth (if Fame be true)
Lifts him 'above all his *Countrymen* but you,
With whom it makes him *One*; Low *David* bows,
But no reply *Moabs* swift tongue allows.
And pray, kind *Guest*, whilst we ride thus (says he)
6 (To gameful *Nebo* still three leagues there be)
The story of your *royal friend* relate;
And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,
7 Why your great State that nameless Fam'ily chose,
And by what steps to *Israels Throne* they rose.
He staid; and *David* thus; from *Egypts* Land
You 'have heard, Sir, by what *strong*, *unarmed* hand
Our *Fathers* came; *Moses* their sacred *Guid*,
But he in sight of the *Giv'en Country* dy'd.
His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high;
And *Joshua*'s *Sword* must th' *active Rod* supply.
It did so, and did wonders.
8 From sacred *Jordan* to the *Western main*,
From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*
Of naked sands, his *winged Conquests* went;
And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he sent.
Almost four hundred years from him to *Saul*,
9 In too much freedom past, or forreign thral.
Oft *Strangers Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land
(Such still are those born by a *Conquering* Hand)
Oft pity'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raise,
Fit for the toilsome business of their days,
To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace first, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.

But they whose stamp of *Power* did chiefly ly
In *Characters* too fine for most mens *Ey*,
Graces and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright
With state to awe *dull* minds, and force t'*affright*,
Were ill obey'd whil'st *Living*, and at *death*,
Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vanisht with their breath.
The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,
Their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was *Power*.
Not want it self could *Luxury* restrain,
For what that *empti'd*, *Rapine fill'd* again.
Robbery the *Field*, *Oppression* sackt the *Town*;
What the *Swords Reaping* spar'd, was *glean'd* by th'*Gown*.
At Courts, and Seats of Justice to complain,
Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.
Nor was their *Lust* less active or less bold,
Amidst this rougher search of *Blood* and *Gold*.
Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *strong*;
The Pride of *Old Men* that, and this of *young*.
You 'have heard perhaps, Sir, of leud *Gibeahs* shame, Judg. 19.
Which *Hebrew* Tongues still tremble when they name,
Alarmed all by one fair strangers Eyes,
As to a sudden *War* the *Town* does rise
Shaking and pale, half dead e're they begin
The strange and wanton *Trag'edy* of their sin,
All their wild Lusts they force her to sustain,
Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,
She midst their loath'd, and cruel kindness dies;
Of monstrous *Lust* th' innocent *Sacrifice*.
This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create
(The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd *State*)
All *Gibea's*, and all *Jabes* blood it cost;
Near a whole *Tribe* and *future Kings* we lost. Judg. 20. and 21.
Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*,
How could *Religion*, its main *pillar*, stand?
Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers* worship hates,
Himself, *Gods Creature*, his own *God Creates*.
Hence in each Houshold sev'eral *Deities* grew,
And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *New*.
The *only Land* which serv'd but *one* before,
Did th' *only* then all *Nations Gods* adore.

They serv'd their *Gods* at first, and soon their *Kings*;
Their choice of that this latter *slavery* brings.
Till special men arm'd with *Gods* warrant broke
By justest *force* th'*unjustly forced* yoke.
All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t'obey.
11 At last the *Priesthood* join'd in *Ith'amars* Son,
12 More weight and lustre to the *Scepter* won.
But whilst mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
Busi'ed with *age*, and th'*Altars* sacred care;
To their wild *Sons* they their high charge commit,
Who 'expose to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it.
Ely's curst House th'exemplar vengeance bears
Of all their *Blood*, and all sad *Isr'aels Tears.*
His *Sons* abroad, *Himself* at home lies slain,
Israel's captiv'd, *Gods Ark* and *Law* are tane.
Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vext,
They suffer *By* them *first*, and *For them next.*
Samuel succeeds; since *Moses* none before
So much of *God* in his bright bosom bore.
In vain our arms *Philistian Tyrants* seis'd;
Heav'ens Magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.
He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxil'iaries* brought,
He muster'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.
13 Thus thirty years with strong and steddy hand
He held th'unshaken *Ballance* of the *Land.*
At last his *Sons* th'indulgent *Father* chose
To share that *State* which they were born to lose.
Their hateful acts that *Changes birth* did hast,
14 Which had long growth i'th'*Womb* of *Ages past.*
To this (for still were some great *Periods* set,
There's a strong knot of sev'eral *Causes* met)
The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring War;
A mighty storm long gathering from afar.
For *Ammon*, heightned with mixt Nations aid,
Like *Torrents* swoln with Rain prepar'd the land t'invade.
Samuel was old, and by his Sons ill choice
Turn'd *Dotard* in th' *unskilful Vulgars* voice.
His *Sons* so scorn'd and hated, that the Land
Nor *hop'ed* nor *wisht* a *Victory* from their hand:

These were the just and faultless causes why
The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,
But God *ill grains* did in this *Incense* smell,
Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he saw the *Canker* dwell.
A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *Despair*
Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithless care
Of *Common Means*; the pride of heart, and scorn
Of th' *humble yoke* under low *Judges* born.
They saw the state and glittering pomp which blest
In vulgar sense the *Scepters* of the *East*.
They saw not *Powers* true *Source*, and scorn'd t'obey
Persons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *They*.
They mist *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'erous train;
Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain.
On an old bench of *wood*, her *Seat* of *State* Judg. 4. 5.
Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wise Debora* sate.
Her *Maids* with comly dil'igence round her spun,
And *she* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:
With the same Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen drives*
Which took the Sun before six hundred lives Judg. 3. 31.
From his *sham'd foes*; He midst his work dealt *Laws*;
And oft was his *Plow* stopt to hear a *Cause*.
Nor did great *Gid'eon* his old *Flail* disdain, Judg. 6. 14.
After won *Fields*, sackt *Towns*, and *Princes* slain.
His *Scepter* that, and *Ophras Threshing Floore*
The *Seat* and *Embleme* of his *Justice* bore.
What should I *Jair*, the happiest Father, name? Judg. 10. 3.
Or mournful *Jephta* known no less to fame Ib. 11 34.
For the most wretched? Both at once did keep
The mighty *Flocks* of *Isra'el* and their *Sheep*.
Oft from the field in hast they summon'd were
Some weighty forreign *Embassy* to hear,
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends* around,
Who all at several cares were scattered found,
They washt their feet, their *only Gown* put on;
And this chief work of *Cer'emony* was done.
These reasons, and all else that could be said,
In a ripe hour by *factious Eloquence* spread
Through all the *Tribes*, make all desire a *King*;
And to their *Judge* selected *Dep'uties* bring 1 Sam. 8. 3.

This harsh demand; which *Nacol* for the rest
(A bold and artful *Mouth*) thus with much grace exprest.
We' are come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th'*Arrears*
Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
Of your just *Reign*; and at your feet to lay
All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
In *unproportion'd words*; for you alone
The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*.
But when our forepast ills we call to mind,
And sadly think how *Little*'s left behind
Of your important *Life*, whose sudden date
Would *disinherit* th'unprovided *State*.
When we consider how unjust 'tis, you,
Who nere of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,
At once the weight of *that* and *Age* should have;
Your stooping days prest *doubly* towards the grave.
When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,
Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
And all th'united East our fall conspir'd;
And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd
As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place,
By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
Midst these new fears and ills, we're forc'd to fly
To' a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*;
A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,
By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shown of old.
A *Prophesie* long forming in the *Womb*
Of teeming years, and now to *ripeness* come.
This *Remedy*'s a *King*; for this we all
With an inspir'd, and zealous *Union* call.
And in one sound when all mens voices join,
The *Musick*'s tun'd (no doubt) by hand divine.
'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nations* voice;
That is his *Publique Language*; but the choice
Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown must bear
From you who his *Peculiar Organ* are
We'expect to hear; the *People* shall to you
Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
To your great name what lustre will it bring
T'have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King*!

He bow'd, and ended here; and *Samuel* streight, 1 Sam. 8. 6.
Pawsing a while at this great questions weight,
With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful Ey
That more of *Care* than *Passion* did descry,
Calmly replys: You're sure the first (said he)
Of *freeborn* men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
I fear, my friends, with heav'enly *Manna* fed,
(Our old forefathers crime) we lust for *Bread*.
Long since by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th' *Egyptian Brickiln* here.
16 Cheat not your selves with *words*: for though a *King* 1 Sam. 8. 11.
Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.
Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
He'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to spill,
Where e're his *Guidless Passion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Lust, or Spleen his wars will raise,
Your *Lives best price* his thirst of *Wealth* or *Praise*.
Your ablest *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
And by such hands your yoke more grievous make.
Your *Daughters* and *dear Wives* he'll force away,
His *Lux'ury* some, and some his *Lust* t'obey.
His *idle friends* your *hungry toils* shall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood* and *Sweat*.
Then you'll all sigh, but *sighs* will *Treasons* be;
And not your *Griefs* themselves, or *Looks* be *free*.
Rob'd even of *Hopes*, when you these ills sustain,
Your watry eyes you'l then turn back in vain,
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *Me*,
Nay ev'en my *Sons*, howe're they 'unhappy be
In your displeasure now; Not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,
17 Witness th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought
Of private ends into this question brought.
But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Passion* made your *Law*?
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)
The good old *Seer* 'gainst *Kings* was too severe.
'Tis *Jest* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *How many* shall their *Masters* be

Is the sole doubt; *Laws guid*, but cannot *reign*;
And though they *bind* not Kings, yet they *restrain*.
I dare affirm (so much I trust their *Love*)
That no one *Moabite* would his speech approve.
But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
Yet men whom age and action renders wise,
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive.
On men resolv'd these threats were spent in vain,
All that his power or el'oquence could obtain
Was to enquire *Gods* will e're they proceed
To'a work that would so much his blessing need.
A solemn day for this great work is set,
18 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Israel* met
Expect th' event; *below fair bullocks fry
In hallowed flames; *above, there mount on high
The precious clouds of Incense, and at last
The *Sprinkling*, *Pray'ers*, and all due *Honours* past.
19 Lo! we the *Sacred Bells* o'th' sudden hear,
20 And in mild pomp grave *Samuel* does appear.
21 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
22 Th' *Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breast plate* shone.
Tow'ards the *blew curtains* of *Gods* holiest place
23 (The *Temples* bright *Third Heaven*) he turn'd his face.
Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn *Musick* plaid,
And at third rest thus the great *Prophet* praid:
Almighty *God*, to whom all men that be
Owe *all* they have, yet none so much as *We*;
Who though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,
Thy too small *Court*, hast made this place thy *Throne*.
With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo, here,
Blest *Abrah'ams Seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
Hear them, great *God*, and thy just will inspire;
From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they'a *King* desire.
Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send,
Which, lo, with *Souls* resign'd we humbly here attend.
He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horrour* seiz'd the rout.
The whole Tent shakes, the Flames on th' Altar by,
24 In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily.

1 Sa

Ex.
& 3
* Ib

Ex
& 2

Ex.
Ib.

The *seven *Lamps* wink; and what does most dismay, * Exod. 25. 37.
Th'*Orac'ulous Gems* shut in their nat'ural day.
The *Rubies Cheek* grew pale, the *Em'eraud* by
Faded, a *Cloud* o'recast the *Saphirs Skie.*
The *Di'amonds Eye* lookt *Sleepy*, and swift night
Of all those little *Suns* eclypst the Light.
Sad signs of *Gods* dread anger for our sin,
But straight a wondrous brightness from within
Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cloud*
Could those strong beams of heav'enly glory shroud.
The Altars fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* outshone.
Beauty th' *illustrious Vision* did impart
To ev'ery *Face*, and Joy to ev'ery heart.
In glad effects *Gods* presence thus appear'd,
And thus in wondrous sounds his *Voice* was heard:
This stubborn Land sins still, nor is it *Thee*, but *Us*
(Who have been so long their *King*) they seek to cast off thus.
Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff Nation strove
To 'exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom'd *Love.*
Be't so then; yet once more are we resolv'd to try
T'outweary them through all their *Sins Variety.*
Assemble ten days hence the num'erous people here;
To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* shall bear.
Dismiss them now in peace; but their next crime shall bring
Ruine without redress on *Them*, and on their *King.*
The *Almighty* spoke; th' astonisht people part
With various stamps imprest on every heart.
Some their demand repented, others prais'd,
Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.
There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gib'eah* Town, 1 Sam. 9. 1.
For *wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* known. Ib. v. 2.
More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,
Whom *Nature*, e're the *Lots*, to' a *Throne* did call.
He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *wheresoe're*
His birth had been, *Then* had he reign'd and *There.*
Such *Beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no disgrace,
Smil'd in the manly features of his Face.
His large black Eyes, fill'd with a sprightful light,
Shot forth such lively and *illustrious Night*,

As the *Sun* beams, on *Jet* reflecting show,
His *Hair*, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow.
His tall, strait *Body* amidst thousands stood,
Like some fair *Pine* o'relooking all th' ignobler *Wood*.
Of all our rural sports he was the pride;
So swift, so strong, so dextrous none beside.
Rest was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Lust* and *Game*;
No nat'ural wants could his fierce dil'igence tame,
Not *Thirst*, nor *Hunger*; he would journeys go
Through raging *Heats*, and take repose in *Snow*.
His *Soul* was ne're unbent from weighty care;
But active as some *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.
His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
Nor stept aside for *Dangers* or *Delight*.
Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;
But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *He*.
His *Wit* was *strong*; not *Fine*; and on his tongue
An *Artless grace* above all *Eloq'uence* hung.
These *Virtues* too the rich unusual dress
Of *Modesty* adorn'd and *Humbleness*.
Like a clear *Varnish* o're fair *Pictures* laid,
More *fresh* and *Lasting* they the *Colours* made.
Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
No stop or bound, o'rewhelm'd no less his *Mind*,
Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural forms deface,
And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their place.
Forbid it God, my *Masters* spots should be,
Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!
But such he was; and now to *Ramah* went
(So *God* dispos'd) with a strange, low intent.
Great God! he went lost *Asses* to enquire,
And a small *Present* his small questions hire,
Brought simply with him to that Man to give,
From whom high *Heav'ens chief Gifts* he must receive,
Strange *Play* of *Fate!* when might'iest humane things
Hang on such small, *Imperceptible Strings!*
'Twas *Samuels Birth-day*, a glad ann'ual feast
All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Guest
With such respect leads to it, and does grace
With the choice meats o'th' feast, and highest place.

Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,
And feasts his ravisht ears with nobler things. Ib. v. 26.
He tells the mighty *Fate* to him assign'd,
And with great rules fills his *capacious mind.* 1 Sam. 10. 1.
Then takes the sacred *Viol*, and does shed
28 A *Crown* of mystique drops around his head.
Drops of that *Royal Moisture* which does know
No Mixture, and disdains the place below.
Soon comes the *Kingly Day*, and with it brings
29 A new *Account of Time* upon his wings. 1 Sam. 10. 17.
The people met, the rites and pray'rs all past,
Behold, the *Heav'en instructed-Lot* is cast.
'Tis taught by heaven its way, and cannot miss;
Forth *Benjamin*, forth leaps the House of *Cis.*
As Glimm'ering *stars* just at the'approach of *Day*,
Casheer'd by *Troops*, at last drop all away,
By such degrees all mens bright hopes are gone,
And, like the *Sun*, *Sauls Lot* shines all alone.
Ev'en here perhaps the peoples shout was heard,
The loud long shout when *Gods* fair choice appear'd.
Above the whole vast throng he'appear'd so tall,
30 As if by *Nature* made for th'*Head* of all.
So full of grace and state, that one might know
31 'Twas some wise *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided so.
But blind unguided *Lots* have more of choice
And constancy then the slight *Vulgars voice.*
Ere yet the *Crown* of sacred *Oyl* is dry,
Whil'st *Ecchoes* yet preserve the joyful cry,
Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
Some envy *Saul*, some scorn the house of *Cis.*
Some their first mut'inous wish, *A King*, repent,
As if, since that, quite spoil'd by *Gods consent.*
Few to this Prince their first just duties pay;
All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey.
Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is constant still
To those eternal grounds, that mov'ed his *Will.*
And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit
That stubborn Men at last to him submit.
32 As midst the Main a low small *Island* lies,
Assaulted round with stormy *Seas* and *skies.*

Whilst the poor heartless *Natives* ev'ery hour
Darkness and *Noise* seems ready to devour:
Such *Israels* state appear'ed, whilst ore the West
Philistian clouds hung threatning, and from th'East
All Nations wrath into one *Tempest* joines,
Through which proud *Nahas* like fierce *Lightning* shines.
Tygris and *Nile* to his assistance send,
33 And waters to swoln *Jaboc's Torrent* lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* adde their force,
34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia*'s *Horse*.
And 'mongst all these none more their hope or pride,
Then those few Troops your warlike land supply'ed.
Around weak *Jabes* this vast Host does ly, 1 Sa
Disdains a dry and *bloodless Victory*.
The hopeless Town for *Slave'ry* does *intreat*,
But barb'arous *Nahas* thinks that grace too great.
He (his first *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands, Ib.
35 And with their *Faces shame* disarms their *Hands*. Ver
If unreliev'ed sev'en days by *Israels* aid,
This bargain for *ore-rated Life* is made.
Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Israel* be
Quite *blind* it self, ere this reproach it *see*!
By'his wanton people the new *King* forsook,
To homely rural cares himself betook. Ver
In private plenty liv'd without the state,
Lustre and Noise due to a publique fate.
Whilst he his slaves and cattel follows home,
Lo the sad Messengers from *Jabes* come,
Implore his help, and weep as if they meant 1 S
That way at least proud *Nahas* to prevent.
Mov'ed with a Kingly wrath, his strict command Ver
He issues forth t'assemble all the land.
He threatens high, and disobedient they
Wak'ed by such Princely terrors learnt t'obey. Ve
A mighty Host is rais'd; th'important cause
Age from their *Rest*; *Youth*, from their *Pleasure* draws.
Arm'd as unfurnisht *Hast* could them provide,
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that supply'ed.
All night they march, and are at th'early dawn
On *Jabes* heath in three fair bodies drawn.

Saul did himself the first and strongest band, 1 Sam. 11. 11.
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third command.
But pardon, Sir, if naming *Sauls* great Son,
I stop with him a while ere I go on.
This is that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beautifull'st, and best of *Humane Race*.
That *Jonathan* in whom does mixt remain
All that kind *Mothers* wishes can contain.
His *Courage* such as it no stop can know,
And *Vict'ory* gains by'*astonishing* the Foe.
With *Lightnings* force his enemies it confounds,
And melts their *Hearts* e're it the *Bosom* wounds.
Yet he the *Conquer'd* with such *Sweetness* gains,
As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains*.
In *war* the adverse Troops he does assail,
Like an impet'uous *storm* of *wind* and *Hail*.
In *Peace*, like gentlest *Dew* that does asswage
The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage.
Kind as the *Suns* blest *Influence*; and where e're
He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
To *Help* seems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*;
To do much *Good* his *sole Prerogative*.
And yet this gen'eral *Bounty* of his Mind,
That with wide arms embraces all *Mankind*,
Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
With diffe'rent measures all are satisfi'd.
Just as wise *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt, Exod. 16. 18.
Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
To all *Relations* their just rights he pays,
And worths reward above its claim does raise.
The tendrest *Husband*, *Master*, *Father*, *Son*,
And all those parts by'his *Friendship* far outdone.
His *Love* to *Friends* no bound or rule does know,
What *He* to *Heav'en*, all that to *Him* they owe.
Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*:
His *Judgment*, like best *Armour*, strong and fit.
And such an *El'oquence* to both these does join,
As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine.
Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.

As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,
As he himself to th' *future* shall be known.
But his chief study is *Gods* sacred *Law*;
And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw,
As never more by *Heav'en* to *Man* was giv'en,
So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'en*.
And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown,
E're yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully *blown*.
All *Autumns* store did his rich *Spring* adorn;
Like *Trees* in *Par'dice* he with *Fruit* was *born*.
Such is his *Soul*; and if, as some men tell,
36 *Souls* form and build those mansions where they dwell;
Whoe're but sees his *Body* must confess,
The *Architect* no doubt, could be no less.
From *Saul* his growth and manly strength he took,
Chastis'd by bright *Ahino'ams* gentler look.
Not bright *Ahin'oam*, Beauties lowdest Name,
Till she to' her *Children* lost with joy her fame,
Had sweeter strokes, Colours more fresh and fair,
More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.
Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
And on this *boundless subject* stay so long.
Where too much hast ever to *end* t'would be,
Did not his *Acts* speak what's untold by *Me*.
Though from the time his hands a Sword could wield,
He ne're mist *Fame* and *Danger* in the field.
Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
Since *Sauls* bright Crown gave luster to his worth.
'Twas the last morning whose unchearful rise,
Sad *Jabes* was to view with *both* their Eyes.
Secure proud *Nahas* slept as in his Court,
And dreamt, vain man! of that days barb'arous sport,
Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke;
Till into'his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.
The careless *Guards* with small re[s]istance kill'd,
Slaughter the Camp, and wild Confusion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
And marches boldly up t'outface the storm.
Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he pursues
Th' *Arabian Horse*, and a hot fight renewes.

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'Twas here your Troops behav'd themselves so well,
Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their stout *Col'onels* fell.
'Twas here our *Vict'ory* stopt, and gave us cause.
Much to suspect th'intention of her pause.
But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* espy'd,
Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
Broke through our Troops, and tow'ards him boldly prest,
A gen'erous joy leapt in his youthful brest.
As when a wrathful *Dragons* dismal light
Strikes suddenly some warlike *Eagles* sight.
The *mighty foe* pleases his fearless eyes,
He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
With vain, though vi'olent force, their darts they flung;
In *Ammons* plated belt *Jonathans* hung,
And stopt there; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it.
Straight with their Swords to the fierce shock they came,
Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* shot *flame.*
Blows strong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they delt;
Which more then they th'engag'ed *Spectators* felt.
In *Ammon* force, in *Jonathan* address,
(Though both were great in both to an excess)
To the well-judging Eye did most appear;
Honour, and *Anger* in both *equal* were.
Two wounds our *Prince* receiv'ed, and *Ammon* three;
Which he enrag'ed to feel, and 'sham'd to see,
Did his whole strength into one blow collect;
And as a Spani'el when we'our aim direct
To shoot some *Bird*, impatiently stands by
Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly
Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
So waited *Death* it self to bear away
The threatned Life; did glad and greedy stand
At sight of mighty *Ammons* lifted hand.
Our watchful *Prince* by bending sav'd the wound,
But *Death* in other coyn his *reck'ning* found:
For whilst th'*immod'erate* strokes miscarry'ng force
Had almost born the striker from his horse,
A nimble thrust his active En'emy made,
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'ed the furious blade,

And opened wide those *secret vessels*, where
37 *Life's Light* goes out, when first they let in *aire*.
He falls, his Armour clanks against the ground,
From his faint tongue *imperfect curses* sound.
His amaz'd Troops strait cast their arms away;
Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more swift then *they*.
As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom rage
And thirst of *Empire* in fierce wars engage,
Whilst each lays claim to th'*Garden* as his owne,
And seeks t'usurp the bord'ring flowers alone)
Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
In th'aires wide plain dispute their doubtful right.
If by sad chance of battel either *King*
Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,
His Armies hopes and courage with him dy;
They sheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly.
On th'other sides at once with like success
Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* press,
From *Jon'athans* part a wild mixt noise they hear,
And whatsoere it mean long to be there,
At the same instant from glad *Jabes* Town,
The hasty Troops march loud and chearful down.
Some few at first with vain resistance fall,
The rest is *Slaughter*, and *vast Conquest* all.
The fate by which our *Host* thus far had gon,
Our *Host* with noble heat drove farther on.
Victorious arms through *Ammons* land it bore;
Ruine behind, and *Terror* marcht before.
Where ere from *Rabba's* towers they cast their sight,
Smoak clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the *Night*.
This bright success did *Sauls* first action bring,
The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* less *crown'd* him King.
The *Happy* all men judge for Empire fit,
And none withstands where *Fortune* does submit.
Those who before did Gods fair choice withstand,
Th'*excessive Vulgar* now to death demand.
But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty doom;
Conquest abroad, with *Mercy* crown'd at home.
Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that days pride,
Which foreign blood in *nobler purple* dy'ed.

Again the Crown th'assembled people give, Ver. 15.
With greater joy then *Saul* could it receive.
Again, th'old *Judge* resigns his sacred place, 1 Sam. 12. 1.
God *Glorifi'ed* with wonders his disgrace.
With decent pride, such as did well befit
The *Name* he *kept*, and that which he did *quit*.
The long-past row of happy years he show'd,
Which to his heav'enly Government they ow'd.
How the torn state his just and prudent raign
Restor'ed to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.
In war what conqu'ering *Miracles* he wrought;
God, then their *King*, was *Gen'eral* when they fought.
Whom they *depos'ed* with *him*. And that (said he)
You may see *God* concern'd in't more then *Me*,
Behold how storms his angry presence shrowd,
Hark how his wrath in thunder threats alowd.
'Twas now the ripen'ed *Summers* highest rage,
Which no faint cloud durst mediate to asswage.
Th'*Earth* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for *Rain*,
Gap'ed, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'Sun;
When, Lo, ere scarce the *active speech* was done,
A vi'olent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*,
And troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.
Whilst with rude haste the confus'ed *Tempest* crowds,
Swift dreadful flames shot through th'encountring clowds,
From whose torn womb th'imprison'ed *Thunder* broke,
And in dire sounds the *Prophets* sense it spoke.
Such an impet'uous shower it downwards sent,
As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
Were all let loose; *Horrour* and fearful noise
Fill'd the black *Scene*; till the great *Prophets* voice
Swift as the wings of *Morn*, reduc'ed the Day;
Wind, *Thunder*, *Rain* and *Clouds* fled all at once away.
Fear not (said he) *God* his fierce wrath removes, 1 Sam. 12. 20.
And though this *State* my service disapproves,
My *Prayers* shall serve it constantly. No more,
I hope, a pardon for past sins t'implore,
But just rewards from gracious heav'en to bring
On the good deeds of you, and of *our King*.

Behold him there! and as you see, rejoyce
In the kind care of *Gods* impartial choice.
Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Wit!
The *Honour* heav'en has cloath'd him with, sits *fit*
And comely on him; since you needs must be
Rule'd by a *King*, you'are happy that 'tis *He.*
Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for *Him*, but he for *You*,
And both for *God.*
Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
In vain shall *he* command, and *you* obey.
To foreign *Tyrants* both shall *slaves* become,
Instead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.
The *Crown* thus several ways confirm'ed to *Saul*,
One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;
And that was Force, which only can maintain
The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *worth* does gain.
Three thousand *Guards* of big, bold men he took;
Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'en with their *Look*;
His sacred person too, and throne defend,
The third on matchless *Jonathan* attend.
Ore whose full thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,
Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great.
On *Geba* first, where a *Philistian* band
Lies, and around torments the *fetter'd land*,
He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
Mixt with *Design* his Nation to engage
In that just war, which from them long in vain,
Honour and *Freedoms* voice had strove t'obtain.
Th'accurst *Philistian* rows'd with this bold blow,
All the proud marks of *enrag'ed Power* does show.
Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,
If humane strength might authorize a boast,
Their threats had reason here; for ne're did wee
Our selves so weak, or foe so potent see.
Here we vast bodies of their *Foot* espy,
The *Rear* out-reaches far th'*extended Eye.*
Like fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons stand;
As thick and numberless they hide the land.
Here with sharp neighs the warlike *Horses* sound;

And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.
Here with worse noise three thousand *Chariots* pass
With plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass.
About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,
Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.
Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,
And with lopt panting limbs the field bestrows.
Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* dy;
Neither can they *resist*, nor can *these fly*. Ib. v. 5. Ver. 7.
In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they;
Saul in much different state at *Gilgal* lay.
His forces seem'd no *Army*, but a *Crowd*,
Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and lowd.
The quick *Contagion Fear* ran swift through all,
And into trembling *Fits* th'infected fall.
Saul, and his *Son* (for no such faint *Disease*
Could on their strong-complexion'd *Valour* seise)
In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduct* show'd,
And on *deaf Terror* gen'erous words bestow'd.
Thousands from thence fly scattered ev'ery day;
Thick as the Leaves that shake and drop away,
When they th'approach of stormy *Winter* find
The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to the' *Wind*.
Some to sad *Jordan* fly, and swim't for hast,
And from his farther bank look back at last.
Some into woods and caves their cattel drive,
There with their *Beasts* on *equal* terms they live,
Nor deserve *better*; some in rocks on high,
The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* ly.
And were they wing'ed like them, scarce would they dare
To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.
As th'Host with fear, so *Saul* disturb'd with care, Ib. 8.
T'avert these ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,
And *Gods* blest will t'enquire, for *Samuel* sends;
Whom he six days with troubled hast attends.
But ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
By *Samuel* set for this great work) was past,
Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
Impatient ere Gods time Gods mind to know,
'Sham'd and enrag'ed to see his Troops decay,

Jealous of an affront in *Samuels* stay,
Scorning that any's presence should appear
Needful besides when *He himself* was there;
And with a pride too nat'ural thinking Heaven
Had given him *All*, because *much Power* t'had giv'en)
Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Offring's* made,
Himself did th'high *selected charge* invade,
Himself inquir'ed of *God*; who then spake nought;
But *Samuel* straight his dreadful answer brought.
For straight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,
As was *Sauls sin*, the fatal Message told.
His foul *Ingratitude* to heav'en he chid,
To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*
To Kingly power in all that plenteous land,
Where all things else submit to his command.
And as fair *Edens* violated *Tree*,
To'*Immortal Man* brought in *Mortalitie*:
So shall that *Crown*, which God eternal meant,
From thee (said he) and thy great house be rent,
Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honours* send,
And give thy'*Immortal Royalty* an *End*.
Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind heav'en (we hope)
(Whose threats and anger know no other scope
But *Mans Amendment*) does long since relent,
And with *Repentant Saul* it self *Repent*.
Howere (though none more pray for this then we
Whose wrongs and sufferings might some colour be
To do it *less*) this speech we sadly find
Still extant, and still active in his Mind.
But then a worse effect of it appear'd;
Our *Army* which before *Modestly* fear'd,
Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,
Disbanded now, and fled in troops away.
Base *Fear* so bold and impudent does grow,
When an excuse and colour it can show.
Six hundred only (scarce a *Princely train*)
Of all his Host with distrest *Saul* remain,
Of his whole Host six hundred; and ev'en those
(So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose,
Nor would that useless *Multitudes* should share

In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare)
Arm'd not like *Souldiers* marching in a War,
But Country-*Hinds* alarmed from afar
By *Wolves* loud hunger, when the well-known sound
Raises th' affrighted Villages around. Ib. v. 19, 20, 21.
Some Goads, Flails, Plow-shares, Forks, or Axes bore,
Made for *Lifes* use and better ends before,
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
42 I'th'fire, the first rude arts that *Malice* try'd,
E're Man the sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.
Such were the *Numbers*, such the *Arms* which we
Had by fate left us for a *Victorie*
O're *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear
Useful it self, when *Jonathan* was there.
'Twas just the time when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
Did the moist world unvail to humane sight.
The *Prince*, who all that night the field had beat
With a small party, and no en'emy met
(So proud and so secure the en'emy lay,
And drencht in *sleep* th'excesses of the *day*)
With joy this good occasion did embrace,
With better leisure, and at nearer space,
The strength and order of their Camp to view;
Abdon alone his gen'erous purpose knew;
Abdon a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,
Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whose love to'his *Master* did exceed
What *Natures Law*, or *Passions Power* could breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend;
His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*. 1 Sam. 14. 1.
They went, but sacred fury as they went,
Chang'd swiftly, and *exalted* his intent.
What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find,
God or some powerful *Spirit* invades my mind.
From ought but *Heaven* can never sure be brought
So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought.
Nor would *ill Fate* that meant me to surprise,

Come cloath'd in so unlikely a *Disguise.*
Yon *Host*, which its proud *Fishes* spreads so wide,
O're the whole Land, like some swoln *Rivers Tide*,
Which terrible and numberless appears,
43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,
Which lies so strongly ['e]ncampt, that one would say
The *Hill* might be remov'd as soon as *they*,
We two alone must *fight* with and *defeat*;
Thou'rt strook, and startest at a *sound* so great.
Yet we must do't; God our weak hands has chose
T'ashame the boasted numbers of our Foes,
Which to his strength no more proportion'd be,
Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternitie.*
If when their careless *Guards* espy us here,
With sportful scorn they call to' us to come neer,
We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;
Not *They*, but *Israels Angel* gives the call.
44 He spoke, and as he spoke, a *Light* divine
Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* shine,
Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;
Less seem'd the num'erous *Army* to be fear'd.
This saw, and heard with joy the brave *Esquire*,
As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Masters Fire.*
Forbid it Heav'en (said he) I should decline,
Or wish (Sir) not to make *your* danger *mine.*
The great *Example* which I daily see
Of your high worth is not so lost on me;
If wonder-strook I at your words appear,
My wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear.*
Th' *Honour* which does your Princely breast *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joins there with *Duties Name.*
If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me.*
But sure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
So high thoughts from a less exalted *Spring.*
Bright signs through all your words and looks are spread,
A rising *Vict'ory* dawns around your head.
With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
Lo to the fatal place and work they came.
Strongly encampt on a steep *Hills* large head,

Like some vast wood the mighty *Host* was spread. Ib. v. 4.
Th' only 'access on neighb'ring *Gabaa*'s side,
An hard and narrow way, which did divide
Two cliffy *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* nam'd,
Much for themselves, and their big *strangeness* fam'd,
More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* day;
On both their points *Philistian* out-guards lay;
From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd;
And, lo! the *Hebrews!* proud *Elcanor* cry'd;
From *Senes* top; Lo; from their hungry Caves
A quicker Fate here sends them to their graves.
Come up (aloud he crys to them below)
Ye' *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
The rebel lives long since to' our *Justice* due;
Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
When th'inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*
God, and his *God-like Virtues* high command.
It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
With *pain* and *labour*, *hast* and *joy* they went.
Elcanor laught to see them climb, and thought
His mighty words th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
Did new affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
(The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
Short was his sport; for swift as *Thunders* stroke
Rives the frail Trunk of some heav'en-threatning *Oak*,
The Princes Sword did his proud head divide;
The parted Scull hung down on either side.
Just as he fell, his vengeful Steel he drew
Half way; no more the trembling *Joints* could do,
Which *Abdon* snatcht, and dy'ed it in the blood
Of an *amazed wretch* that next him stood.
Some close to earth shaking and grove'ling ly,
Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* spy.
Some wonder strook stand fixt; some fly, some arm
Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alarm.*
Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*,
In vain by *Dikes* and broken *works* withstood:
So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th'opposing hill,
Does all around with noise and ruine fill.
Like some large *Arm* of which another way

Abdon o'reflows; him too no *bank* can stay.
With cryes th' affrighted *Country* flies before,
Behind the following *waters* lowdly roar.
Twenty at least slain on this out-guard ly,
To th' adjoin'd Camp the rest distracted fly,
And *ill mixt wonders* tell, and into't bear,
Blind terrour, *deaf disorder*, *helpless fear.*
The *Conqu'erors* too press boldly in behind,
Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
Hamgar at first, the Prince of *Ashdod* Town,
46 Chief 'mongst the *Five* in riches and renown,
And *General* then by course oppos'd their way,
Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathans* feet he lay,
And curst the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the ground;
47 His *Life* for ever spilt *stain'd* all the grass around.
His *Brother* too, who vertuous hast did make
His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
Falls grove'ling o're his trunk, on mother earth;
Death mixt no less their *Bloods* than did their *birth.*
Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdons* restless Sword
Dispatcht the following train t'attend their *Lord.*
On still o're panting corps great *Jonathan* led;
Hundreds before him *fell*, and *Thousands fled.*
Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous show,
Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Success!* thy *Fate* or *Thou!*
Who durst alone that dreadful Host assail,
With purpose not to *Dye*, but to *Prevail!*
Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,
Then *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite.*
If Heav'en to men such mighty thoughts would give,
What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive
The vast *Infusion?* or what *Soul* but *Thine*
Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine*?
Thou follow'dst Heaven in the *Design*, and we
Find in the *Act* 'twas *Heav'en* that follow'd *Thee.*
Thou ledst on *Angels*, and that sacred band
(The *De'ities* great *Lieut'enant*) didst command.
'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that day.
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,

And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.
48 Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *sweats of Death*)
The voyce of *storms* and winged *whirl-winds* breath:
The flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
The smokes that from scorcht *Fevers Ovens* rise,
The reddest fires with which sad *Comets* glow;
And *Sodoms* neighb'ring *Lake* did spir'its bestow
Of finest *Sulphur*; amongst which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horrour*, and all mingled shut
Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t'enflame it more;
And make th'enraged *Prisoner* louder roar.
Th'assembled *Clouds* burst o're their Armies head;
Noise, Darkness, dismal Lightnings round them spread.
Another *Spir'it* with a more potent wand
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* hand,
And went the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* strook;
The *Mountain* felt it; the vast *Mountain* shook.
Through the wide ayr another *Angel* flew
About their Host, and thick amongst them threw
Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistake;
And all th' *Ingredients* that swift ruine make.
The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*.
One would have thought, this dismal day to'have seen,
That *Natures* self in her *Death-pangs* had been.
Such will the face of that great hour appear;
Such the distracted *Sinners* conscious fear.
In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they ly,
Beneath the wretched feet of crouds that fly.
O're their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Horse.
The guidless *Chariots* with impet'uous course
Cut wide through both; and all their bloody way
Horses, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.
Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong;
The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and strong.
To almost certain present *death* they fly
From a remote and causeless fear to *dy*.
Much diffe'rent error did some troops possess;

And *Madness* that lookt better, though no less.
Their fellow troops for th'entred foe they take;
And *Isra'els* war with mutual slaughter make.
Mean while the King from *Gabaas* hill did view,
And hear the thickning *Tumult* as it grew
Still great and loud; and though he knows not why
They fled, no more then they themselves that fly;
Yet by the storms and terrors of the aire,
Guesses some vengeful *Sp'irits* working there;
Obeys the loud occasions sacred call,
And fiercely on the trembling Host does fall.
At the same time their *Slaves* and *Prisoners* rise;
Nor does their much-wisht *Liberty* suffice
Without *Revenge*; the scatter'd arms they seise,
And their proud vengeance with the *memory* please
Of who so lately bore them; All about
From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* issue out
At the glad noise; joy'd that their foes had shown
A fear that drowns the scandal of *their own.*
Still did the Prince midst all this storm appeare,
Still scatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
Still did he break, still blunt his wearied Swords;
Still slaughter new supplies to'his hand affords.
Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
And till at last all fled, scorn'd to *pursue.*
All fled at last, but many in vain; for still
Th'insatiate *Conqu'eror* was more swift to kill
Then they to save their Lives. Till, lo! at last,
Nature, whose power he had so long surpast,
Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
Drought, faintness, and fierce Hunger did oppose.
Reeking all o're in dust, and blood, and sweat,
Burnt with the *Suns* and *violent actions* heat,
'Gainst an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he staid,
For some short ease; *Fate* in th'old Oak had laid
Provisions up for his relief; and Lo!
The hollow trunck did with bright *Honey* flow.
With timely food his decay'd Sp'irits recruit;
Strong he returns, and fresh to the pursuit,
His strength and sp'irits the Honey did restore;

But, oh, the *bitter-sweet* strange *poison* bore!
Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'erous fate*,
That does so close on humane glories wait!
Behold the strong, and yet *fantastick Net*
T'ensnare triumphant *Virtue* darkly set!
Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,
The *Prince* who had alone that morning fought,
A *Duel* with an *Host*, had th'*Host* orethrowne,
And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with *One*;
Washt off his Countrys shame, and doubly dyde
In *Blood* and *Blushes* the *Philistian* pride,
Had sav'ed and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ering Crown,
And the bright *Gold* new *burnisht* with renown,
Should be e're night by's *King* and *Fathers* breath,
Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
Destin'ed the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
Of *Thanks Himself* for his own *Victorie*?
Alone with various fate like to become,
Fighting, an *Host*; *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
Yet such, Sir, was his case. 1 Sam. 14. 24.
For *Saul*, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
(In the abandon'ed Camp expos'ed to sight)
His hungry men from the pursuit diswade;
A rash, but solemn vow to heav'en had made.
Curst be the wretch, thrice cursed let him be
Who shall touch food this busie day (said he)
Whil'st the blest Sun does with his fav'ouring light
Assist our vengeful Swords against their flight.
Be he thrice curst; and if his Life we spare,
On *us* those *Curses* fall that *he* should bear.
Such was the *Kings* rash vow; who little thought
How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.
The *two-edg'd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd or broke;
Ev'en *Perjury* its least and bluntest stroke.
'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'ed,
His own victorious *Son* that he devov'ed;
On whose bright head the baleful *Curses* light;
But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the fight,
Forbids their entrance or their setling there;
49 They with *brute* sound dissolv'ed into the ayre.

Him what *Religion*, or what *vow* could bind,
Unknown, unheard of, till he'his Life did find
Entangled in't? whilst *wonders* he did do
Must he dye now for not be'ing *Prophet* too?
To all but him this *Oath* was meant and said;
He afar off, the *ends* for which 'twas made
Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death.*
What could his Crime in this condition be,
Excus'ed by *Ign'orance* and *Necessitie?*
Yet the remorseless *King*, who did disdain
That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
Though'gainst *himself*; or *fate* a way should see
By which attaqu'ed and conquer'd he might be:
Who thought *Compassion*, female *weakness* here,
And *Equity Injustice* would appeare
In his own *Cause*; who falsely fear'd beside
The solemn Curse on *Jon'athan* did abide,
And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
Would like a *Gangrene* o're all *Isra'el* stray;
Prepar'ed this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
And his *rash* vow more *rashly* to *fulfil.*
What tongue can th'horror and amazement tell
Which on all *Israel* that sad moment fell?
Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
Had the *Philistian* fate that day bin theirs.
Not *Sauls* proud heart could master his swoln Ey;
The *Prince* alone stood mild and patient by,
So bright his sufferings, so triumphant show'd,
Less to the *best* then *worst* of fates he ow'ed.
A victory now he o're *himself* might boast;
He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'eror* of an *Host.*
It charm'd *through tears* the sad Spectators sight,
Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite
And pious rage, with which inspir'ed they now
Oppose to *Sauls* a better publick *Vow.*
They all consent all *Israel* ought to be
Accurst and kill'd themselves rather then *He.*
Thus wi[t]h kind force they the glad King withstood,
And sav'ed their *wondrous Saviours* sacred blood.

Thus *David* spoke; and much did yet remain
Behind th'attentive *Prince* to entertain,
Edom and *Zoba's* war, for what befel — Ib. v. 47.
In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.
The boundless quarrel with curst *Am'alecs* land; — 1 Sam. 15. 3.
Where *Heav'en* it self did *Cruelty* command
And practis'ed on *Sauls Mercy*, nor did e're
More punish *Inno'cent Blood*, then *Pity* there. — Ib. 23.
But, Lo! they 'arriv'ed now at th'appointed place;
Well-chosen and well furnisht for the Chase.

NOTES
UPON THE
FOURTH BOOK.

1. THat is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it self* (which Worship is most notorious to have been used all over the East) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* standing upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a sirname, from a particular place of his worship. To which I meet with the opposition of a great person, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris Synt. j. c.* 5) building it upon the authority of the 105. (according to our English Translation the 106.) Psal. v. 20. *They joyned themselves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he understands to be *Justa*, or *Inferias*, *Offerings* in memory of the *Dead*. *Novendiales ferias*. But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols?* it being usual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach and contempt to the Heathen *Gods*, as this very *Baal-Peor* they called *Chemos*, Jer. 48. 7. and 13, &c. that is *Blindness*, in contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who called him the *Eye* of the World? or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of men to him; for *Baal* is the same *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had sometimes, though not so constantly, humane *Sacrifices*. However these verses will agree as well with Mr. *Seldens* interpretation; for then the sense of them will be, that he bow'd first to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another Deity of that Country.

2. *Zerith*, a place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3. *White Horses* were most in esteem among the Ancients; such were those consecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them Διὸς ἵπποι, *Jupiters Horses*, which is the same. This was the reason that *Camillus* contracted so much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white Horses*, as a thing *Insolent* and *Prophane*, *Maximè conspectus ipse est, curru equis albis juncto urbem invectus, parumq; id non civile modò sed humanum etiam visum, Jovis Solisq; equis æquiparatum Dictatorem in Religionem etiam trahebant. Liv.* Horace,

Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ovid. de Art. Am.

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

Virg. 12. *Jungit equos, gaudétq; tuens ante ora frementes*
Qui candore Nives anteirent cursibus auras.

In which he imitates *Homer*.

Λευκότεροι χιονος, θεειν, δ' ανέμοισιν ὅμοιοι.

4. *Their side*. Scal. l. 5. Poet. says, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoulders*; others, by their *Sides*, which he collects out of some places in *Virg.* 1. *Æn.* of *Diana*,

——*Illa pharetram*
Fert humero, gra[di]ensq; Deas supereminet omnes.

Æn. 4. of Apollo, *Tela sonant humeris.*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*, *Succinctam pharetrâ*——

Yet I am afraid the observation is not solid; for Æn. 5. speaking of the Troop of *Ascanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars leves humero pharetras.

However *Side* is a safe word.

5. Θεοείκελος. Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful person.

6. *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the land of *Moab*; but not onely that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was called so too, *Jer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 32. 49.

7. 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul answered and said, Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the Tribes of Israel; and my family the least of all the families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then speakest thou so to me?*

8. Josh. 41. 4. *From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, shall be your coast.* This was fulfilled all ways but Eastward, for their Dominion never reacht to *Euphrates*; and it was but just fulfilled to the Letter, Westward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Western Main*. Their own sins were the cause, which made God preserve for thorns in their sides those Nations which he had conditionally promis'ed to root out. It is true, they went Eastward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odde Number in accounts (as presently, where I say but *Thirty Kings*) may be left out. *Jordan* is the most noble and notorious *Boundary*.

9. For all the wickednesses and disorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a *King*. *And in those days there was no King in Israel.*

10. For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almost extirpated, from whence *Saul* the first King descended. *David* says, *Kings*, as seeming to suppose that *Sauls Sons* were to succeed him.

11. In *Eli*, who descended from *Ithamar*, the youngest Son of *Aaron*, till which time the High Priesthood had continued in *Eleazar* the elder Brothers Race. This was the succession, *Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, *Abisua*, *Bukki*, *Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger house came in. In which it continued till *Solomons* time.

12. The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magistrates*, as in the famous Prophesie, *G[e]n.* 49. 10. *The Scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his feet, till the Shilo come.*

13. There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more several opinions then the time of *Sauls* & *Samuels* reign. This I will take in the first place for granted, that the 40 years assigned by S. *Paul* (Acts 13. 20) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuels Judicature*; for else there would be found more then 480 years from the departure out of *Egypt*, to the building of *Solomons Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young man when he was *elected*; besides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is said to slay *Goliah*. We

are therefore to seek how to divide those 40 years between *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Josephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *Samuel*, and 20 after his death. Most *Chronologers* (says *Sulpit. Severus*) 30. *Ruffin.* and divers others 20, to wit, 18 with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Cariath-jearim* before *Sauls* reign, and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jerusalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* 18 years, *Calvisius* 15, *Petavius* 12. some 11. *Bucolcer* 10. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two years, and these considerable Authors, as *Arias Montan. Mercator, Adricom.* &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 Sam. 13. 1. *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cùm regnare cœpisset, & duobus annis regnavit super Israel*; which others understand to be three years, to wit, two after the first. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spacio tenuit imperium*; which opinion seems to me extremely improbable. 1. Because we cannot well crowd all *Sauls* actions into so small a time. 2. Because *David* must then have been about 29 years old when he slew *Goliah*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at 30. 3. Because it is hard, if that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode at *Cariath-jearim*. 4. The Text whereon this is built, doth not import it; for it signifies no more, then that he had reigned one year before his confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he chose himself *Guards*. Our Translation hath, *Saul reigned one year*; *and when he had reigned two years over Israel, he chose him* 3000 *men*, &c. To determine punctually how long he reigned, is impossible; but I should guess about 10 *years*, which his actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old (a fit age) when he defeated the *Gyant*. and the 20 years of the Arks abiding at *Cariath-jearim* will be handsomely made up, to wit, three years before *Sauls* anointing, and 10 during his Government, and seven whilst David was *King at Hebron*. So that of the 40 assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*.

14. For first, the *Israelites* knew they were to be governed at last by *Kings*. And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great disorders and afflictions which they suffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this remedy; for they would have chosen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually choose *Abimelech*.

15. See *Moses* his Prophesie of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham God* himself says, *Genes.* 17. 6. *And Kings shall come out of thee.*

16. It is a vile opinion of those men, and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *right* of *Kings* is set down by *Samuel* in this place. Neither did the people of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the assumption of such a power, as appears by the story of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a proof of the *Right*, then their *Practise* was of the *Lawfulness* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his *Sister*, he advised with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it; who answered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Persia* to do what he would. If this had been the case with the Kings of *Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoyned so strictly the perpetual reading, perusing, and observing of the Law (*Deut.* 17.) if they had another *particular Law* that exempted them from being bound to it?

17. The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*; the reason of the peculiar *Sanctity* of this *Name*, is, because other names of God were appliable to other things, as

Eloh[*i*]*m*, to *Princes*; but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore *God* says *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to all generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *But by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Josephus* calls this *Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ ἱερὰ γράμματα, The *Sacred Letters*; and, Προσηγορίαν περὶ ἧς οὔ μοι θέμις εἰπεῖν, A name of which it is not *Lawful* for me to speak; and again, Τὸ φρικτὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The *Dreadful Name* of *God.* Stat.

Triplicis mundi summum, quem Scire Nefastum est.
Whose name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* used him and his fellow *Ambassadors* from the *Jews.* You (said *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge *me* to be *One*, who am received for such by all the rest of the world: but by the God that you dare not name (τὸν ἀκατανόμαστον ὑμῖν) and then lifting up his hands to heaven, he spoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawful* so much as to *hear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had something like this custom; for the *Romans* kept secret the name of the *Tutelar God of their City*; lest the enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by charms draw him away. And in their Solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the Cities which they besieged, for fear lest they should mistake the *Deities proper name*, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

18. *The Tabernacle*, Exod. 39. 9. *And thou shalt take the anointing oyl, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein; and shalt hallow it, and the vessels therein; and it shall be holy.*

19. The *Bells* upon the High-Priests Garments, *Exodus* 38. 25.

20. There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was High-Priest as well as *Judge*; as S. *Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob.* But there is a manifest error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, but onely a *Levite*; of the Race of *Isahar*, the yonger Brother of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all the succession of *Priests*, 1 Chronic. 6. It will be therefore askt, Why I make him here perform the office of the *High-Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits?* For the first, it is plain by the story that he did often do the duty of the *High-Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *function*; nay, I believe the function could not be well exercised without the habit. I say therefore with *Petavius*, *L.* 10. *de Doctr. Tempor.* That he was constituted of God, *High-Priest Extraordinary*, and lookt upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophesie*, and *Miracles*, without which singular testimonies from God we know that in latter times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Priests Office*, as *Annas* and *Cai*[*a*]*phas.*

21. *Well-cut Diadem: i.* The Plate of pure Gold tyed upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holiness to the Lord*, Exod. 28. 36. and Exod. 39.

22. This *Breast-Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, Τὸ λογεῖον τῶν κρίσεων, The *Oracle* of *Judgments:* Because whensoever the *High-Priest* consulted God, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the Stones in it, see *Exod.* 28. 15. These *stones* so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummi*[*m*] mentioned Verse 30. the *Doctrina & Veritas*, as the *Latine*; the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις, *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθεια καὶ δήλωσις, *Truth* and *Demonstration*,

as the *Septuagint*: All which signifie no more then *Truth* and *Manifestation*, or, the *Manifestation of Truth by those Stones*; which some say, was by the shining of those particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up some words or word to answer the question propounded. Others, that when the stones shone very brightly, it implyed an *Affirmative* to the qu[est]ion; and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a *Negative*. But when the Demands required a prolix, or various answer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High-Priests* understanding, making him speak as Gods Organ or *Oracle* (as the *Devil* is believed to have inspired *Sybils* and *Pythian Priests*) or by an audible voyce from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latter way I take here, as most proper for *Poetry*.

23. The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 *Sam.* 19. 2 *Sam.* 22. 7. *Psalm* 18. 3. *Josephus* terms it *ναὸν μεταφερόμενον*, *A Moveable Temple*——*The Temples bright third Heaven*——The Tabernacle being Gods seat upon earth, was made to *Figure* out the Heavens, which is more properly his Habitation; and was therefore divided into three parts, to signifie the same division of the Heavens in Scripture Phrase. The first was the Court of the Tabernacle, where the Sacrifices were slain and consumed by fire, to represent the whole space from the earth up to the Moon (which is called very frequently *Heaven* in the *Bible*) where all things are subject to corruption. The second was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein stood the Altar of *Incense*, to represent all that space above which is possest by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holiest Place*, to represent the third Heaven (spoken of by S. *Paul*) which is the Dwelling-Place of God, and his *Cherubins* or *Angels*. Neither did the colours of the Curtains allude to any thing but this similitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heaven*.

24. In all times and all Countreys it hath been counted a certain sign of the displeasure of the Deity to whom they sacrificed, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca in Thyest.*

Et ipse fumus tristis ac nebulâ gravis
Non rectus exit, seq; in excelsum levans
Ipsos Penates nube deformi obsidet.

And a little after,

Vix lucet ignis, &c.

25. According to the old senseless opinion, that the Heavens were divided into several *Orbes* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was assigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horse*, as *Scaliger* says) to all eternity.

26. How came it to pass that *Samuel* would make a solemn Sacrifice in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? which is forbid, *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* answers, first, that by reason of the several removes of the Tabernacle in those times, men were allowed to sacrifice in several places. Secondly, that the authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not said in the Text, that it was *Samuels Birth-day*; but that is an innocent addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuels* usual Residence.

27. A choice part of the meat (for we hear nothing of several *Courses*) namely the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* observes) for the *right* belonged to the *Priest*, Levit. 7. 32. This *Josephus* terms *μερίδα Βασιλικὴν*, The *Princely Portion*. The men over subtle in *Allusions*, think this part was chosen to signifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his shoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo*, says that *Joseph* sent a part of the *Breast* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *hearty* affection. These are pitiful little things, but the Ancients did not despise sometimes as odde *Allusions*.

In old time even at feasts men did not eat of dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart; which *Plut.* calls, Ὁμηρικὰ δεῖπνα, and Ὁμηρικὰς δαῖτας, *Homerique Feasts*; because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, with whom the better men had always the most commons. *Ajax*, νώτοισι διηνεκέεσσι γεραίρεται, hath a *Chine of Beef, Perpetui tergum bovis.* And *Diomedes* hath both more meat and more cups of drink set before him; of which see *Athen. l.* 1. *c.* 11. who says likewise that Δαὶς a Feast, comes ἀ Δατεῖσθαι, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it so often, Δαῖτα ἔϊσην.

28. See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oyl* mixt with any other liquor, still gets uppermost, is perhaps one of the chiefest *Significancies* in the *Ceremony of Anointing Kings* and *Priests.*

29. *The Kingly day.* The day for election of a *King*, which causes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological accounts.* As before they were wont to reckon, From the *Going out of Egypt*, or *From the beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, *From the Entrance of their Kings.* Almost all great changes in the world are used as *Marks* for separation of Times.

30. In many Countreys it was the custom to choose their *Kings* for the comeliness and majesty of their *Persons*; as *Aristotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was chosen *Emperour* by the Roman Souldiers at first sight of him, for his extraordinary beauty. *Eurip.* says finely, Εἶδος ἄξιον τυραννίδος, a countenance that deserved a Kingdom.

31. *Aristotle* says, *L. 6. Pol.* That it was a popular Institution to choose Governors by *Lots.* But Lots left purely in the hand of Fortune would be sure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings.* Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be supposed would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who used this custom did it with reliance upon the care of their Gods. *Priests* were likewise so chosen.

Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos.

32. This *Seneca* in *Th.* says, was the case of *Ithaca.*

Et putat mergi sua posse pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.

33. *Jaboc*, a *River*, or *Torrent* in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon.*

34. *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Desert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy.*

35. For some conceive that the reason of this extravagant demand of *Nahas*, was to disable them from shooting.

36. It was *Themistius* his saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the womb to any thing so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed; this was *Aristotles* opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex*, The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer.* And though we have no Authorities of this nature beyond the *Græcian* time; yet it is to be supposed, that wise men in and before *Davids* days had the same kind of opinions and discourses in all points of *Philosophy.*

37. In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans.* But we may well enough believe (or at least say so in verse) that it came from the *Eastern parts*, where there was so infinite expence and curiosity bestowed upon *Sepulchres.*

That *Naas* was slain in this battel, I have *Josephus* his authority; that *Jonathan* slew him, is a *stroke* of *Poetry.*

38. In emulation of the *Virgilian* Verse,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

39. The Text says, *Thirty thousand Chariots*; which is too many for six thousand *Horse*. I have not the confidence to say *Thirty thousand* in *Verse*. *Grotius* believe[s] it should be read Three Thousand. Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the reverence we owe to Scripture.

40. I confess I incline to believe, that it was not so much *Sauls* invasion of the *Priestly* office, by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some cases (and the case here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his disobedience to Gods command by *Samuel*, that he should stay *seven days*, which was the sin so severely punisht in him. Yet I follow here the more common opinion, as more proper for my purpose.

41. 1 Sam. 13. 10. 27. *So it came to pass in the day of battel, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hands of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found, &c.* And before, *There was no Smith throughout the Land of Israel.* But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the people could be without arms, after their late great victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*; but that these six hundred by *Gods* appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifestation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by so small and so ill-provided a party; as in the story of *Gideon*, God so disposed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thousand lapped the water out of their hands, because (says he) the people are yet too many.

42. At first men had no other weapons but their *Hands, &c.*

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentésq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs,

Stipitibus duris agitur sudibusq; præustis.

And at last Iron,

Tum Ferri rigor, &c.
Tum variæ venere artes, &c.
Hic torre armatus adusto,
Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuiq; repertum
Rimanti, telum ira facit.

43. The *Mediterranean*, upon the coast of which the whole Countrey of the *Philistines* lies, and contains but very few miles in breadth.

44. Hom. 6. Odyss.

Τὸν μὲν Ἀθηναίη θῆκεν Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα
Μείζονά τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσονα, κὰδ δὲ κάρητος
Οὐλας ἧκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθει ὁμοίας.

Virg. *Lumenq; juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

45. Hom. 5. Il.

Θοῦνε γὰρ ἂμ πεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι ἐοικὼς
Χειμαρόῳ, ὅς τ' ὦκα ῥέων ἐκέασσε γεφύρας.
Τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρα ἔρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθήλεων
Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ διὸς ὄμβρος,
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε κάλ' αἰζηῶν.

And in the 13. *Il.* there is an excellent comparison of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11. so that it seems he pleased himself much with the similitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

Non sic aggeribus ruptis cùm spumeus amnis
Exiit, &c.

And in several other places.

46. 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the number of the Lords of the Philistines.*

47. His *Blood.* *Moses* says often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that reason for the Precept not to eat Blood. Virg.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

48. See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49. *Brute.* That signified nothing. So Thunders from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognostications, were called *Brute Thunders*; From *Brute Beasts*, whose sounds are inarticulate.

Verses written on several occasions.

CHRISTS PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Masters *of New College in* Oxford.

1.

ENough, my Muse, of Earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting strings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournful stories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great Crucified King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which do'st rise
Till Earth thou joynest with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye.
How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
What shall I play? what shall I sing?
I'll sing the Mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits above
With all their Comments can explain;
How all the whole Worlds Life to die did not disdain.

2.

I'll sing the Searchless depths of the Compassion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reasons Plummet, and the line of Wit,
Too light the Plummet, and too short the line,
How the Eternal Father did bestow
His own Eternal Son as ransom for his Foe,
I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The Triumph of the buried Conquerer.
How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great slayer Death slain by the Dead.

3.

Me thinks I hear of murthered men the voice,
Mixt with the Murderers confused noise,
Sound from the top of *Calvarie*;
My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
Oh how unlike the others he!
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from the Tree!
His gracious Hands ne'r stretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood:
And sinful Man do's fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t'embrace all humane kind.

4.

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins do's bear,
Make thou his sufferings thine own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breast, and tear,
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Do'st thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o're,
Not purple brought from the *Sidonian* shore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn
The thorny Garland, by him worn?
Dost thou not see the livid traces
Of the sharp scourges rude embraces?
If yet thou feelest not the smart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucifi'd,
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

5.

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call
Their stock of moisture forth, where e're it lies,
For this will ask it all.

'Twould all (alas) too little be,
Though thy salt tears came from a Sea:
Canst thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his sides misterious flood
May well be understood,
That he will still require some waters to his blood.

On *Orinda's* Poems.

ODE.

WE allow'd You Beauty, and we did submit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too raign,
Does Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,
And Cancel great *Apollo's* Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verse was Loves Fire-arms heretofore,
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many Arms besides that Conquerour bore:
'Twas the great Canon we brought down
T'assault a stubborn Town;
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest Quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

2.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Transmit to their Posterity;
If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.
'Twere shame and pity' *Orinda*, if in thee
A Spirit so rich, so noble, and so high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.

But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair, and fruitful field;
And 'tis a strange increase, that it does yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a feast,
A secret Joy unspeakably does move,
In their great Mother *Cybele's* contented breast:
With no less pleasure thou methinks shouldst see,
This thy no less immortal Progenie.
And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find,
Of th' ancient curse to Woman-kind,
Thou bringst not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is, nor labour of the brain,
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the *Holland* Countess thou mayst bear
A child for every day of all the fertil year.

3.

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy raise
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise,
Where e're I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye.
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet,
They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera's* that o're Poets reign,
I ne'r could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in vain:
They talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the shame!
Ill manners soil the lustre of her Fame:

Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair inclosed Light,
It through the Paper shines where she do's write.
Honour and Friendship, and the generous scorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Disease,
Like that of Girles, our vicious Stomachs please)
Are the instructive Subjects of her pen,
And as the *Roman* Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne'r inspire,
A Female Breast with such a fire.
The warlike *Amazonian* train,
Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful reign,
And wits milde Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be setled in their sex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not ly,
In such a sacred Company,)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That *Rome's* o'ercome at last, by a woman of her Race.

ODE.

Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my Lord Broghills.

BE gon (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see
What others thou canst fool as well as me.
Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,
My business and my hopes I left for thee:

For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,
What for all this, what didst Thou ever pay?
Thou'lt say, perhaps, that Riches are
Not of the growth of Lands, where thou dost Trade,
And I, as well my Countrey might upbraid
Because I have no vineyard there.
Well: but in Love, thou dost pretend to Reign,
There thine the power and Lordship is,
Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas such a way as could not miss.
I like a Fool, did thee Obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,
For after all my expense of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away.

2.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
That she had given me Fame.
Bounty Immense! And that too must be try'd,
When I my self am nothing but a name.
Who now, what Reader does not strive
T'invalidate the gift whilst w'are alive?
For when a Poet now himself doth show,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepest blow:
And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took
And out at window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himself went with them too,
Hardly escap'd the sacred *Mantuan* Book:
I my own Off-spring, like *Agave* tore
And I resolv'd, nay and I think I swore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
Where only flowry Weeds instead of Corn did grow.

3.

When (see the subtil ways which Fate does find,
Rebellious man to bind,
Just to the work for which he is assign'd)
The Muse came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Loe thy reward! look here and see,
What I have made (said she)
My Lover, and belov'd, my *Broghil* do for thee.
Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,
Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
Who Rant and Challenge all men that have Writ,
Will dare t' oppose thee when
Broghil in thy defence has drawn his conquering Pen?
I rose and bow'd my head,
And pardon askt for all that I had said,
Well satisfi'd and proud,
I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
That from her service now I ne'r would part.
So strongly, large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

4.

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise
As Praises from the Men, whom all men praise.
'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th' Ingredients can compose,
A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death.
The only danger is, lest it should be
Too strong a remedie:
Lest, in removing cold, it should beget
Too violent a heat;
And into madness, turn the Lethargie.
Ah! Gracious God! that I might see
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o're heat with Praise!
But I within me bear (alas) too great allayes.

5.

'Tis said, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their humane shapes into a form Divine;
None who had set could her own Picture see,
Or say, One part was drawn for me:
So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book should before him sit,
Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit:
Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, since I,
Instead of my own likeness, only find
The bright *Idea* there, of the great Writers mind?

ODE.

Mr. Cowley's *Book presenting it self to the University Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learnings *Pantheon*! Hail the sacred Ark
Where all the World of Science do's imbarque!
Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
Insatiate Times devouring Flood.
Hail Tree of Knowledg, thy leaves Fruit! which well
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise,
Oxford the Muses Paradise,
From which may never Sword the blest expell.
Hail Bank of all past Ages! where they lye
T' inrich with interest Posterity!
Hail Wits Illustrious Galaxy!
Where thousand Lights into one brightness spread;
Hail living University of the Dead!

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which er'e
The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time the mighty Traveler,
That could speak, or this could hear.

Majestick Monument and Pyramide,
Where still the shapes of parted Souls abide
Embalm'd in verse, exalted souls which now
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
Which now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

3.

Will you into your Sacred throng admit
The meanest British Wit?
You Gen'ral Councel of the Priests of Fame,
Will you not murmur and disdain,
That I place among you claim,
The humblest Deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Prisoners proudly wear;
A Chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
What ever happy book is chained here,
No other place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Pasport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a seat in Heaven,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,
Who casting round his wondring eye,
Does none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espye;
Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins,
To recollect his frailties past and sins,
He doubts almost his Station there,
His soul sayes to it self, How came I here?
It fares no otherwise with me
When I my self with conscious wonder see,
Amidst this purifi'd elected Companie.

With hardship they, and pain,
Did to this happiness attain:
No labour I, nor merits can pretend,
I think Predestination only was my friend.

5.

Ah, that my Author had been ty'd like me
To such a place, and such a Companie!
Instead of sev'ral Countries, sev'ral Men,
And business which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small Estate,
Which nature sparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And setled, upon me his Child, somewhat to live.
'T had happier been for him, as well as me,
For when all, (alas) is done,
We Books, I mean, You Books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation.
For though some errors will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original sin:
Yet sure we from our Fathers wit
Draw all the strength and Spirit of it:
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
As the best blood of Man's imploy'd in generation.

ODE.

Sitting and Drinking in the Chair, made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship.*

CHear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more sail and never spare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
And we shall cut the Burning Line:
Hey Boyes! she scuds away, and by my head I know,
We round the World are sailing now.

What dull men are those who tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly rome,
And gain such experience, and spy too
Such Countries, and Wonders as I do?
But prythee good *Pilot* take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
With Gold, there the Vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide?
As well upon a staff may Witches ride
Their fancy'd Journies in the Ayr,
As I sail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you see,
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,
Has wandred, and has travailed more,
Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In every Ayr, and every Sea't has been,
'T has compas'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has seen.
Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,
This is the only Universal Chair.

3.

The pious Wandrers Fleet, sav'd from the flame,
(Which still the Reliques did of *Troy* persue,
And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal Nymphs became:
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And still make new and greater voyages;
Nor has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
(Though now a star she so Triumphant show,
And guide her sailing Successors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece;)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of Heaven still carries her around.
Only *Drakes* Sacred vessel which before
Had done, and had seen more,
Than those have done or seen,
Ev'n since they Goddesses, and this a Star has been;

As a reward for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'st abroad the World to see;
Let the World now come to see thee.

4.

The World will do't; for Curiosity
Does no less than devotion, Pilgrims make;
And I my self who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that Chariot to see,
Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake:
Yet what could that say more than these remains of *Drake?*
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of ease,
Hast still one way of Making Voyages;
The breath of fame, like an auspicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind which ne're does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run,
As long around it as the Sun.
The straights of time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiscovered Sea,
And steer the endless course of vast Eternitie,
Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy *Pilot* Mee.

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

1.

'Tis folly all, that can be said
By living Mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.
'Tis, as if we, who stay behind
In Expectation of the wind
Should pity those, who pass'd this strait before,
And touch the universal shore.
Ah happy Man, who art to sail no more!

And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,
Though ne're so fair and calm it be;
What would all sober men believe
If they should hear us sighing say:
Balcarres, who but th' other day
Did all our Love and our respect command,
At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand,
Is from a storm, alass! cast suddenly on land?

2.

If you will say: Few persons upon Earth
Did more then he, deserve to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
Whether you look upon his Birth,
And Ancestors, whose fame's so widely spred,
But Ancestors alas, who long ago are dead!
Or whither you consider more
The vast increase, as sure you ought,
Of honor by his Labour bought,
And added to the former store.
All I can answer, is, that I allow
The priviledge you plead for; and avow
That, as he well deserv'd, he doth injoy it now.

3.

Though God for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends,
Erroneous mankind should not understand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* hand,
That once with so much industry and art
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his distracted Nations Cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage, 't was t'endure;
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove
From all th' oppression and the woe
Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below,
To his Souls true and peaceful Count'ry above:
So God, like Kings, for secret causes known
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,

One of their ablest Ministers elect,
And send abroad to Treaties, which th' intend
Shall never take effect.
But, though the Treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward,
For which he Labour'd faithfully and hard;
His just and righteous Master calls him home,
And gives him near himself some honourable room.

4.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his Country and restore his King;
And whilst the Manly half of him, which those,
Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose;
Perform'd all parts of Virtues vigorous Life;
The beauteous half his lovely Wife
Did all his Labors and his cares divide;
Nor was a lame, nor paralitick side.
In all the turnes of human state,
And all th' unjust attacques of fate
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he,
Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accompany.

5.

With these companions 't was not strange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and Countries union had not weight
Enough to crush his mighty mind.
He saw around the Hurricans of State,
Fixt as an Island 'gainst the waves and wind.
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
All outward things are but the [beach];
A great Mans Soul it doth assault in vain.
Their God himself the Ocean doth restrain

With an imperceptible chain,
And bid it to go back again:
His Wisdom, Justice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to suffer and to die,
His Virtues and his Lady too
Were things Celestial. And we see
In spight of quarrelling Philosophie,
How in this case 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n stands still, and only Earth goes round.

ODE.

Upon Dr. *Harvey.*

1.

COy Nature, (which remain'd, though aged grown,
A Beauteous virgin still, injoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harveys* violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary like *Daphne* in a tree:
There *Daphnes* lover stop't, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch,
But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, stopt not so,
Into the Bark, and root he after her did goe:
No smallest Fibres of a Plant,
For which the eiebeams Point doth sharpness want,
His passage after her withstood.
What should she do? through all the moving wood
Of Lives indow'd with sense she took her flight,
Harvey persues, and keeps her still in sight.
But as the Deer long-hunted takes a flood,
She leap't at last into the winding streams of blood;
Of mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the heart she stay'd,
Where turning head, and at a Bay,
Thus, by well-purged ears, was she o're-heard to say.

2.

Here sure shall I be safe (said she)
None will be able sure to see
This my retreat, but only He
Who made both it and me.
The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
A wall impervious between
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the Heart of man ev'n from its self conceal.
She spoke, but e're she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,
Till all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd,
Which from his wit the attempt before to hide
Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practise of New life did see,
Whil'st to conceal its toilsome Poverty,
It for a living wrought, both hard, and privately.
Before the Liver understood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to set up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A strict account to him is hourly brought,
How the Great Fabrick does proceed,
What time and what materials it does need.
He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* sought for Truth in Truth's own Book
The Creatures, which by God himself was writ;
And wisely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th'original it self to look.

Methinks in Arts great Circle others stand
Lock't up together, Hand in Hand,
Every one leads as he is led,
The same bare path they tread,
A Dance like Fairies a Fantastick round,
But neither change their motion, nor their ground:
Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untroden yet.
Great Doctor! Th' Art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
We now thy patient Physick see,
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air,
It now will strong and healthful prove,
It self before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

These useful secrets to his Pen we owe,
And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow;
Of which a barb'rous Wars unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age;
O cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,
With so much cost, and labour bought,
And from a far by a Great *Heroe* brought
Had sunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece.*
O cursed Warr! who can forgive thee this?
Houses and Towns may rise again,
And ten times easier it is
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.
That mighty Task none but himself can do,
Nay, scarce himself too now,
For though his Wit the force of Age withstand,
His Body alas! and Time it must command,
And Nature now, so long by him surpass't,
Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

ODE.

Acme *and* Septimius *out of* Catullus.

Acmen Septimius *suos amores*
Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHilst on *Septimius* panting Brest,
(Meaning nothing less then Rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said.

My dearest *Acme*, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a Passion far above
All that e're was called Love,
In a *Lybian* desert may
I become some Lions prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Brest, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who stood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augurie.

Acme enflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,
And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kist his drunken, rowling eyes.

My little Life, my All (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best God, and ne'r retain
Our hated Liberty again,
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much then can

Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man.
Into my Marrow is it gone,
Fixt and setled in the Bone,
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs, like Life, through ev'ry part.

She spoke; the God of Love aloud,
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augurie.

This good Omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing else but *Acme* grow)
Acme's bosome was alone,
The whole worlds Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acmes* mind
Septimius was all Human kind.

If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'de advise 'em when they spie,
Any illustrious Piety,
To reward Her, if it be she;
To reward Him, if it be He;
With such a Husband, such a Wife,
With *Acme's* and *Septimius*' Life.

ODE.

Upon His Majesties Restoration and Return.

Virgil.—*Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

1.

NOw *Blessings* on you all, ye peaceful *Starrs*,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispence
Your universal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the stormy *World*, and still the rage of *Warrs*.

Nor whilst around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain,
In their large *Treaty* to contain
The world apart, o're which do raign
Your seven fair *Brethren* of Great *Charls his Wane*;
No *Star* amon[g]st ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which thirty years ago,
At **Charls* his *Birth*, did, in despight
Of the proud *Sun*'s Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,
No less effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

2.

Auspicious *Star* again arise,
And take thy *Noon-tide station* in the skies,
Again all *Heaven* prodigiously adorn;
For loe! thy *Charls* again is *Born*.
He then was *Born with and to pain*:
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again.
And wisely for this *second Birth*,
By which thou certain wert to bless
The Land with full and flourishing *Happiness*
Thou mad'st of that fair *Month* thy choice,
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them all does *smile*, and does *rejoyce*.
'Twas a right *Season*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a face of *Paradise* to be found,
Th[e]n when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again.

3.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that *Blessed pair* behold,
Which the abused *People* fondly sold

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the Kings Birth, just as the King His Father was riding to St. *Pauls* to give thanks to God for that Blessing.

For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree*,
By seeking all like *gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Nest* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And trust that *Sea*, where she can hardly say,
Sh'has known these twenty years one *calmy day*,
Ah! mild and gaulless *Dove*,
Which dost the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love:
Canst thou in *Albion* still delight?
Still canst thou think it *white*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In these deformed *Ruins*? will she clear
Th'*Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Justice* hazard to be seen
Where a *High Court* of *Justice* e're has been?
Will not the Tragique Scene,
And *Bradshaw*'s bloody *Ghost* affright her there,
Her who shall never fear?
Then may *White-hall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit.
If *Justice* shall endure at *Westminster* to sit.

4.

Of all, methinks, we least should see
The chearful looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still
The Curses of so many sufferers fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Lest as a *Tempest* carried him away,
Some *Hurican* should bring him back again.
Or she might justlier be afraid
Lest that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
(And in his poys'nous folds whole *Nations Pris'ners* made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To joyn again, and with worse sting arise,
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
And dread your perisht Enemies no more,
Your fears are causeless all, and vain
Whilst you return in *Charles* his train,

For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* restore,
Nor shall the world him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye All.*

5.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go
With a full Tide to every Port they flow,
With a warm fruitful *wind* o're all the Countrey blow.
Honour does as ye march her *Trumpet* sound,
The *Arts* encompass you around,
And against all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it self brings up the *Rear.*
And in the head of this *Angelique band*,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand
(O righteous *God!*) on his *own happy Land.*
'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with so much ease
Recover from so desperate a *Disease*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
Whose every *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of Three *Frenzey* possest,
And *Lethargy* the rest.
'Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure
A *Surfet* of such *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hostile hands it ought, to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
It did but well deserve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

6.

We *fear'd* (and almost toucht the black degree
Of instant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadful *Angels* we
Of *Famine*, *Sword* and *Plague* should here establisht see;
(*God's* great *Triumvirate* of *Desolation*)
To scourge and to destroy the sinful *Nation.*
Justly might *Heav'n Protectors* such as those,
And such *Committees* for their *Safety* impose,
Upon a *Land* which scarsely *Better chose.*
We fear'd that the *Fanatique war*
Which men against *God's houses* did declare,

Would from th'*Almighty Enemy* bring down
A sure destruction on our *Own.*
We read th' *Instructive Histories* which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befell,
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,
After that *fatal Curse* had once been said,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens head.
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was spilt,
'Twas scarcely done with *greater Guilt.*
We know those miseries did befall
Whilst they rebell'd against that *Prince* whom all
The rest of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7.

Already was the *shaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought
And it was hasting on (we thought)
Even to the last of [*Ills*,] *Annihilation.*
When in the midst of this confused Night,
Loe, the blest *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light.*
For in the glorious *General*'s previous Ray,
We saw a new created *Day.*
We by it saw, though yet in *Mists* it shone,
The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bless,
And with the marks of good *success*
Signe his allowance of their *wickedness*?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce *Thunder* and the violent *Wind*:
God came not till the storm was past,
In the *still voice* of *Peace* he came at last.
'The cruel business of *Destruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we see th' *Almighty*'s *hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we see't, and by the *Speed.*

8.

He who had seen the noble *British Heir*,
Even in that ill disadvantageous *Light*,
With which [misfortune] strives t'abuse our sight;
He who had seen him in his *Clowd* so bright:

He who had seen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Sisters* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with ease,
(But *wicked men* see only what they please)
That God had no intent t'extinguish quite
The *pious King's eclipsed Right.*
He who had seen how by the power Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *fire* without *consuming shine*,
How through a *rough Red sea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed.
How many years of trouble and distress
They'd wandred in their fatal *Wilderness*,
And yet did never *murmure* or *repine*;
Might (me-thinks) plainly understand,
That after all these conquer'd Trials past,
Th'*Almighty Mercy* would at last
Conduct them with a strong un-erring hand
To their own *promis'd Land.*
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*
And all *Heaven's blessings* to come down
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
Who *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown.*

9.

The *Martyr*'s *blood* was said of old to be
The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow
Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royalty.*
'Twas in *dishonour sown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*,
The *grave* could but the *dross* of it devour;
'Twas *sown* in *weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power.*
We now the *Question* well decided see,
Which *Eastern Wits* did once contest
At the *Great Monarch's* Feast
Of all on earth what things the strongest be:
And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead;

That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter *Age*.
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength*,
When they their sacred force unite,
And twine into one *Right*,
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of humane *Policies*;
No stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joyn
Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,
Or any small resistance bring
Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

10.

The *foolish Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the same night when they begin;
No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win
As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
Wher's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e're while
Mis-lead our *wandring Isle*?
Wher's the *Imposter Cromwel* gon?
Where's now that *Falling-star* his *Son*?
Where's the *large Comet* now whose raging flame
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
Which o're our heads in such proud horror stood,
Insatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood*?
The *fiery Tail* did to vast length extend;
And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
And twice renew'd the dismal *Fire*;
Though long the *Tayl* we saw at last its end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th'allotted hour of *dawning Right*
First strike our ravisht sight

Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could stay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
To the *Resuscitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Resurrection* of the *Spring*.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bless the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

II.

Man ought his *future Happiness* to fear,
If he be always *Happy here*
He wants the *bleeding Mark of Grace*,
The *Circumcision of the chosen race*.
If no one *part* of him supplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice*,
He is (we doubt) reserv'd *intire*
As a whole *Victime* for the *Fire*.
Besides even in this *World* below,
To those who never did *ill Fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauseous* or *insipid* grow.
Consider man's *whole Life*, and you'l confess,
The sharp *Ingredient* of some *bad success*
Is that which gives the *taste* to all his *Happiness*.
But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,
Is when the worst
Of humane *Life* is plac'd the first,
And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
The cause of *perfecting* the *Man*
Let our *weak Dayes* lead up the *Van*,
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band*,
Firm against all impression stand;
The first we may *defeated* see;
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of these, are sure of *Victory*.

12.

Such are the *years* (great *Charles*) which now we see
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee:*
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, and still *Triumphant* be.
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill Fortune never shall *o're-take* thee more.

To see't again, and pleasure in it find,
Cast a disdainful look *behind*,
Things which *offend*, when present, and *affright*,
In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.
Enjoy then all thy *afflictions* now;
Thy *Royal Father's* came at last:
Thy *Martyrdom*'s already past.
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe.
No *gold* did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind,
Than thine more *try'd* and more *refin'd*.
As a choise *Medal* for *Heaven's Treasury*
God did *stamp* first upon one side of *Thee*
The *Image* of his *suffering Humanity:*
On th' other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wisest *Poets* seek
In all their liveliest colours to set forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
They chuse some *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,
(No proud *Gigantick son* of *Earth*,
Who strives t' usurp the *god's forbidden seat*)
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat.
But in the *cold* of *want*, and *storms* of *adverse chance*,
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees;
The *beauteous Drop* first into *Ice* does *freez*,
And into *solid Chrystal* next advance.
His *murdered friends* and *kindred* he does see,
And from his *flaming Country* flee.
Much is he *tost* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
Does long the force of *angry gods* withstand.
He does long *troubles* and long *wars* sustain,
E're he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
With no less *time* or *labour* can
Destiny build up such a *Man*,
Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd
His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*.

14.

Nor without cause are *Arms* from *Heaven*,
To such a *Hero* by the *Poets* given.
No *human Metal* is of force t' oppose
So many and so violent blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breast-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attaques did wield:
And all the *Weapons Malice* e're could try,
Of all the several *makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Against this *Armour* struck, but at the stroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thousand pieces broke.
To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
No show on Earth can sure so pleasant prove,
As when they *great misfortunes* see
With *Courage* born and *Decency*.
So were they *born* when *Worc'ster*'s dismal *Day*
Did all the terrors of *black Fate* display.
So were they born when no *Disguises clowd*
His *inward Royalty* could *shrowd*,
And one of th' *Angels* whom just *God* did send
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)
Assur'd me in a *Vision* th' other night,
That *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)
Did then more *Greatnesse* in him see,
More *Lustre* and more *Majesty*,
Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can shew to *Human Eye*.

15.

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I saw
New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,
From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,
And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*;
Me-thoughts I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,
(Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Noblest Truths*)
In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No *hair* is sindg'd, no smallest *beauty* blasted;
Like *painted Lamps* they shine *unwasted*.

The greedy *fire* it self dares not be fed
With the blest *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head.*
The honourable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a [*G*]*lory* compass them around,
And their *whole Body's crown'd.*
What are those *Two Bright Creatures* which we see
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the same *Ordeal fire,*
And *mutual Joyes* inspire?
Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are,
Who whilst they seek to bear their share,
Will suffer no *affliction* to be there.
Less favour to those *Three* of old was shown,
To solace with their company,
The *fiery Trials* of *Adversity*;
Two Angels joyn with *these*, the *others* had but *One.*

16.

Come forth, come forth, ye *men of God belov'd*,
And let the *power* now of that *flame*,
Which against you so *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be proved.
Come, mighty *Charls*, *desire of Nations*, come;
Come, *you triumphant Exile*, home.
He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
Of a whole *Land* which does at once rejoyce,
I hear th' united *People's sacred voice.*
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're sent to *Land* so loud a *sound*;
The mighty *shout* sends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And swells up every *sail*;
The *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all;
The *Artificial Joy*'s drown'd by the *Natural.*
All *England* but one *Bonefire* seems to be,
One *Ætna* shooting *flames* into the *Sea.*
The *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star.*
With *Wine* all *rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow;
And *We*, the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage,

Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
The *Rivers* too should not do so.
There is no *Stoick* sure who would not now,
Even some *Excess* allow;
And grant that one *wild fit* of *chearful folly*
Should end our twenty years of *dismal Melancholy*.

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *share*
In this so ravishing sight,
And with the *part* she *takes* to *add* to the *Delight*?
Ah! Why art *Thou* not here,
Thou always *Best*, and now the *Happiest Queen*,
To *see* our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be *seen*?
God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
To shew that *Woman-kind* may be
Above that *Sex*, which her Superiour seems,
In wisely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*.
How well those different *Virtues Thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom!*
Thy Princely *Mind* with so much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicity*,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*;
'Tis come, and seen to day in all it's *Bravery*.

18.

Who's that *Heroick Person* leads it on,
And *gives* it like a glorious *Bride*
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)
Into the hands now of thy *Son*?
'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praise*,
Whom *God* at last in gracious pitty
Did to th' *enthrall'd Nation* raise,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
To loose the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.

For ever blest may *He* and *His* remain,
Who, with a *vast*, though less-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the *solid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has shown,
That more 'tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthiest Person of the *Brittish Story*,
(Though 'tis not *small* the *Brittish glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verse* must be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Heighth* of *Thee*,
Thou, and the *World* should see,
How much my *Muse*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Do's make *true Praise* her *Labour* and *Design*;
An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* should be *Thine*.

19.

And ill should We deserve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Most *truly Other Houses* now,
Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *shame*
A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*;
And now the Title of a *House* restore,
To that, which was but *slaughter-house* before.
If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,
Within those reverend places,
Which now your *living presence* graces,
Your Marble-*Statues* alwayes should remain,
To keep alive your useful *Memory*,
And to your *Successors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reason*, *Loyalty*.
For though a firmly setled *Peace*
May shortly make your publick labours cease,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy consent,
That in *this sense* you should be said,
(Though yet the *Name* sounds with some dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endless Parliament*.

On the Queens Repairing Somerset *House.*

WHen God (the Cause to Me and Men unknown)
Forsook the Royal Houses, and his Own,
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;
How near to ruine did my Glories go?
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this Princely place
Which Covetous hands could Take, or Rude Deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richest Figures torn, and all around
Dismembred Statues of great Heroes lay;
Such *Naseby*'s Field seem'd on the fatal Day.
And Me, when nought for Robbery was left,
They starv'd to death; the gasping walls were cleft,
The Pillars sunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,
Nothing was seen which could content the Eye,
Till Dead the impious Tyrant Here did lye.
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
Since my true Mistress, and now Foundress, came.
It does not fill her Bounty to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small) before.
She imitates the Kindness to Her shown;
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected Throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears.)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what she Repairs.
And now I dare (though proud I must not be,
Whil'st my great Mistress I so Humble see
In all her various Glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest Palaces compare,
My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm sure)
So just a boast with Modesty endure.
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell,
How I am plac'd, and Who does in me dwell.
Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,
Which still with Waves of crowding people flows,
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its Western Reach, the *London* Tide,

The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down
On all the Pride, and Business of the Town.
My other Front (for as in Kings we see
The liveliest Image of the Deity,
We in their Houses should Heaven's likeness find,
Where nothing can be said to be Behind)
My other fair and more Majestick Face
(Who can the Fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on it self below
In the best Mirrour that the world can show.
And here, Behold, in a long bending row,
How two joynt Cities make one glorious Bow,
The Midst, the noblest place, possess'd by Me;
Best to be Seen by all, and all O'resee.
Which way soe'r I turn my joyful Eye,
Here the Great Court, there the rich Town, I spy;
On either side dwells Safety and Delight;
Wealth on the Left, and Power upon the Right.
T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty Forts, in equal distance stand
Two of the best and stateliest piles, which e're
Man's liberal Piety of old did rear,
Where the two Princes of th' Apostles Band,
My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and command.
My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,
Might be my Object too, were not the Eye
Stopt by the Houses of that wondrous Street
Which rides o're the broad River, like a Fleet.
The Stream's eternal Siege they fixt abide,
And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
Though both their ruine with joynt power conspire,
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.
And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be
Than any Flood, so strength'ned by the Sea,
Finding by Art his Natural forces broke,
And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Do's roar, and foam, and rage at the disgrace,
But recomposes strait and calms his Face,
Is into reverence and submission strook,
As soon as from afar he does but look

Tow'rds the White Palace where that King does reign
Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.
Amidst these lowder Honours of my Seat,
And two vast Cities, troublesomly Great,
In a large various plain the Country too
Opens her gentler blessings to my View,
In me the Active and the Quiet Mind
By different wayes equal content may find.
If any prouder Vertuoso's sence
At that part of my Prospect take offence,
By which the meaner Cabanes are descri'd,
Of my Imperial River's humbler side,
If they call that a Blemish, let them know,
God, and my God-like Mistress, think not so;
For the distrest and the afflicted lye
Most in their Care, and always in their Eye.
And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to Me
Just Homage, in thy passage to the Sea,
Take here this one Instruction as thou goest;
When thy mixt Waves shall visit every Coast,
When round the world their Voyage they shall make,
And back to Thee some secret Channels take,
Ask them what nobler sight they e're did meet
Except thy mighty Master's Soveraign Fleet,
Which now triumphant o're the Main does ride,
The Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.
From hence his Kingdom's Happy now at last,
(Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)
From hence may Omens take of that success
Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:
The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
With her Son's Fabricks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

The Complaint.

I.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade,
Of the black Yew's unlucky green,

Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,
Where Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous way,
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:
And Lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)
Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light,
A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
In which all Colours, and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground;
The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.
Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather husks of Learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest time of Life is past,
And *Winter* marches on so fast?
But, when I meant t' adopt Thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest Children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;
Thou Changling, thou, bewitcht with noise and show,
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go;
Wouldst see the World abroad, and have a share
In all the follies, and the Tumults there,
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a State,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st Create:

Business! the frivolous pretence
Of humane Lusts to shake off Innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence:
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,
And see to what Amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostacy,
Thou thought'st if once the publick storm were past,
All thy remaining Life should sun-shine be:
Behold the publick storm is spent at last,
The Sovereign is tost at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Company,
Art got at last to shore.
But whilst thy fellow Voyagers, I see
All marcht up to possess the promis'd Land,
Thou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

4.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night;
Such was the glorious entry of our King,
Enriching moysture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of Old *Gideons* Miracles was shown,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
With Pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground,
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muses Fleece was dry.
It did all other Threats surpass,
When God to his own People said,
(The Men whom through long wandrings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Brass:

They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain,
Upon the most unjust to Shine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven years and more,
Thou didst with Faith and Labour serve,
And didst (if Faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didst see,
Giv'n to another who had store
Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.
Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 'tis, that thou
With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,
Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

6.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The Melancholy *Cowley* said,
Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy self hast made?
When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, stolest me away,
And my abused Soul didst bear,
Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden Indies in the Air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravisht freedom to regain;
Still I Rebel, still thou dost Reign,
Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.

There is a sort of stubborn Weeds,
Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds.
No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,
No useful Plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now;
Where once such Fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.

7.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work perhaps may spoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the Native white:
To all the Ports of Honour and of Gain,
I often steer my course in vain,
Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slack'nest all my Nerves of Industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinckling strings of thy loose minstrelsie.
Who ever this worlds happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only Heaven desire,
Do from the world retire.
This was my Errour, This my gross mistake,
My self a demy-votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husbands fate,
(A fault which I like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

8.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,
The Court, and better King t' accuse;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
The fertile soil will a full Harvest bear;
Thine, thine is all the Barrenness; if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough,

When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Soveraign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end;
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Soveraigns Will he did depend:
I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands (they say) and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all Princes thou
Shouldst not reproach Rewards for being small or slow;
Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

The Adventures of Five hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main)
Take in just wars a rich Plate Fleet of *Spain*;
The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce
Into a form of Beauty and of use;
On which the Conquerors Image now does shine,
Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine;
So in the mild Contentions of the Muse
(The War which Peace it self loves and persues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treasures fraught,
You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
Nor by Translation borrow'd all its wealth,
But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own
Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown.
'Tis currant now, by your adorning it
With the fair stamp of your victorious wit:
But though we praise this voyage of your Mind,
And though our selves enricht by it we find,
We 're not contented yet, because we know
What greater stores at home within it grow;
We 've seen how well you forrain Oars refine,
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.

The world shall then our Native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you,
They all shall watch the travails of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then.

On the death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.

CRuel disease! Ah, could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest Sex,
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?
Where stil thy Malice most of all
(Thy Malice or thy Lust) does on the fairest fall?
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The Throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the Face?
There was enough of that here to asswage,
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage,
Was't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease,
Didst on this Glorious Temple seize.
Was't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous Images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile
But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacriledge commit
On th' inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel disease! There thou mistook'st thy power;
No Mine of Death can that devour,
On her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlasting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the top, as Earth, the Basis wide.

2.

All Ages past, record, all Countreys now,
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow,
Though Goddesses to' his sentence did submit
Women and Lovers would appeal from it:

Nor durst he say, Of all the Female race,
This is the Sovereign Face.
And some (though these be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, ah, much less frequent then the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her guide she chose.
But if *Apollo* should design
A Woman *Laureat* to make,
Without dispute he would *Orinda* take,
Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princess or a Queen
Is Great; but 'tis a Greatness always seen;
The World did never but two Women know,
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old
Nothing is shown, but only Told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry.
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,
The Thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that too soon was past.
The certain proofs of our *Orinda's* wit,
In her own lasting Characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps too that may live.
The Trade of Glory mannag'd by the Pen
Though great it be, and every where is found
Does bring in but small profit to us Men;
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd.
Orinda on the Female coasts of Fame,
Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetique Name.
She does no Partner with her see,
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxurian[t] Vine;
Unless to Virtue's prop it joyn,
Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the Ground.
Now Shame and Blushes on us all,
Who our own Sex Superior call!
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too.
She does above our best Examples rise,
In Hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.
Never did spirit of the Manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learnings Sacred Lake,
A temper more Invulnerable take.
No violent Passion could an entrance find,
Into the tender Goodness of her Mind
Through walls of Stone those furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous way
When her soft Brest they hit, powerless and dead they lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew
Rejoyces now t' have got a new,
A new, and more surprizing story,
Of fair *Leucasias* and *Orindas* Glory.
As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in some Forrain Countrey he must live,
The Language and the Manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come, no stranger there
So well *Orinda* did her self prepare
In this much different Clime for her remove
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

Hymn. To light.

1.

FIrst born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come
From the old *Negro*'s darksome womb!
Which when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholly Mass put on kind looks and smil'd,

2.

Thou Tide of Glory which no Rest dost know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
Thou Golden shower of a true *Jove*!
Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

3.

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!
Thou the worlds beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom He!

4.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by Birth are thine:
From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine.

5.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,
That so much cost in Colours thou,
And skill in Painting dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

6.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere run,
Thy Race is finisht, when begun,
Let a Post-Angel start with Thee,
And Thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as He:

7.

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of Stars survay;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

8.

Thou *Scythian*-like dost round thy Lands above
The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go
The shining Pageants of the World attend thy show.

9.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble Glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild,
(O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.

10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
And sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear
They skreen their horrid shapes with the black Hemisphere.

11.

With 'em there hasts, and wildly takes the Alarm,
Of painted Dreams, a busie swarm,
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various Clusters break, the antick Atomes fly.

12.

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy way.

13.

At thy appearance, Grief it self is said,
To shake his Wings, and rowse his Head.
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

14.

At thy appearance, Fear it self grows bold;
Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold.
Encourag'd at the sight of Thee,
To the cheek Colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

15.

Even Lust the Master of a hardned Face,
Blushes if thou beest in the place,
To darkness' Curtains he retires,
In Sympathizing Night he rowls his smoaky Fires.

16.

When, Goddess, thou liftst up thy wakened Head,
Out of the Mornings purple bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

17.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume
A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And Bodies gain agen their visibility.

18.

All the Worlds bravery that delights our Eyes
Is but thy sev'ral Liveries,
Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskape as thou go'st.

19.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st;
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light.

20.

The Violet, springs little Infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

21.

With Flame condenst thou dost the Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix:
Flora her self envyes to see
Flowers fairer then her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less Liberall to Gold;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,
And all fair Dayes much fairer are.
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold preferr, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Through the soft wayes of Heaven, and Air, and Sea,
Which open all their Pores to Thee;
Like a cleer River thou dost glide,
And with thy Living Stream through the close Channels slide.

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the Land oreflowes;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake.

26.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
In th' Empyræan Heaven does stay.
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below
From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must Flow.

To the Royal Society.

1.

PHilosophy the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge which has bin
Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,
Though full of years He do appear,
(Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,
For whatso'ere the Painters Fancy be,
It a Male-virtue seemes to me)
Has still been kept in Nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate:
Three or four thousand years one would have thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A Science so well bred and nurst,
And of such hopeful parts too at the first.
But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)
Would ne're consent to set him Free,
Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie.

2.

That his own business he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit,
With the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,
In stead of solid meats t' encrease his force;
In stead of vigorous exercise they led him
Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discourse:
In stead of carrying him to see
The Riches which doe hoorded for him lie
In Natures endless Treasurie,
They chose his Eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous Eye)
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.
Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,
That labour'd to assert the Liberty
(From Guardians, who were now Usurpers grown)
Of this old *Minor* still, Captiv'd Philosophy;

But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight
For such a long-oppressed Right.
Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
Lord Chancellour of both their Lawes,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cause.

3.

Autority, which did a Body boast,
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
Like some old Giants more Gigantic Ghost,
To terrifie the Learned Rout
With the plain Magick of true Reasons Light,
He chac'd out of our sight,
Nor suffer'd Living *Men* to be misled
By the vain shadows of the Dead:
To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome fled;
He broke that Monstrous God which stood
In midst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a useless Sith of Wood,
And something else not worth a name,
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
Or to Defend, or to Beget;
Ridiculous and senceless Terrors!) made
Children and superstitious Men afraid.
The Orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke that Scar-crow Deitie;
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your Fill.
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the Forbidden Tree,
We would be like the Deitie,
When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we
Without the Sences aid within our selves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
Though we our Thoughts from them perversly drew)

To things, the Minds right Object, he it brought,
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He sought and gather'd for our use the True;
And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,
He prest them wisely the Mechanick way,
Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,
Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,
The thirsty Souls refreshing Wine.
Who to the life an exact Piece would make,
Must not from others Work a Copy take;
No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' Idæas and the Images which lie
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
No, he before his sight must place
The Natural and Living Face;
The real object must command
Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

5.

From these and all long Errors of the way,
In which our wandring Prædecessors went,
And like th' old *Hebrews* many years did stray
In Desarts but of small extent,
Bacon, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,
The barren Wilderness he past,
Did on the very Border stand
Of the blest promis'd Land,
And from the Mountains Top of his Exalted Wit,
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
But Life did never to one Man allow
Time to Discover Worlds, and Conquer too;
Nor can so short a Line sufficient be
To fadome the vast depths of Natures Sea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Excess
Of low Affliction, and high Happiness.
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's alwayes in a Triumph, or a Fight?

6.

From you, great Champions, we expect to get
These spacious Countries but discover'd yet;
Countries where yet in stead of Nature, we
Her Images and Idols worship'd see:
These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
Though Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every Land,
A better Troop she ne're together drew.
Methinks, like *Gideon*'s little Band,
God with Design has pickt out you,
To do these noble Wonders by a Few:
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he)
Too many to O'rcome for Me;
And now he chuses out his Men,
Much in the way that he did then:
Not those many whom he found
Idely extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The Stream just so as by their Mouths it fled:
No, but those Few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

7.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take:
Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,
And with their Hands then lifted up the Light.
Io! Sound too the Trumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear;
New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,
And Crowds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea;
Could never yet discover'd be
By Sailers or *Chaldæans* watchful Eye.
Natures great Workes no distance can obscure,
No smalness her near Objects can secure
Y' have taught the curious Sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible Littleness.

Y' have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,
And well begun her deepest Sense to Understand.

8.

Mischief and true Dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So Virtuous and so Noble a Design,
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call
  Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe.
Whoever would Deposed Truth advance
  Into the Throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
  And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.
So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance,
  In many thousand years
  A Star, so long unknown, appears,
Though Heaven it self more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show.

9.

With Courage and Success you the bold work begin;
  Your Cradle has not Idle bin:
None e're but *Hercules* and you could be
At five years Age worthy a History.
  And ne're did Fortune better yet
  Th' Historian to the Story fit:
  As you from all Old Errors free
And purge the Body of Philosophy;
  So from all Modern Folies He
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide,
  And his bright Fancy all the way
  Does like the Sun-shine in it play;
It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide,
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
  But gently pour the Crystal Urn,

And with judicious hand does the whole Current Guide.
T' has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dress without the paint of Art.

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes *ship, Presented to the University Library in* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford, *Esquire.*

TO this great Ship which round the Globe has run,
And matcht in Race the Chariot of the Sun,
This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim
Without presumption so deserv'd a Name,
By knowledge once and transformation now)
In her New Shape this sacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wish'd from Fate,
A more blest Station, or more blest Estate:
For (Lo!) a Seat of endless Rest is given,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heaven.

NOTES

A = The Mistress, 1647. B = The First Folio of 1656. C = The Second Folio of 1668. D = The *Verses* of 1663.

When necessary, words from the present text are attached to each variant to indicate where the difference begins or ends. Titles and verse-numbers are counted as lines.

p. **5**, l. 17. B] taking in the. l. 21. B] which had...reflect upon.

p. **6**, l. 14. B] lesser.

p. **8**, l. 7. B] upon no. l. 25. B *omits*] there.

p. **9**, l. 1. C *misprints*] justificatiou. l. 33. B *adds after*] work; for it is so uncustomary, as to become almost *ridiculous*, to make *Lawrels* for the *Conquered*. Now though in all *Civil Dissentions*, when they break into open hostilities, the *War* of the *Pen* is allowed to accompany that of the *Sword*, and every one is in a maner obliged with his *Tongue*, as well as *Hand*, to serve and assist the side which he engages in; yet when the event of battel, and the unaccountable *Will* of *God* has determined the controversie, and that we have submitted to the conditions of the *Conqueror*, we must lay down our *Pens* as well as *Arms*, we must *march* out of our *Cause* it self, and *dismantle* that, as well as our *Towns* and *Castles*, of all the *Works* and *Fortifications* of *Wit* and *Reason* by which we defended it. *We* ought not sure, to begin our selves to revive the remembrance of those times and actions for which we have received a *General Amnestie*, as a *favor* from the *Victor*. The truth is, neither *We*, nor *They*, ought by the *Representation* of *Places* and *Images* to make a kind of *Artificial Memory* of those things wherein we are all bound to desire like *Themistocles*, the *Art* of *Oblivion*. The *enmities* of *Fellow-Citizens* should be, like that of *Lovers*, the *Redintegration* of their *Amity*. The Names of *Party*, and *Titles* of *Division*, which are sometimes in effect the whole quarrel, should be extinguished and forbidden in peace under the notion of *Acts* of *Hostility*. And I would have it accounted no less unlawful to *rip up old wounds*, then to *give new ones*; which has made me not onely abstain from printing any things of this kinde, but to burn the very copies, and inflict a severer punishment on them my self, then perhaps the most rigid Officer of *State* would have thought that they deserved.

p. **10**, l. 4. C *misprints*] ro.

p. **11**, l. 26. B] upon the.

p. **12**, l. 16. B] sat upon. l. 35. C *misprints*] and and.

p. **13**, l. 1. B] Waters. l. 3. B] accomplishing.

p. **17**, l. 1. C *misprints*] 8.

p. 18, l. 13. B] th' *Oxford*.

p. 28, l. 21. A full-stop has been supplied at the end of the line here, and in similar obvious cases where it has been omitted.

p. 40, l. 10. C *misprints*] ro.

p. 48, ll. 22, 23. B] breaks...speaks.

p. 50, l. 21. B] and soft.

p. 54, l. 24. B] many a Thousand. l. 35. B] Loves.

p. 58, l. 16. B] Of all the.

p. 65. The poems that follow were published in 1647. The title-page and Preface are as follows:—

The Mistresse, or Severall Copies of Love-Verses. Written by Mr. A. Cowley.—*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. London*, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. *Anno Dom.* 1647. [6½ ins. × 4¼ ins.]

To the Reader.

A Correct Copy of these verses [some copies *and*] (*as I am told*) *written by the Authour himselfe, falling into my hands, I thought fit to send them to the Presse; cheifely because I heare that the same is like to be don from a more imperfect one. It is not my good fortune to bee acquainted with the Authour any farther then his fame* (*by which hee is well knowne to all English men*) *and to that I am sure I shall doe a service by this Publication: Not doubting but that, if these verses please his Mistresse but halfe so well as they will generally doe the rest of the world, he will bee so well contented, as to forgive at least this my boldenesse, which proceedes onely from my Love of Him, who will gaine reputation, and of my Countrey, which will receive delight from it. I shall use no more preface, nor add one word* (*besides these few lines*) *to the Booke; but faithfully and nakedly transmit it to thy view, just as it came to mine, unlesse perhaps some Typographicall faults get into it, which I will take care shall be as few as may be, and desire a pardon for them, if there be any.*

Farewell.

Copies of this small 8vo. of 1647 exist in which the readings differ from those in other copies dated the same year. Some of these variants are probably misprints, corrected in some sheets but not in all. The variations given below under A have been arrived at after a collation of five copies all dated 1647.

p. 65, l. 11. A] And a. l. 24. A] When I'me that thing.

p. 66, l. 9. A] The spring Plants. l. 22. A] a Noble. ll. 26, 27. A]

At every spring they chant thy praise;
Make me but love like them, I'le sing thee better laies.

l. 30. A] by Dart.

p. 67, l. 7. A] Nor drink no more one wretched Lovers Teare.

p. 68, l. 6. A] Thy part. l. 7. A] Thy sighs. l. 16. A] The Given Lover. l. 21. A and B] Which thin-sould, under-mortalls take.

p. 73, l. 12. A] The Planets. l. 17. A and B] But soon as. l. 33. A] Grace and.

p. 75, ll. 29, 30. A and B]

too doe joyn,
And both our Wholes into one Whole combine.

p. 78, l. 20. A] But oh they 'tend not.

p. 79, l. 12. A] and treasures. l. 25. A] The brightest. l. 26. A] Our Eyes through th' radiant covering passe.

p. 80, l. 24. A] them for.

p. 81, l. 13. A] most just. l. 34. A] should you have. l. 35. A] You'had...most I.

p. 82, l. 15. A] For now my Fires and Wishes are.

p. 83, l. 13. A] Are not. l. 14 *omitted in some copies of* A. l. 35. A] Appeare to.

p. 85, l. 9. A] beside the.

p. 87, ll. 23—25. A and B] his Cage...resume his...row his.

p. 88, l. 15. A] Oh, Founts! oh, A *inserts between* ll. 19, 20] Here's wealthy Natures Treasury. l. 33. C *misprints*] embraning. l. 38. A] Should all come, im'itate Mee.

p. 89, l. 32. A] Even in my prayers thou hauntest me.

p. 92, l. 9. A] daily course. l. 10. A] And walkes. ll. 13, 14. A *omits*.

p. 93, l. 24. A] when for it thy. l. 27. A] Yet lest the weight be counted bad.

p. 97, l. 13. A] long one.

p. 99, l. 5. A] freedome. l. 31. A and B] I, others.

p. 100, l. 15. A] how should.

p. 101, l. 18. A] Teach Sophisters and Jesuites to. l. 24. A] But, neither, teach. l. 30. A] Life, my Mistress.

p. 102, l. 2. A] Tears, which shall understand, and speak.

p. 104, l. 7. A] that you were. l. 9. A] Hadst thou found. l. 28. A] Shut the.

p. 107, l. 8. there. *as in* C, *altered to* there: l. 27. A] come in and.

p. 110, l. 4. B] his spirits. l. 20. A] That blows. l. 22. A] the strong.

p. 113, l. 17. A *adds*]

3.

As, when the Sunne appeares,
The Morning thicknesse cleares;
So, when my thoughts let sadnesse in,
And a new Morning does begin,
If any Beauties piercing ray
Strike through my Trembling Eyes a suddaine day;
And those grave sullen Vapours melt in Teares.

[All those, *in some copies*.]

p. 114, l. 8. *Entitled in* A and B] The Injoyment. l. 34. A] Creeping beneath th' Ægæan Sea.

p. 115, l. 31. A and B] the same favour.

p. 116, l. 17. A] certain When.

p. 117, l. 14. A] whom none safe. l. 22. there. *as in* C, *altered to* there:

p. 118, l. 5. A] and Foxes.

p. 122, l. 4. A] if round.

p. 125, ll. 8, 15. No number and numbered 3, respectively, in C. l. 27. B] t' ascend.

p. 127, l. 26. A] hast me.

p. 131, l. 3. A] from Mee. l. 17. A and B] still that.

p. 134, l. 36. A] and would.

p. 138, l. 6. *After the title* A *adds*] (Suspected to Love her.)

pp. 142, 150. 'The Gazers' *and the six poems that follow are omitted in* A, 'Love given over' ending the volume, followed by these verses:

To the Reader.

In stead of the Authors Picture in the beginning, I thought fit to fixe here this following Copy of Verses, being his owne illustration of his Motto, and (*as I conceive*) *the more lively representation of him.*

Tentanda via est qua me quoq; possim
Tollere humo victorq; virûm volitare per ora.

What shall I do to bee for ever knowne,
And make the Age to come mine owne?
I shall like Beasts or Common People dy,
Unlesse you write mine Elegy;
Whilst others great by being borne are growne;
Their Mothers Labour not their owne.
In this Scale Gold, in th'other Fame does ly;
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are fortunes Jewells, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their owne fire and light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either looke;
Out of my selfe it must bee strooke.
Yet I must on; what sound ist' strikes mine eare?
Sure I Fames Trumpet heare.
It sounds like the last Trumpet; for it can
Raise up the buried Man.
Unpast Alps stop mee, but I'le cut through all;
And march, the Muses Hanniball.
Hence all yee flattering Vanities that lay
Nets of Roses in the way.
Hence the desire of Honours or Estate;
And all, that is not above Fate.
Hence Love himselfe, that Tyrant of my dayes,
Which intercepts my comeing Praise.
Come my best Friends, my Bookes, and lead mee on;
'Tis time that I were gonne.
Welcome great Stagirite, and teach mee now
All I was borne to know.
Thy Schollars Vict'ories thou doest farre out doe;
He conquered th'Earth, the whole World you.
Welcome learn'd Cicero, whose blest Tongue and Wit
Preserves Romes Greatnesse yet.
Thou art the first of Or'atours; onely hee
Who best can praise thee, next must bee.
Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgill the wise;
Whose Verse walkes highest, but not flies,

Who brought green Po'esie to her perfect age;
And mad'st that Art, which was a Rage:
Tell mee, yee mighty Three, what shall I doe
To bee like one of you?
But you have climb'd the Mountaines top, there sit
On the calme flourishing head of it,
And whilst with wearied steps wee upward goe,
See us, and Clouds below.
Finis.

p. **147**, l. 1. *Entitled in* B] Dialogue. After Enjoyment.

p. **148**, ll. 2, 9, 16, 23. *He. She. He. She.* omitted in C.

p. **152**, l. 3. B] to'his.

p. **153**. The imprint of the 1656 version runs thus: 'Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the sign of the Princes Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard.'

p. **155**, l. 4. B] when a person who understands.

p. **156**, l. 19. B] Buxtorfius his.

p. **157**, l. 9. B] toucht upon.

p. **162**, l. 8. C *misprints*] grigentum. l. 28. B] Nay worser much then so.

p. **168**, l. 35. *Unnumbered in* C. *Here and elsewhere, where the numbering of the note reference is incorrect in* C, *as frequently is the case, it has been corrected.*

p. **170**, l. 8. B] Funerals. l. 18. C *misprints*] endwoments. l. 20. B] likeneth. l. 23. B *omits*] and.

p. **174**, l. 13. B] More Monsters.

p. **180**, l. 29. C] came.

p. **181**, l. 1. *Should be* 3. B.

p. **182**, l. 7. B] which does.

p. **183**, l. 36. *Should be* 11. Olymp.

p. **193**, l. 9. B *omits*] for.

p. **195**, l. 24. B] count it.

p. **197**, l. 24. B] Whilst Slaughter. l. 25. B] to embrace round.

p. **198**, l. 15. B] Takes his. l. 36. B] himself.

p. **201**, l. 1. C *misprints*] Sysisphus.

p. **204**, l. 31. B] I plunge my'ascents, and.

p. **211**, l. 31. B] contain his.

p. **218**, l. 3. C *misprints*] 13.

p. **221**, l. 12. B] Were never not. l. 13. B] And ready all.

p. **223**, l. 3. C *misprints*] Pharoah.

p. **226**, l. 18. B] shades arose.

p. **239**. *Imprint in* B *is*] Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Princes Arms in St. *Pauls* Church-yard.

p. **247**, l. 9. B] twice more ve.

p. **259**, l. 22. B] to the man contracts his room. l. 25. B] Hall.

p. 260, l. 20. B] which age. l. 29. B] Nathan taught. *Possibly a misprint in* C.

p. 261, l. 20. B] Does with more.

p. 263, l. 11. C *misprints*] Shiwprackt.

p. 267, l. 46. B] Mincius.

p. 269, l. 2. B] therefore use.

p. 285, l. 23. B] not How.

p. 286, l. 6. B] Thousand bright Joys. *Probably a misprint in* C.

p. 289, *last side-note*. B] 29. 1.

p. 291, *first side-note*. B] 12. 14.

p. 297, l. 34. B] flint stops.

p. 298, l. 22. B] Syrian. l. 19 *of side-notes*. B] 15. 24.

p. 301, l. 24. B] This by.

p. 324, l. 10. B] with kind. l. 15. B] it. C *misprints*] is.

p. 326, l. 7 *of side-notes*. B] 2 Sam.

p. 327, l. 19. C] quite.

p. 333, l. 25. C] strait. *not* strait,

p. 334, l. 31. B] Alas, there's no.

p. 335, l. 31. B] just extentions.

p. 348, l. 9. B] his stay.

p. 353, l. 28. C *misprints*] Idumeæa's.

p. 354, l. 14. B *omits*] Or. *Probably left in* C *by mistake*.

p. 361, l. 20. C] Notu.

p. 363, l. 19. C *omits*] Gen.

p. 370, l. 30. B] and wantless.

p. 371, l. 10. B] Brick hill. l. 14. B] How wild. *Probably a misprint in* C.

p. 374, l. 34. B] Gift.

p. 378, l. 35. C *misprints*] ressstance.

p. 385, l. 37. B] invade my.

p. 386, l. 6. C *misprints*] strongly e'ncampt.

p. 390, l. 9. B] are working.

p. 392, l. 39. C *misprints*] wish.

p. 393, l. 3 *of side-notes*. B] Ib. v. 23.

p. 395, l. 7. C] gravidensq; l. 45. C *misprints*] Gan.

p. 397, l. 1. C *misprints*] Elohiem. l. 44. C *misprints*] Caiphas. l. 51. C *misprints*] Thummin.

p. 398, l. 5. C *misprints*] qusteion.

p. 400, l. 5. C] believe.

p. 402. Most of these verses were published in 1663. The title-page and publisher's note run as follows:

Verses, Lately Written upon several Occasions, By Abraham Cowley. *London*, Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop on the Lower walk in the *New Exchange*. 1663.

Most of these Verses, which the Author had no intent to publish, having been lately printed at Dublin *without his consent or knowledge, and with many, and some gross mistakes in the Impression, He hath thought fit for his justification in some part to allow me to reprint them here.*

Henry Herringman.

Some copies, in which the publisher's note is absent, can be met with, bearing on the title-page 'To which is added a Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy, by the same Author'. These have bound in at the end the 1661 pamphlet named, separately paged [$5\frac{3}{4}$ ins. × $3\frac{3}{4}$ ins.].

p. 402, l. 1. D] written upon.

p. 410, ll. 5, 14. Grosart, who states that he has 'collated with the Author's holograph,' prints 'wonders printed plainly' and 'I a place.' The former redundant word was probably omitted by Cowley purposely in his published text: he may not have noticed the slipped out 'a.'

p. 415, l. 35. C] the breach; Beach.

p. 418, l. 5. D] And Dance.

p. 420, ll. 28, 29. Published separately in 4to. ($7\frac{3}{4}$ ins. × $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins.) in 1660, under the title 'Ode, upon the Blessed Restoration and Returne of His Sacred Majestie, Charls the Second...London, Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop on the Lower Walk in the *New Exchange*. *Anno Dom.* 1660.

p. 421, l. 7. C *misprints*] amonst. l. 31. C, D and 1660] Than.

p. 422, l. 18. D and 1660] who should.

p. 424, l. 17. C *misprints*] Illis. Between ll. 23, 24, 1660 edition adds]

Ere the *Great Light*, our *Sun*, his Beams did show,
Our *Sun* it self appears but now,

l. 38. C] misfortunes strives. D and 1660] misfortunes strive. Folio of 1681] misfortune strives.

p. 430, l. 5. C *misprints*] Clory.

p. 432, 1660 adds at end]

'Twould be the richliest furnish'd *House* (no doubt)
If *your Heads* always stood *within*, and the *Rump-heads without.*

p. 443, l. 2. C *misprints*] Luxurian.

p. 445, l. 30. *The word* way *is written, not printed, in the copy used for the present edition.*

p. 448. These verses will be found in 'The History of the Royal Society of London, for the Improving of Natural Knowledge.' By Jo. Sprat, 1667. Between the last line of p. 451 and the first of p. 452 this version adds:

She with much stranger Art than his who put
All th' Iliads in a Nut,
The numerous work of Life does into Atomes shut.

p. 453, l. 15. C *misprints*] endlest.

The following poems are not given in the 1663 *edition of* Verses:

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.
Ode. Acme and Septimius out of Catullus.
On the Queens Repairing Somerset House.

The Adventures of Five hours.
On the death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.
Hymn. To light.
To the Royal Society.
Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes ship, Presented to the University Library in Oxford, etc.

A few poems in the 1663 volume form part of 'Several discourses by way of Essayes in Verse and Prose.' See Preface to this volume and the text of the companion volume. These are:

The Country Mouse. A Paraphrase upon Horace 2 bk. Sat. 6.
Horace to Fuscus Aristius. A paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the first book of Horace.
A Translation out of Virgil.
Claudian's Old Man of Verona.
Martial Book 10. Epigram 96.
A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's third Book, beginning thus, Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea.

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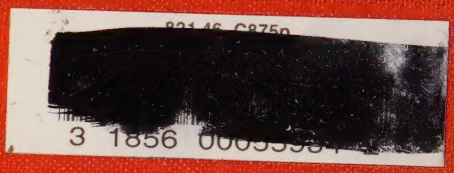
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